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JUNE 11, 1932

NAPOLEON

BY

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY

JOHN B. LARNER

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK
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The Knickerbocker Press, New York
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

TO

MY WIFE

ANNA PARKER LARNER

THIS TRANSLATION IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED



PREFACE.

SOME years ago, while pursuing a course of study in the French language under the direction of the late Prof. Henri Larroque, who not long since met an untimely death, and whose learning and ability placed him in the foremost rank of teachers of languages, there was placed in the hands of the translator for critical study Alexandre Dumas' *Napoleon*. The more he examined the work the better he was pleased with it, and the result was a complete translation of the book. It was not his intention that the work should be submitted to public reading, but, at the request of a large number of persons interested in Napoleonic literature, a complete translation of Dumas' *Napoleon* appears for the first time in the English language. The work in the original is popular, has a large and continuous sale, and is considered to be an excellent specimen of modern French. It seems very strange that a work from the pen of an author of the character and reputation of Alexandre Dumas should have remained untranslated for so long a time.

Dumas appears to have written his *Napoleon*, which was originally a drama, under very peculiar circum-

stances. Percy Fitzgerald, in his *Life and Adventures of Alexandre Dumas*, says that Harel, the manager of the Odéon at Paris during the Revolution of 1830, requested Dumas to prepare a drama to be called *Napoleon.* Dumas did not proceed with the work at that time, but in 1831 Harel entrapped him into a handsomely furnished apartment, and told him he could not leave it until the drama had been completed. The piece was to begin with Toulon, and to end with "the five years' agony at St. Helena." In eight days it was finished. It had nine thousand lines and twenty-five tableaux; and was produced at the Odéon by Harel, an actor named Lemaitre taking the part of Napoleon. This drama, which was expected by Dumas to work up the hostile Bonapartist feeling which existed at that time, proved an absolute failure and was withdrawn.

According to Fitzgerald this drama was evidently rewritten in 1839. In his list of books, written by Dumas, the present *Life of Napoleon* is put down as having been written in 1868. The authority for this date is not given, but it is certainly a mistake, for Prof. Fasquelle, as early as 1855, published the work in French to be used as a second book in his course. It is uncertain just when this work was written, but it can be said with certainty that Dumas is its author, and that the serious charge which has so often been made against him of assumed authorship cannot be sustained in this instance.

The object of the translator has been from the outset to make the translation as nearly literal as possible. Much of the force and beauty of the French is lost by liberal translations. While they read smoothly and often give the author's ideas in English, the translator

thinks that a literal translation, where possible, of French idioms and expressions gives the reader a better insight into the meaning, though the language may not be as smooth and elegant as the polished English of the free translation.

This work is submitted to the public with the knowledge that its style will be the subject of criticism, but the translator trusts that those who read it may feel repaid.

The will of Napoleon, which Dumas attached to his work, is not included in this translation, because it is not in any way connected with the body of the work, and has been many times translated.

JOHN B. LARNER.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
October 1, 1894.





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NAPOLEON.

CHAPTER I.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

ON the 15th of August, 1769, at Ajaccio, was born an infant, who received of his parents the name of Bonaparte and of Heaven that of Napoleon.

The first days of his childhood were spent in the midst of that feverish agitation which follows revolutions. Corsica, which for half a century had been breathing independence, had just been half conquered and half sold, and brought out from the slavery of Genoa only to fall into the power of France. Paoli, vanquished at Ponte-Nouvo, went to seek, with his brother and nephew, an asylum in England, where Alfieri was dedicating to him his *Timoléon.* The air that the new-born child breathed was hot with civil hates, and the bell which sounded his baptism was still quivering with the tocsin.

Charles Bonaparte, his father, and Lætitia Ramolino, his mother, both of patrician race and natives of that charming village of San-Miniato, which overlooks Florence, having been friends of Paoli, had abandoned his party and reunited themselves to the French influence.

It was easy then for them to obtain of M. Marbœuf, who came back as governor of the island where he had landed ten years before as general, his protection to enable the young Napoleon to enter the Military School of Brienne. The request was granted, and some time after M. Berton, vice-principal of the college, inscribed on his register the following note :

" To-day, April 23rd, 1779, Napoleon Bonaparte is entered at the Royal Military School of Brienne-le-Château, at the age of nine years, eight months and five days."

The new-comer was Corsican, that is to say, of a country which wrestled against civilization with such inactive force that its character was preserved at the loss of its independence. He spoke only the dialect of his maternal island ; he had the burnt complexion of the south and the dark and piercing eye of the mountaineer. That was more than was necessary to excite the curiosity of his comrades and to increase his natural savagery ; for the curiosity of infancy is mockery and want of compassion. A professor, named Dupuis, took pity on the poor isolated child, and charged himself with giving him private lessons in the French language. Three months later the child was far enough advanced in this study to receive the first elements of Latin. But, from the beginning, he manifested the repugnance he always retained for the dead languages, whilst, on the contrary, his aptitude for mathematics developed from the first lessons. The result was, that, by one of those agreements so frequent at college, he would find the solution of the problems that his comrades had to solve, and they, in exchange, would do for him themes and translations which he wished not to understand.

The kind of isolation in which young Bonaparte found himself during some time, and which was due to the impossibility of communicating his ideas, raised between him and his companions a sort of barrier, which never completely disappeared. This first impression, by leaving on his mind a painful remembrance which resembled malice, gave birth to that premature misanthropy, which made him seek solitary amusements, and in which some people have wished to see prophetic dreams of the rising genius. Besides, several circumstances, which in the lives of all others would have remained unperceived, gave some foundation for the accounts of those who have attempted to give an exceptional childhood to this wonderful manhood. We shall mention two of them.

One of the most usual amusements of young Bonaparte was the cultivation of a little flower garden surrounded by fences, into which he habitually retired in the hours of recreation. One day one of his comrades, who was curious to know what he could do thus alone in his garden, scaled the fence and saw him engaged in arranging in military order a great number of pebbles, the size of which designated their rank. At the noise which the indiscreet one made Bonaparte turned and, finding himself surprised, ordered the scholar to descend. Instead of obeying he laughed at the young strategist, who, little disposed to the pleasantry, picked up the largest of his pebbles and with it struck the joker in the middle of the forehead, who fell instantly quite dangerously wounded.

Twenty-five years later, that is to say, at the moment of his highest fortune, they announced to Napoleon that a person, who called himself his comrade at college, asked to speak with him. As, at all such times busybodies were waiting upon him with this pretext in order

that they might see him, the ex-scholar of Brienne ordered the aide-de-camp to go and ask the name of this schoolfellow, but the name not awakening any remembrance in the mind of Napoleon, he said :

" Return and ask of that man if he cannot mention some circumstance which will place me on his track."

The aide-de-camp delivered his message and returned saying that the petitioner for his only answer had shown him a scar which he had on the forehead.

" Ah ! This time I remember," said the Emperor ; " it is a General-in-chief that I struck on the head."

During the winter of 1783 and 1784 there fell a great quantity of snow, which interrupted all out-door recreation. Bonaparte, forced, in spite of himself, to pass, in the midst of the noisy and unaccustomed amusements of his comrades, the hours which he ordinarily gave to the cultivation of his garden, proposed to make a sally, and by the aid of shovels and pickaxes to cut in the snow the fortifications of a city, which would then be attacked by the one body and defended by the other. The proposition was too congenial to be refused. The author of the project was naturally chosen to command one of the two parties. The city, besieged by him, was captured after a heroic resistance on the part of his adversaries. The next day the snow melted, but this recreation left a deep impression on the memory of the scholars. When they became men they recalled that young child, and they remembered the ramparts of snow that Bonaparte beat in holes as they saw the walls of so many cities fall before him.

As Bonaparte grew, the primitive ideas, the germ of which he had in some way carried in his mind, developed and indicated the fruits they would one day

bear. The submission of Corsica to France, which gave to him, its only representative, the appearance of a vanquished enemy in the midst of his conquerors, was odious to him. One day when he was dining at the table of Father Berton, the professors, who had already many times noticed the national irritability of their scholar, affected to speak badly of Paoli. The color flushed immediately in the face of the young man, who could not contain himself.

"Paoli," said he, "was a great man who loved his country like an old Roman, and I will never forgive my father, who was his aide-de-camp, for having concurred in the union of Corsica with France. He should have followed the fortunes of his general and fallen with him."

Nevertheless, at the end of five years young Bonaparte was in the fourth class, and had learned all the mathematics that Father Patrault could teach him. His age was that at which one could pass from the school of Brienne to that of Paris. His notes were good, and this report was sent to King Louis XVI. by M. de Keralio, Inspector of Military Schools :

"M. de Bonaparte (Napoleon), born August 15th, 1769, height four feet ten inches and ten lines, is in his fourth class ; of good constitution, excellent health, submissive character, honest, grateful, conduct very regular ; and always distinguished by his application to mathematics. He knows very passably his history and geography ; he is very weak in the ornamental exercises and in Latin, in which he has only made his fourth grade. He will be an excellent sailor. He deserves to pass to the Military School of Paris."

In consequence of this report young Bonaparte obtained admission to the Military School of Paris, and on the day of his departure this memorandum was inscribed in the register :

" Oct. 17th, 1784, is sent out from the Royal School of Brienne, M. Napoleon de Bonaparte, born in the City of Ajaccio on the Island of Corsica, on the 15th day of August, 1769, son of the illustrious Charles Marie de Bonaparte, a deputy of the nobility of Corsica living in the said City of Ajaccio, and of Lady Lætitia Ramolino, according to the Act carried to the Register, Folio 31, and received into this establishment April 23rd, 1779."

They have accused Bonaparte of being praised for an imaginary nobility and of having falsified his age ; the fragments, which we have just quoted, answer these two accusations.

Bonaparte arrived at the capital by the coach from Nogent-sur-Seine.

Nothing remarkable signalized the stay of Bonaparte at the Military School of Paris except a memoir that he sent to his old vice-principal, Father Berton. The young legislator had found in the organization of this school vices which his rising aptitude for administration could not pass in silence. One of these vices, and the most dangerous of all, was the luxury with which the scholars were surrounded. Therefore Napoleon rose up especially against this luxury.

" Instead," said he, " of maintaining numerous domestics around the scholars, giving them daily, meals with two courses, making parade of horsemanship, expensive as much for the horses as for the grooms, would it not be better, without, however, interrupting the course of

their studies, to compel them to serve themselves, lessen their little cooking, which they should not do, make them eat army bread or some other kind like it, and accustom them to brush their coats and to clean their shoes and boots? Since they are poor and destined for military service, is not this the only education that should be given them? Subjected to a sober life, and compelled to take care of themselves, they would become more robust to brave the intemperate seasons, to bear with courage the fatigues of war, and to inspire the blind respect and confidence of the soldiers who would be under their orders."

Bonaparte was fifteen years and a half when he proposed this project of reform. Twenty years after he founded the Military School of Fontainebleau.

In 1785, after brilliant examinations, Bonaparte was appointed second lieutenant of the regiment of the Fère, then in garrison in Dauphiny. After remaining some time at Grenoble, where his passage left no other trace than an apocryphal word on Turenne, he went to live at Valence. There some rays of the sunlight of the future commenced to creep into the dawn of the unknown young man. Bonaparte, they knew, was poor, but, poor as he was, he thought he could aid his family, and he called to France his brother Louis, who was nine years younger than he. Both took lodgings at the house of Mlle. Bon, No. 4 Grande Rue. Bonaparte had a sleeping-room, and above this room little Louis inhabited a mansard. Every morning, faithful to his college customs, which later on he would make a virtue of the camps, Bonaparte awakened his brother by knocking on the floor with a walking stick and gave him his lessons in mathematics. One day the little Louis, who had great

trouble in keeping this rule, descended with more regret and slowness than was his custom. Bonaparte had knocked on the floor a second time before the tardy scholar entered.

"Well, what is there then this morning? It seems to me that you are very lazy," said Bonaparte.

"Oh! brother," answered the child, "I was having a beautiful dream."

"And what did you dream?"

"I dreamt that I was king."

"And what was I then, Emperor?" said the young under-lieutenant, shrugging his shoulders. "Go! to your duty."

And the daily lesson was, as customary, taken by the future king and given by the future emperor.[1]

Bonaparte lodged opposite a rich bookseller named Marcus Aurelius, the door of whose house, which bore, I believe, the date of 1530, is a gem of the Renaissance. It was there that he passed nearly all the hours of which his military service and his fraternal lessons left him the master. These hours were not completely lost, as we shall see.

On the 7th of October, 1808, Bonaparte was giving a dinner at Erfurth. His guests were the Emperor Alexander, the Queen of Westphalia, the King of Bavaria, the King of Wurtemburg, the King of Saxony, the Grand Duke Constantine, the Prince Primate, Prince William of Prussia, the Duke of Oldenburg, the Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Duke of Weymar, and the Prince Talleyrand. The conversation fell upon the Golden Bull, which, up to the establishment of the Confedera-

[1] This scene transpired before M. Parmentier, surgeon of the regiment in which Bonaparte was second lieutenant.

tion of the Rhine, had served as a constitution and a law for the election of emperors, and the number and quality of the electors. The Prince Primate entered into some details about this Bull, and fixed the date of it at 1409.

"I believe that you are mistaken," said Napoleon, smiling, "The Bull of which you speak was proclaimed in 1336 under the reign of the Emperor Charles IV."

"It is true, Sire," answered the Prince Primate, "I remember now; but how is it that Your Majesty knows these things so well?"

"When I was simply second lieutenant in the artillery——" said Napoleon.

At this beginning a movement of astonishment, so spirited, manifested itself among the noble guests that the narrator was forced to interrupt himself; but in an instant he repeated, smiling:

"When I had the honor of being simply second lieutenant of artillery I remained three years in the garrison at Valence. I loved the world little, and lived very retired. A happy chance had me lodge near a learned and very courteous bookseller. I read and re-read his library during these three years of garrison life, and I have forgotten nothing, even matters which had no connection with my profession. Nature, moreover, has endowed me with a memory of numbers. It has happened to me very often with my agents, to cite them the detail and the whole number of their oldest accounts."

This was not the only remembrance that Napoleon retained of Valence.

Among the few persons who saw Bonaparte at Valence, was M. de Tardiva, Abbot of Saint Ruf, which Order

had been destroyed some time before. He met, at his house, Mlle. Grégoire of Columbier, and fell in love with her. The family of this young person lived in a country place situated a half league from Valence, and called *Bassiau.* The young lieutenant was received into the house and made several visits. In the meanwhile a nobleman from Dauphiny, named M. de Bressieux, presented himself. Bonaparte saw that it was time for him to declare himself unless he wished to be outstripped. Consequently he wrote to Mlle. Grégoire a long letter, in which he gave expression to all his sentiments towards her, and the contents of which he invited her to communicate to her parents. These, placed in the alternative of giving their daughter to a soldier without a future or to a nobleman possessed of some fortune, decided for the nobleman. Bonaparte was rejected, and his letter placed in the hands of a third person, who wished to return it to the writer, as they had requested her to do. But Bonaparte would not retake it.

"Preserve it," said he to the person, "it will one day be a proof both of my love and the purity of my sentiments towards Mlle. Grégoire."

The person kept the letter, and the family still preserve it.

Three months later Mlle. Grégoire wedded M. de Bressieux.

In 1806 Madame de Bressieux was called to Court with the title of Lady of Honor to the Empress, her brother sent to Turin with the rank of Prefect, and her husband was named Baron and Administrator of the Forests of the State.

The other persons with whom Bonaparte connected himself during his stay at Valence were Messrs. Monta-

livet and Bachasson, who became, the one, Minister of the Interior, and the other, Inspector of the Supplies of Paris. On Sundays these three young men paraded together, almost always outside of the city, stopping there sometimes to look at an open-air ball, which was given, in consideration of two sous for each gentleman for each quadrille, by a grocer of the city, who in his leisure moments carried on the profession of fiddler. This fiddler was an old soldier, who had retired on leave in Valence, a married man, and there carried on in peace his double calling; but, as it was still insufficient, he solicited and obtained, when the Departments were established, a place as despatching clerk of the Bureaus of the Central Administration. It was there that the first battalion of volunteers took him in 1790 and dragged him away with them.

This old soldier, grocer, fiddler, and despatching clerk was afterwards Marshal Victor, Duke de Bellune.

Bonaparte left Valence leaving three francs ten sous of debts at the house of his pastry-cook, named Coriol.

Let not our readers be astonished if we find similar anecdotes. When one writes the biography of a Julius Cæsar, a Charlemagne, or a Napoleon, the lantern of Diogenes serves no more to find the man. The man is found by posterity and appears to the eyes of the world, radiant and sublime. It is then the road he has gone over before arriving at his pedestal that it is necessary to follow, and the fainter the traces that he has left in certain parts of his route the more unknown they are and consequently they excite more curiosity.

Bonaparte arrived at Paris at the same time as Paoli. The Constitutional Assembly had just admitted Corsica into a participation in the privileges of the French laws.

Mirabeau had declared from the tribune that it was time to recall the fugitive patriots who had defended the independence of the island, and Paoli had returned. Bonaparte was welcomed as a son by the old friend of his father. The young enthusiast found himself face to face with his hero, who had just been named Lieutenant General and Military Commander of Corsica.

Bonaparte obtained leave and profited by it to follow Paoli and see again his family, which he had left six years before. The patriotic General was received with delirium by all the partisans of independence, and the young Lieutenant assisted at the triumph of the celebrated exile. The enthusiasm was such that the unanimous vote of his fellow-citizens brought Paoli, at that time at the head of the National Guard, to the presidency of the Provincial Administration. He remained some time in perfect harmony with the Assembly; but a motion of the Abbé Charrier, who proposed to cede Corsica to the Duke of Parma in exchange for Plaisantin, the possession of which was intended to indemnify the Pope for the loss of Avignon, was to Paoli a proof of the little importance that the metropolis attached to the preservation of its country. It was during this interval that the English Government, which had welcomed Paoli in his exile, opened communication with the new President. Besides, Paoli did not conceal the preference which he accorded to the British Constitution over that prepared by the French Legislature. From this time dates the difference of opinion between the young Lieutenant and the old General. Bonaparte remained a French citizen. Paoli became again a Corsican General.

Bonaparte was recalled to Paris at the commencement

of 1792. He there again met Bourrienne, his old college friend, who had arrived from Vienna after having passed through Prussia and Poland. Neither the one nor the other of the two scholars of Brienne was happy. They united their misery in order to make it less burdensome. One was soliciting service at the War Office; the other in the Foreign Affairs Office. Neither of the two received an answer. Then they dreamt of commercial speculations, which their want of funds almost always prevented them from realizing. One day they had the idea of renting several houses in course of construction in Rue Montholon for the purpose of underletting them afterwards, but the claims of the proprietors appeared to them so exaggerated that they were forced to abandon their speculation for the same reason that had made them abandon so many others. In coming out of the house of the builder the two speculators perceived not only that they had not dined, but also that they had not the means with which to dine. Bonaparte remedied this inconvenience by putting his watch in pledge.

Dark prelude to the 10th of August, the 20th of June arrived. The two young men had arranged a meeting-place for breakfast at the house of a restaurateur on La Rue St. Honoré. They were just finishing their repast when they were attracted to the window by a great tumult and cries of "*Ça ira! Vive la nation! Vive les sans-culottes! A bas le veto!*[1]" It was a mob of six or eight thousand men, led by Santerre and the Marquis de Saint Hurugues, descending from the Faubourgs Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau and forming themselves into an assembly.

[1] It will go! Long live the nation! Long live the knaves (or sans-culottes)! Down with the veto! J. B. L.

"Let us follow this rabble," said Bonaparte. And the two young men directed their steps towards the Tuileries and made a stand on the edge of the water. Bonaparte leaned against a tree and Bourrienne sat down on a parapet.

From there they could not see what was passing, but they easily divined what it was, when a window overlooking the garden opened and Louis XVI. appeared covered with a red cap, which had just been presented to him on the end of a pike by a man of the people.

"*Coglione ! Coglione !*" murmured the young Lieutenant in his Corsican dialect, raising his shoulders, who up to that time had been silent and motionless.

"What would you have done ?" said Bourrienne.

"It would only be necessary to sweep away four or five hundred of them with artillery," answered Bonaparte, "and the remainder would at once run."

During the entire day he spoke only of this scene, which made upon him one of those strong impressions that might ever be felt.

Bonaparte thus saw unrolling before his eyes the first events of the French Revolution. He assisted, simply as a spectator, in the massacre of the 2d of September. Afterwards, seeing that he could not obtain service, he resolved to make a new voyage to Corsica.

The intrigues of Paoli with the English Cabinet had made, in the absence of Bonaparte, such development that he was mistaken in his projects. One interview that the young Lieutenant and the old General had at the house of the Governor of Corsica was terminated by a rupture. The two old friends separated, not to meet again except on the battle-field. The same evening a flatterer of Paoli attempted to speak badly of Bonaparte before him.

"Chut!" said the General, carrying his finger to his lips, "he is a young man of old-fashioned shape."

Before long Paoli openly raised the standard of revolt. Appointed June 26, 1793, by the partisans of England, Generalissimo and President of a military court at the city of Corte, he was, the 17th of July following, outlawed by the National Convention. Bonaparte was absent. He had obtained the active service he had so many times requested. Named Commander of the National Guard, he found himself on board the vessel of Admiral Truguet. During this time he took possession of Fort Saint-Étienne, but the victors were soon forced to evacuate. Bonaparte, on re-entering Corsica, found the island in rebellion. Salicetti and Lacombe Saint-Michael, members of the Convention charged with putting into execution the decree rendered against the rebel, had been obliged to retire to Calvi. Bonaparte went there to rejoin them and with them attempted an attack on Ajaccio, which was repulsed. The same day a conflagration broke out in the city. The Bonapartes saw their house burned. Some time afterward a decree was passed condemning them to perpetual banishment. The fire left them without a home. The proscription left them without a country. They turned their eyes towards Bonaparte and Bonaparte turned his towards France. All this poor exiled family embarked in a frail ship and the future Cæsar set sail, protecting his fortune and that of his four brothers, three of whom would be kings and his three sisters, of whom one would become a queen.

The whole family stopped at Marseilles, reclaiming the protection of that France on account of which they had been proscribed. The Government listened to their complaints. Joseph and Lucien obtained employment

in the War Office; Louis was appointed under-officer; and Bonaparte passed as first lieutenant, that is to say with promotion, to the 4th regiment of infantry. After a little time he rose by right of seniority to the grade of captain in the second company of the same corps, then in garrison at Nice.

The bloody year '93 had arrived. One half of France was wrestling with the other. The west and south were on fire. Lyons was taken after a siege of four months. Marseilles had opened its gates to the Convention. Toulon had delivered its port to the English.

An army of thirty thousand men, composed of troops which under the command of Kellermann had besieged Lyons, some drawn from the Army of the Alps, some from the Army of Italy, and some from all the requisitions levied in the neighboring Departments, advanced against the sold city. The contest commenced in the gorges of Ollioules. General Duthiel, who should have directed the artillery, was absent. General Dommartin, his lieutenant, was disabled in this first engagement. The first officer of this arm filled his place by right. That first officer was Bonaparte. This time chance was in accord with genius, supposing that for genius chance is not called Providence.

Bonaparte received his appointment, presented himself to the staff officer, and was introduced to General Cartaux, a gorgeous man gilded from feet to head, who asked him what he wanted. The young officer showed him the commission which required him to come, under orders, to direct the operations of the artillery.

"Artillery!" answered the honest General, "we have no need of it. We will this evening take Toulon with the bayonet and to-morrow we will burn it."

But however great was the assurance of the General-in-chief, he could not get possession of Toulon without knowing its location. So he had patience until the next day. But at the break of day he took his Aide-de-camp, Dupas, and Bonaparte, the Chief of Battalion, into his cabriolet in order to inspect the first offensive arrangements. Upon the observations of Bonaparte he had, although with regret, renounced the bayonet and had come back to the artillery. In consequence, orders were given directly by the General-in-chief, and these were those orders, the execution and performance of which he had just examined and hastened.

The heights from which they discovered Toulon, couched in the midst of its semi-oriental garden and bathing its feet in the sea, were scarcely reached when the General alighted from his cabriolet with the two young men and plunged into a vineyard, in the midst of which he perceived some pieces of cannon ranged behind a sort of epaulement. Bonaparte looked around him and divined nothing that was going on. The General enjoyed an instant the astonishment of his Chief of Battalion, then turning towards his Aide-de-camp with a smile of satisfaction, he said :

"Dupas, are those our batteries?"

"Yes, General," he responded.

"And our artillery park?"

"It is not far off."

"And our red-hot balls?"

"They are heating them in the neighboring furnaces."

Bonaparte could not believe his eyes, but he was obliged to believe his ears. He measured the distance with the trained eye of a strategist, and it was one league and a half, or less, from the city. At first he believed

that the General wished, what is called in college and war terms, to test his young Chief of Battalion, but the gravity with which Cartaux continued his arrangements left him in no doubt. Then he chanced an observation on the distance and expressed fear that the red-hot balls would not reach the city.

"Believest thou?" said Cartaux.[1]

"I fear it, General," answered Napoleon; "perhaps it might be well before embarrassing ourselves with red-hot balls to try with cold ones to well assure ourselves of the range."

Cartaux found the idea ingenious and ordered them to charge and fire a piece, while he looked on the walls of the city for the effect that the blow would produce. Bonaparte pointed out at about a thousand paces in front of him the ball, which had broken the olive trees, furrowed the earth, ricochetted, and died, bounding scarcely to the third part of the distance that the General-in-chief had calculated to see it go.

The proof was conclusive, but Cartaux wished not to yield and pretended that "those aristocrats of Marseilles had spoiled the powder."

However, spoiled or not, as the powder did not carry any farther, it was necessary to have recourse to other measures. They returned to the headquarters. Bonaparte asked for a plan of Toulon, unfolded it on a table, and, after having studied an instant the situation of the city and the different works which defended it, from the redoubt built on the summit of Mt. Faron, which commanded it, to Forts Lamalgue and Malbousquet which

[1] At one time during the French Revolution the *tu* and *toi*, or *tutoiment* as it is called, was, by law, required to be used in the place of *vous*.—J. B. L.

protected its right and left, the young chief of battalion put his finger on a new redoubt erected by the English, and said with the rapidity and conciseness of genius:

"It is there that Toulon is."

Cartaux, in his turn, understood nothing at all. He had taken the words of Bonaparte literally, and turning towards Dupas, his faithful friend, said:

"It appears that *Captain Cannon* is not strong in geography."

This was the first nickname of Bonaparte. We will see why he has since been known as the "Little Corporal."

At that moment Gasparin, the Representative of the People, entered. Bonaparte had heard of him, not only as a truthful, loyal and brave patriot, but also as a man of good sense and quick mind. The Chief of Battalion went direct to him.

"Citizen Representative," said he to him, "I am Chief of Battalion of artillery. On account of the absence of General Duthiel and the wounding of General Dommartin, this arm finds itself under my direction. I demand that nobody but I have anything to do with it, or I answer for nothing."

"And who art thou to answer for anything?" demanded the Representative of the People, astonished at seeing a young man of twenty-three years speak to him in such a tone and with such assurance.

"Who am I?" answered Bonaparte, drawing him in a corner and speaking in a low voice. "I am a man who knows his business, thrown in the midst of people who are ignorant of theirs. Demand of the General-in-chief his plan of battle, and you will see whether I am right or wrong."

The young officer spoke with such conviction that Gasparin did not hesitate an instant.

"General," said he, approaching Cartaux, "the Representatives of the People desire that in three days thou submit thy plan of battle to them."

"Thou hast but to wait three minutes," answered Cartaux, "and I will give it to thee."

In effect the General sat down, took a pen, and wrote on a loose sheet of paper that famous plan of campaign, which has become a model of its kind. Here it is.

"The General of Artillery will batter down Toulon during three days, at the end of which time I will attack in three columns and sweep it away.

"CARTAUX."

The plan was sent to Paris, and placed in the hands of the Committee of Engineers. The committee found it much more gay than learned. Cartaux was recalled and Dugommier sent in his place.

The new General found, on arriving, all the dispositions made by his young Chief of Battalion. It was one of those sieges where force and courage could do nothing at first, and where cannon and strategy must prepare all. There was not an angle of the hill where artillery had not engaged with artillery. It thundered on all sides like an immense thunder-storm crossed by flashes of lightning. It thundered on the heights of the mountains and ramparts. It thundered from the plain and the sea. One would have said that it was a tempest and a volcano at the same time.

It was in the midst of this network of flames that the

Representatives of the People wished to change some things in a battery established by Bonaparte. The movement had already commenced when the young Chief of Battalion arrived and put everything back in its place. The Representatives of the People wished to make some observations.

"Mind your business of Deputy," answered Napoleon, "and let me do my work as artillerist. The battery is well there and I will answer for it with my head."

The general attack commenced on the 16th. From that time the siege was but a long assault. On the morning of the 17th the besiegers took possession of Pas-de-Leidet and Croix-Faron. At midday they drove the allies from the redoubt Saint-André, the Fort Pomet, and the two Forts Saint-Antoine. At last, towards evening, lighted at times by the storm and the artillery, the Republicans entered the English redoubt, and then, having accomplished his purpose, and regarding himself as master of the city, Bonaparte, wounded in the thigh by a bayonet thrust, said to General Dugommier, who was wounded by two shot wounds, one in the knee, the other in the arm, and falling both from exhaustion and fatigue :

"Go to rest, General. We have just taken Toulon and you will sleep there after to-morrow."

On the 18th the forts of Éguillette and of Balagnier were taken and batteries directed on Toulon. At the sight of several houses, which caught fire, and at the whistling of bullets, which furrowed the streets, confusion spread among the allied troops. Then the besiegers, whose eyes darted into the city and upon the road, saw the conflagration show itself at several points which they had not attacked. This was the English,

who, deciding to leave, had set fire to the arsenal, naval stores, and the French vessels, which they could not take away. At the sight of the flames, a general cry went up. The whole army demanded the assault, but it was too late; the English embarked under the fire of our batteries, abandoning those who had betrayed France for them, and whom they had betrayed in their turn. In the meanwhile night came on. The flames which were rising over several points were extinguished in the midst of great clamors. These were caused by the convicts, who had broken their chains and smothered the flames kindled by the English.

The next day, the 19th, the Republican army entered the city, and that evening, as Bonaparte had foretold, the General-in-chief slept at Toulon.[1]

Dugommier forgot not the services of the young Chief of Battalion, who, twelve days after the capture of the city, received the rank of General of Brigade.

It is here that history takes Napoleon, never more to leave him.

We go now at a pace precise and rapid, to accompany Bonaparte in the career through which he has gone as General-in-chief, Consul, Emperor, and exile; after having seen him, like a rapid meteor, reappearing and shining an instant on the throne, we will follow him to that island where he went to die, as we have taken him in that island where he was born.

[1] An interesting account of Napoleon at Toulon may be found in the January (1894) number of *Harper's Magazine* in an article from the pen of Germain Bapst.—J. B. L.



CHAPTER II.

GENERAL BONAPARTE.

BONAPARTE had been, as we have just seen, named General of the Artillery of the Army of Nice as a reward for the services rendered to the Republic before Toulon. It was there that he became intimate with the younger Robespierre, who was a Representative of the People to that army. Recalled to Paris some time before the 9th Thermidor, the latter did all he could to influence the young General to follow him, promising him the direct protection of his brother. But Bonaparte invariably refused him. The time was not yet come when he should take part.

Then perhaps another motive was withholding him, and this time again, was it chance that was protecting genius? If it was so, chance was making itself visible, and had taken the form of a young and pretty female Representative of the People, who was sharing, at the Army of Nice, the mission of her husband. Bonaparte had for her a serious affection, which he manifested by proofs of a gallantry quite warlike. One day as he was walking with her in the environs of the gorge of Tenda the idea came to the young General to give his beautiful companion the spectacle of a little war, and he ordered

an attack of the outpost. One dozen men were victims of this amusement, and Napoleon has more than once confessed to Saint-Hélène that these twelve men, killed without real motive and by a mere fancy, were to him a greater cause of remorse than the death of the six hundred thousand soldiers that he had scattered in the snowy steppes of Russia.

It was during this interval that the Representatives of the People near the Army of Italy passed the following decree:

"General Bonaparte will return to Genoa to confer, jointly with the diplomatic representatives of the French Republic, with the Government of Genoa upon the subjects referred to in his instructions.

"The Chargé d'Affaires near the Republic of Genoa will recognize him and will have him recognized by the Genoan Government.

"LOANO, the 25th Messidor, year II. of the Republic."

The real object of this mission was to have the young General see with his own eyes the fortresses of Savone and Genoa, and to enable him to take away, upon artillery and other military subjects, all possible information; in short, to enable him to collect all facts which might reveal the intention of the Genoan Government relative to the coalition.

Whilst Bonaparte was accomplishing this mission, Robespierre was marching to the scaffold, and the Terrorist Deputies were replaced by Albitte and Salicetti. Their arrival at Barcelonnette was signalized by the following decree:

"The Representatives of the People near the Army of the Alps and Italy.

"Considering that General Bonaparte, Commandant-in-chief of the Artillery of the Army of Italy, has totally lost their confidence by most suspicious conduct, and above all by the journey he has latterly made to Genoa, resolve as follows:

"The General of Brigade Bonaparte, Commandant-in-chief of the Artillery of the Army of Italy is provisionally suspended from his duties; he will be, through the care and under the responsibility of the General-in-chief of the said Army, kept in a state of arrest and arraigned before the Committee of Public Safety, under good and safe escort; seals will be affixed upon all his papers and effects, of which an inventory will be made by the Commissioners, who shall be appointed upon the premises by the Representatives of the People, Salicetti and Albitte, and all those said papers which shall be found suspicious will be sent to the Committee of Public Safety.

"Done at Barcelonnette, the 19th Thermidor, year II. of the French Republic, one, indivisible, and democratic.

"*Signed.* ALBITTE, SALICETTI, LAPORTE.

"A true copy, the General-in-chief of the Army in Italy.

"*Signed.* DUMERBION."

The decree was put into execution. Bonaparte was conducted to the prison of Nice, and there remained fourteen days; after which, by a second decree, signed by the same men, his liberty was provisionally restored.

However, Bonaparte got out of a danger only to be

disgusted. The emergencies of the Thermidor had brought about a reorganization in the committees of the Convention. An old captain named Aubry, finding himself in charge of the War Committee, made a new list of the army, in which he placed himself as General of the Artillery. As for Bonaparte, in exchange for the rank he held, they gave him that of General of Infantry in La Vendée. Bonaparte, who deemed the theatre of a civil war in a corner of France to be too narrow, refused to go to his post, and was, by a decree of the Committee of Public Safety, stricken from the list of general officers on the active list.

Bonaparte already believed himself too necessary to France not to be deeply impressed with such injustice; nevertheless, as he had not yet reached one of those heights of life from which the whole horizon which is to be gone over can be seen, he had already hopes, it is true, but not certainties. These hopes were shattered. He, who was full of genius and of the hopes of the future, thought himself condemned to a long and perhaps eternal inaction, and that in a time when everybody reached fortune very quickly.

He rented temporarily a room in a hotel on the Rue du Mail; sold his horses and carriage for six thousand francs; collected the little money that he possessed, and resolved to retire into the country. Exalted imaginations always leap from one extreme to the other. Exiled from the camps, Bonaparte saw nothing but rural life. Not being able to be Cæsar, he made himself Cincinnatus.

It was then that he recalled Valence, where he had passed three years, so obscure and so happy. It was to this place that he directed his searches, accompanied by

his brother Joseph, who was returning to Marseilles. In passing Montélimart the two travellers stopped. Bonaparte found the site and the climate of the city suitable, and asked if there was not in the surrounding country some cheap property for sale. They referred him to M. Grasson of the Official Council, with whom he arranged to go the next day and visit a little country-seat called Beauserret, which name, in the *patois* of the country, meant Beause-jour, which was indicative of the agreeable situation. In effect Bonaparte and Joseph visited this country-seat. It was in every particular convenient for them. They feared only, on seeing its extent and good state of preservation, that the price would be too high. They ventured the question—thirty thousand francs—that price was nothing.

Bonaparte and Joseph returned to Montélimart to consult together. Their little fortunes united allowed them to appropriate this sum for the purchase of their future hermitage. They fixed a meeting for the third day after. It was upon the very premises that they desired to conclude their agreement, so agreeable to them was Beauserret. M. Grasson accompanied them there again. They examined the property even more in detail than the first time. At length Bonaparte, astonished that they gave for so small a sum such a charming country-seat, asked if there was not some unseen cause which lowered the price.

"Yes," answered M. Grasson, "but without importance to you."

"No matter," replied Bonaparte, "I wish to know it."

"There was a murder committed."

"And by whom?"

"By a son upon his father."

"A parricide!" exclaimed Bonaparte, becoming paler than usual. "Let us leave, Joseph."

And seizing his brother by the arm, he rushed out of the apartments, re-ascended his cabriolet, arriving at Montélimart asked for post-horses, and set out immediately for Paris, while Joseph continued his route to Marseilles.

He was going there to marry the daughter of a rich merchant named Clary, who afterwards became also the father-in-law of Bernadotte.

As for Bonaparte, driven once more by destiny towards Paris, that great centre of great events, he there resumed that obscure and hidden life, which was weighing so much upon him. It was then that, not being able to stand this inaction, he addressed to the Government a note, in which he expressed the view that it would be for the interest of France to do all that it possibly could to increase the military power of Turkey at the moment when the Empress of Russia had just strengthened her alliance with Austria. On this account he offered himself to the Government to go across to Constantinople with six or seven officers of different troops, who could instruct the numerous and brave, but little seasoned militia of the Sultan.

The Government did not condescend to answer this note and Bonaparte remained in Paris. What would have happened to the world if a clerk of the Minister had placed at the bottom of this request the word "Granted?" God only knows.

However, on the 22d of August, 1795, the Constitution of the year III. had been adopted, and the legislators who had drawn it up had stipulated in it that two thirds of the members composing the National

Convention should form part of the new legislative body. This was the downfall of the hopes of the opposite party, which had hoped by the total renewal of the elections to secure the introduction of a new majority representing their opinion. This opposition was especially sustained by the Sections of Paris, which declared that they would not accept the Constitution unless the provision as to the re-election of the two-thirds was annulled. The Convention maintained the Constitution in its entirety. The Sections commenced to murmur. On the 25th of September, some precursory troubles arose. Finally, during the day of October 4th (12th Vendémiaire) the danger became so pressing that the Convention thought it was time to take the matter seriously in hand. Consequently it addressed to General Alexandre Dumas, Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Alps, then absent on leave, the following letter, the very brevity of which showed the urgency:

"General Alexandre Dumas will return instantly to Paris, there to take charge of the forces of the Army."

The order of the Convention was carried to the Hotel Mirabeau, but General Dumas had left three days before for Villers-Cotterets, where he received the letter on the morning of the 13th.

In the meantime the danger was increasing hour by hour, and they could not await the arrival of him who had been sent for. Consequently, during the night, the Representative of the People, Barras, was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Interior. He wanted a second. He cast his eyes upon Bonaparte.

Destiny, as we have seen, had cleared away his route. That hour of the future, which has to strike, it is said,

once in the life of every man, had come for him. The cannon of the 13th Vendémiaire resounded in the capital.

The Sections, he had just destroyed, gave him the name of *Mitrailleur*, and the Convention, that he had just preserved, the title of General-in-chief of the Army of Italy.

But this great day had not only an influence upon the political life of Bonaparte, but a decisive effect upon his private life also. The disarming of the Sections had just been wrought with a vigor made necessary by the circumstances, when one day a child of ten or twelve years presented himself to the staff, beseeching General Bonaparte to give orders that the sword of his father, who had been a General of the Republic, be given back to him. Bonaparte, touched by the demand and by the juvenile grace with which it was made, caused search for the sword to be made, and, having found it, he returned it to him. The child, at the sight of this sacred weapon that he believed lost, kissed in tears the handle so many times touched by the paternal hand. The General was touched by this filial love and expressed so much good will to the child, that his mother believed herself obliged to come the next day to make him a visit of thanks.

The child was Eugène, and the mother Joséphine.

On the 21st of March, 1796, Bonaparte left for the Army of Italy, taking away with him in his carriage two thousand louis. This was all that he was able to get together by joining to his own fortune and those of his friends, the subsidies of the Directory. It is with this sum that he went to conquer Italy. It was seven times less than Alexander carried when he went to conquer India.

On arriving at Nice he found an army without discipline, without ammunition, without victuals, and without clothes. As soon as he reached the headquarters he ordered to be distributed to each of the generals, to aid them to enter into the campaign, the sum of four louis. Afterwards he said to the soldiers, pointing Italy out to them :

" Comrades, in the midst of all these rocks you want everything. Cast your eyes upon the rich plains which unroll themselves at your feet. They belong to us. Let us go and take them."

This was very near the language used by Hannibal to his soldiers nineteen hundred years ago, and during that nineteen hundred years there had passed between these two men but one man worthy to be compared with them —that was Cæsar.

The soldiers to whom Bonaparte addressed these words were the wrecks of an army which, in the sterile rocks of the river of Genoa, had been painfully holding themselves on the defensive for two years, and which had before them two hundred thousand of the best troops of the Empire and of Piedmont. Bonaparte attacked this mass with scarcely thirty thousand men and in eleven days defeated them five times—at Montenotte, at Millesimo, at Dégo, at Vico, and at Mondovi. Then he opened the gates of the cities with one hand, whilst with the other he won battles. He took by storm the fortresses of Coni, Tortone, Alexandria, and Ceva. In eleven days the Austrians were separated from the Piedmontese, Provera was taken, and the King of Sardinia was forced to sign a capitulation in his own capital. Then Bonaparte advanced upon Upper Italy. Then divining future successes by past ones, he wrote to the Directory :

" To-morrow I march on Beaulieu ; I will oblige him to repass the Po ; I will pass immediately after him ; I will take possession of all Lombardy and before a month I hope to be upon the mountains of Tyrol, to find there the Army of the Rhine, and, in concert with it, to carry the war into Bavaria."

In fact, Beaulieu was pursued. He turned back vainly to oppose the passage of the Po. The passage was effected. He sheltered himself behind the walls of Lodi. A combat of three hours expelled him. He ranged himself in battle on the left bank of the Adda, defending with his artillery the bridge that he had not had time to destroy. The French army formed itself into a close column, threw itself upon the bridge, upset all that opposed it, scattered the Austrian army, and continued its march, passing over their bodies. Then Pavia surrendered, Pizzighitone and Cremona fell, the castle of Milan opened its gate, the King of Sardinia signed the peace, the Dukes of Parma and Modena followed his example, and Beaulieu had but time to shut himself up in Mantua.

It was in this treaty with the Duke of Modena that Bonaparte gave the first proof of his unselfishness by refusing four millions in gold which the Commander of Este offered him in the name of his brother and which Salicetti, Commissioner of the Government near the Army, pressed him to accept.

It was also in this campaign that he received the popular name, which reopened to him in 1815 the doors of France. This was the occasion. His youth, when he had just taken command of the army, had inspired some astonishment in the old soldiers, so they resolved to con-

fer upon him themselves the inferior grades from which the Government had seemingly exempted him. Consequently, they met together after each battle to give him a grade, and when he turned into camp he received from the oldest veterans, who saluted him, his new title. It was thus that he was made Corporal of Lodi. From that time the nickname of "*Little Corporal*" remained always with Napoleon.

However, Bonaparte made but one halt, of an instant, and in this halt envy met him again. The Directory, which had seen in the correspondence of the soldier the revelation of the political man, feared that the conqueror might constitute himself the arbiter of Italy, and it prepared to associate Kellermann with him. Bonaparte learned of it and wrote:

"To associate Kellermann with me is to desire to lose all. I cannot serve willingly with a man who believes himself to be the best tactician of Europe; moreover, I believe one bad general to be preferable to two good ones. War is like government—a thing of tact."

Afterwards he made his solemn entry into Milan, where, whilst the Directory signed at Paris the treaty of peace negotiated by Salicetti at the Court of Turin, the negotiations begun with Parma terminated, and those with Naples and Rome opened, he prepared himself for the conquest of Upper Italy.

The key of Germany was Mantua. It was Mantua, therefore, that must be taken. One hundred and five pieces of cannon taken at the castle of Milan were directed upon the city. Serrurier carried the outworks and the seige commenced.

Then the Cabinet at Vienna appreciated the gravity of

the situation. They sent to the relief of Beaulieu twenty-five thousand men under the orders of Quasdanowitch, and thirty-five thousand under those of Wurmser. A Milanese spy was charged with despatches which announced this reinforcement, and pledged himself to penetrate into the city.

The spy fell into a night round commanded by the Aide-de-camp Dermoncourt and was brought to General Dumas. Fruitlessly they searched him; they found nothing upon him. They were ready to give him his liberty, when by one of those revelations of destiny, General Dumas surmised that he had swallowed his despatches. The spy denied it. General Dumas ordered him to be shot. The spy confessed. He was replaced in charge of the Aide-de-camp Dermoncourt, who, by means of an emetic administered by the chief surgeon, became possessed of a bullet of beeswax the size of a marble. It contained the letter of Wurmser written upon parchment with a raven's quill. This letter gave the minutest details of the operations of the opposing army. The letter was sent to Bonaparte. Quasdanowitch and Wurmser separated; the first marched upon Brescia and the second upon Mantua. This was the same fault that had already caused the loss of Provera and Argentau. Bonaparte left ten thousand men before the city; with twenty-five thousand men he went to meet Quasdanowitch, whom he threw back into the gorges of Tyrol, after having defeated him at Salo and Lonato; then immediately he turned back to Wurmser, who learned of the defeat of his colleague by the presence of the army that conquered him. Attacked with French impetuosity, he was beaten at Castiglione. In five days the Austrians had lost twenty thousand men

and fifty pieces of cannon. This victory had given Quasdanowitch time to rally. Bonaparte went again to him; defeated him at San Marco, at Sarravalle, and at Roveredo. Then he returned, after the battles of Bassano, Rimolano, and Cavalo, to lay a second time the siege before Mantua, where Wurmser had entered with the remains of his army.

There, while the works were being made, the States formed around him and consolidated at his word. He founded republics on both sides of the Po, expelled the English from Corsica, and pressed at the same time upon Genoa, Venice, and the Holy See, which he prevented from uprising. It was in the midst of these vast political combinations that he learned of the approach of a new Imperial Army led by Alvinzi; but there was a fatality upon all those men. The same fault committed by his predecessors, Alvinzi committed in his turn. He divided his army into two bodies; one, composed of thirty thousand men led by himself, was to cross the Veronese and reach Mantua; the other, composed of fifteen thousand men under the command of Davidowitch, was to spread itself out upon the Adige. Bonaparte marched to meet Alvinzi, met him at Arcole, struggled hand to hand with him three days, and did not leave off until five thousand dead of his army slept on the field of battle, and eight thousand prisoners and thirty pieces of cannon were taken. Then, all panting from Arcole, he rushed between Davidowitch, who came out of Tyrol, and Wurmser, who came out of Mantua; threw back the one into his mountains, the other into his city. He learned upon the battle-field that Alvinzi and Provera were just joining each other. He routed Alvinzi at Rivoli, and compelled Provera, by the battles

of Saint George and Favorita, to surrender. Finally, rid from all his adversaries, he returned to Mantua, encircled it, pressed it, smothered it, and forced it to surrender at the moment when a fifth army, detached from the reserves of the Rhine, was advancing, led by an Archduke. No humiliation was spared Austria. The defeats of its generals told upon the throne. On the 10th of March, 1797, Prince Charles was beaten at the Pass of Tagliamento. This victory opened to us the State of Venice and the gorges of Tyrol. The French advanced at a running pace through the way that was opened to them; triumphed at Lavis, at Trasmis, at Clausen; entered Trieste; carried by storm Tarvis, Gradisca, and Villach; pursued with eagerness the Archduke, whom they abandoned, only to occupy the routes to the capital of Austria; and finally penetrated to within thirty leagues of Vienna. There Bonaparte halted to await the Parliamentarians. It had been a year since he left Nice. In that year he had destroyed six armies, had taken Alexandria, Turin, Milan, and Mantua, and had planted the tri-colored flag upon the Alps of Piedmont, upon Italy, and Tyrol. Around him began to shine the names of Masséna, Augereau, Joubert, Marmont, and Berthier. The galaxy was forming, the satellites revolved around their star, the sky of the Empire was constellating.

Bonaparte was not deceived. The parliamentarians arrived. Léoben was fixed as the seat of the negotiations. Bonaparte had no more need of full power from the Directory. He made the war; he will make the peace.

"Seeing the position of things," he wrote, "the negotiations even with the Emperor have become military operations."

Nevertheless this work was spun out. All the crafts of diplomacy surrounded and tired him. But a day came when the lion became tired of being entangled in a net. He arose in the midst of a discussion, seized a magnificent china tea-set, broke it in pieces and trod upon it; then, turning to the stupefied plenipotentiaries, he said:

"Thus will I pulverize you all, since you wish it." [1]

The diplomats returned to sentiments more peaceful. They gave audience to the treaty. In the first article the Emperor was made to declare that he recognized the French Republic.

"Strike out that paragraph," said Bonaparte; "the French Republic is as the sun upon the horizon. Blind are those upon whom its brightness has not shone."

Thus at the age of twenty-seven years Bonaparte held in one hand the sword that divided empires and in the other the balance that weighed kings. Vainly the Directory traced his way. He marched in his own. If he did not yet command, already he did not obey. The Directory wrote him to remember that Wurmser was an emigrant. Wurmser fell into the hands of Bonaparte, who had for him all the regard due to misfortune and old age. The Directory used in reference to the Pope outrageous formulas; Bonaparte wrote to him always with respect, and called him only by the name of Most

[1] Bourrienne, in his *Memoirs of Napoleon*, vol. i., page 3 (Scribners' edition), referring to this incident, says: "But let us dismiss this story with the rest, and among them that of the porcelain tray that was said to have been smashed and thrown at the head of M. de Cobentzel. I certainly know nothing of any such scene; our manners at Passeriano were not quite so bad." (See *Memoirs of Ségur*, vol. i., page 375).—J. B. L.

Holy Father. The Directory deported the priests and proscribed them ; Bonaparte directed his army to regard them as brothers and to honor them as ministers of God. The Directory tried to exterminate every vestige of the aristocracy ; Bonaparte wrote to the democracy of Genoa to blame the excesses which they had carried on against the nobles, and let them know that if they wished to preserve his esteem they must respect the statue of Doria.

On the 15th Vendémiaire, year VI., the treaty of Campo-Formio was signed, and Austria, to which Venice was left, renounced its claims upon Belgium and its pretensions to Italy. Bonaparte left Italy for France, and on the 15th Frimaire of the same year (5th December, 1797) he arrived at Paris. Bonaparte had remained absent two years, and in those two years had taken one hundred and fifty thousand prisoners, one hundred and seventy flags, five hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, six hundred field pieces, five pontoon trains, nine vessels of sixty-four guns, twelve frigates of thirty-two, twelve corvettes, and eighteen galleys. Moreover, after having, as we have seen, brought with him from France two thousand louis, he had sent there altogether, at different times, nearly fifty millions. Contrary to all ancient and modern traditions it was the Army that fed the fatherland.

With peace Bonaparte saw arrive the limit of his military career. Unable to remain inactive, he aspired to the place of one of the two Directors, who were just going out. Unfortunately he was but twenty-eight years old. It was a violation, so great and so sudden, of the Constitution of the year III. that they did not dare to even make the proposition. He returned then to his

little house in the Rue Chantereine, struggling in advance, by the combinations of his genius, against an enemy more terrible than all those that he had combated up to that time—neglect.

"The memory of nothing is preserved at Paris," said he. "If I remain a long time idle I am lost. One fame in this great Babylon succeeds another, and they will not have seen me more than three times at the play when I will not be looked at so much."

While waiting for something better he had himself appointed a member of the National Academy.

Finally on the 29th of January, 1798, he said to his Secretary:

"Bourrienne, I cannot remain here; there is nothing to do; they will listen to nothing. I see that if I remain I will sink in a short time. Everything wears out here. I have already no more glory. This little Europe does not furnish enough of it. It is a mole-hill. There have never been such great empires and revolutions as in the East where live six hundred millions of men. I must go to the East; all great fame comes from there."

Thus he must exceed all the fame of the greatest. He has already done more than Hannibal. He will do as much as Alexander and Cæsar, but his name is wanting on the pyramids, where are written these two great names.

On April 12, 1798, Bonaparte was commissioned General-in-chief of the Army of the East.

He had already, as we have seen, only to ask in order to obtain. On arriving at Toulon he gave proof that he had but to command to be obeyed.

An old man of eighty years had been shot just two days before the time of his arrival in that city. On the 16th

of May, 1798, he wrote the following letter to the military commissions of the ninth division established by virtue of the law of the 19th Fructidor:

"Bonaparte, Member of the National Institute.

"I have learned, citizens, with the greatest grief, that old men of the age of seventy and eighty years, and miserable women, pregnant or surrounded by children of tender age, have been shot, accused of emigration.

"Should then the soldiers of liberty have become executioners?

"Should then the pity that they have manifested in the midst of combats die in their hearts?

"The law of the 19th Fructidor has been a measure of public safety. Its intention has been to reach the conspirators and not miserable women and decaying old men.

"I exhort you then, citizens, that every time that the law shall present to your tribunal old men of more than sixty years, or women, to declare that in the midst of combats you have respected the old men and the wives of your enemies.

"The soldier who signs a sentence against a person incapable of bearing arms is a coward.

"BONAPARTE."

This letter saved the life of an unfortunate who was comprised in that category. Bonaparte embarked three days after. Thus his last farewell to France was the exercise of a royal act, the dispensing of the pardoning power.

Malta was purchased in advance. Bonaparte made it surrender to him while passing, and on the first of July,

1798, he touched the land of Egypt near Fort Marabout at some distance from Alexandria.

As soon as he learned this news, Mourad-Bey, whom they were coming to seek like a lion in his den, called to him his Mamelukes, let go in the current of the Nile a flotilla of djermes, of canges and of launches, armed for war, and sent to follow his boats a body of twelve to fifteen hundred cavaliers on the banks of the river, which Desaix, who commanded our advance guard, met on the 14th at the village of Minieh-Salam. This was the first time since the Crusades that the Orient and the Occident met face to face.

The shock was terrible. This militia, glittering with gold, swift as the wind, devouring as the flame, charged even upon our squares, the gun-barrels of which it cut to pieces with its tempered Damascus sabres. Then, when the fire burst from these squares as from a volcano, it unrolled itself like a scarf of gold and silk, visited at full gallop all these iron angles, each face of which sent its volley ; and, when they saw any breach impossible, they fled finally like a long line of birds, leaving around our battalions a belt, moving still, of mutilated men and horses, and went off some distance to form anew, only to return to attempt a new charge as useless and slaughterous as the other.

In the middle of the day they rallied for the last time, but instead of coming again upon us they took the road to the desert and disappeared in the horizon in a whirlwind of sand.

It was at Djizeh that Mourad learned of the repulse at Chébreiss. The same day messengers were sent to the Said, to the Fayoum, and to the desert. Everywhere, Beys, Sheiks, Mamelukes—all were convoked against the

common enemy; each one was compelled to come with his horse and arms. Three days after Mourad had around him six thousand horsemen.

All this troop hastened by the war cry of its chief camped in disorder on the banks of the Nile in sight of Cairo and the Pyramids, between the village of Embabeh, on which it rested its right, and Djizeh, the favorite residence of Mourad, to which it stretched out its left. As for the latter, he had planted his tent around a gigantic sycamore, the shade of which covered fifty horsemen. It was in this position that, after having put his militia in a little order, he waited for the French army which was ascending the Nile.

On the 23d, at the break of day, Desaix, who marched always in the advance guard, perceived a party of five hundred Mamelukes, which had been sent to reconnoitre and which fell back without ceasing to be in view. At four o'clock in the morning Mourad heard loud acclamations; it was the entire army cheering the Pyramids.

At six o'clock the French and Mamelukes were in each other's presence.

As one pictures the battle-field, it was the same that Cambyses, the other conqueror, who had come from the other end of the world, had selected to crush the Egyptians. Two thousand four hundred years had elapsed. The Nile and the Pyramids were still there, but the Sphinx of granite, which the Persians mutilated in the face, had only its gigantic head out of the sand. The Colossus, of which Herodotus spoke, had fallen, Memphis had disappeared, Cairo had sprung up. All these reminders, distinct and present in the minds of the French chiefs, were hovering vaguely over the soldiers like those

unknown birds which formerly passed over battles, and which foretold victory.

As for the site, it was a vast plain of sand, suitable for the manœuvres of the cavalry. A village called Bekir rose in the middle. A small stream bounded it a little in advance of Djizeh. Mourad and all his cavalry rested against the Nile, with Cairo behind them.

Bonaparte saw, from this disposition of the land and his foes, that it was possible for him not only to conquer the Mamelukes, but even to exterminate them. He arranged his army in a semicircle, forming of each division gigantic squares, in the centre of which was placed the artillery. Desaix, accustomed to march in advance, commanded the first square placed between Embabeh and Djizeh; then came the Régnier division; the Kléber division, deprived of its chief, who had been wounded at Alexandria, and commanded by Dugua; then the Menou division, commanded by Vial; finally, forming the extreme left, protected by the Nile and nearest to Embabeh, the division of General Bon.

All the squares were to move together to march upon Embabeh, and to throw into the Nile the village, horses, Mamelukes and intrenchments.

But Mourad was not the man to stay behind some hillocks of sand. Scarcely had the squares taken position when the Mamelukes rushed out of their intrenchments in uneven masses and without choice, without calculation, threw themselves upon the squares which they found nearest to them—these were the Desaix and Régnier divisions.

Arriving at the mouth of the guns the assailants divided into two columns; the first rushed headlong upon

the left angle of the Régnier division, the second upon the right angle of the Desaix division. The squares let them approach to within ten paces, then they blazed forth ; horses and horsemen found themselves stopped by a wall of flames ; the first two lines of Mamelukes fell as if the earth had quaked under them ; the remnants of the column, carried on by its course, stopped by this rampart of iron and fire, not being able or willing to turn back, marched along in its ignorance, in front of the Régnier square, the fire of which threw it back upon the Desaix division. This latter then, finding itself taken between these two waterspouts of men and horses, which were whirling around it, presented to them the points of the bayonets of its first rank, while two others were emitting flames, and opening their angles to let pass cannon balls impatient to mix in this sanguinary fête.

There was a moment when the two divisions found themselves completely surrounded, and when all means were put in operation to open these impassable and deadly squares. The Mamelukes charging to within ten paces, received the double fire of musketry and artillery ; then turning their horses around, frightened at the sight of the bayonets, they forced them to advance backwards and, making them rear, they fell down together, whilst the horsemen, dismounted, were dragging themselves on their knees, crawling like serpents, and cutting the hamstrings of our soldiers. It was thus during the three-quarters of an hour that this dreadful conflict lasted. Our soldiers in this kind of warfare no longer saw men ; they believed it to be an action with phantoms, spectres and demons. Finally, infuriated Mamelukes, cries of men, neighing of horses, flames and smoke, all

vanished as if by a whirlwind: there remained between the two divisions only a bloody battlefield, covered with arms and standards, strewn with the dead and dying, complaining, and rising like the swell of the sea not yet entirely calmed.

At this moment all the squares, with a step as regular as that of a parade, advanced, closing Embabeh in their circle of fire. Suddenly the line of the Bey blazed forth in its turn: thirty-seven pieces of artillery were shooting upon the plain their network of bronze. The flotilla leaped upon the Nile, shattered by the recoil of the bombards, and Mourad, at the head of three thousand horsemen, darted in his turn to see if he could not break these infernal squares. Then the column which had commenced the attack and which had had time to reorganize itself, recognized him, and returned also against his first and mortal enemies.

It must have been a marvellous thing for the eye of the eagle hovering over the battle-field, to see these six thousand horsemen, the first in the world, mounted upon horses whose feet left no traces upon the sand, turning about like a pack of hounds around those immovable and inflammable squares, binding them in their folds, enveloping them in their rings, seeking to throttle them when they could not open them, dispersing, reforming to disperse again, changing face as the waves which beat upon the shore; then returning as far as the squares in a single line led by the indefatigable Mourad standing erect, like a gigantic serpent, the head of which was occasionally seen. All at once the batteries of the intrenchments changed artillerists. The Mamelukes heard the thunder of their own cannon, and saw themselves carried off by their own bullets. Their flotilla took fire

and exploded. Whilst Mourad was wasting his teeth and claws against our squares, the three columns of attack had taken possession of the intrenchment, and Marmont, commanding the plain, was firing upon the infuriated Mamelukes from the heights of Embabeh.

Then Bonaparte ordered a new manœuvre, and all was finished. The squares opened, unfolded, joined, and were welded like the links of a chain. Mourad and his Mamelukes found themselves caught between their own intrenchments and the French line. Mourad saw that the battle was lost. He rallied the men who remained with him, and between this double line of fire darted headlong, with the aërial speed of his horses, into the aperture that the Desaix division had left between itself and the Nile, passed as a whirlwind under the last fire of our soldiers, penetrated into the village of Djizeh, and reappeared, an instant after, above it, retiring towards upper Egypt with two or three hundred horsemen, the remnant of his power.

He had left upon the field of battle three thousand men, forty pieces of artillery, forty loaded camels, his tents, his horses and his slaves. This field, covered with gold, cashmeres and silk, was abandoned to the victorious soldiers, who secured an immense booty, for all those Mamelukes were adorned with the most beautiful armor, and wore jewels of gold and silver.

Bonaparte slept the same night at Djizeh, and on the third day he entered Cairo by the gate of Victory.

Scarcely was he in Cairo when Bonaparte dreamt, not only of the colonization of the country which he had just come to occupy, but even of the conquest of India by the way of the Euphrates. He wrote to the Directory a note in which he asked for reinforcements, arms, war

equipages, surgeons, pharmacists, physicians, comedians, gardeners, puppet-players for the people, and fifty Frenchwomen. He sent a courier to Typpo-Saëb to propose to him an alliance against the English. Then, lulled with this double hope, he set out in pursuit of Ibrahim, the most influential of the Beys after Mourad. He destroyed him at Saheley'h, and, whilst receiving congratulations for this victory, a messenger brought him the news of the entire loss of his fleet. Nelson had crushed Brueys. The fleet had disappeared as in a shipwreck. No more communication with France ; no more hope of conquering India. It was necessary to remain in Egypt or to go forth as great as the ancients.

Bonaparte returned to Cairo and celebrated the anniversary of the birth of Mahomet and the foundation of the Republic. In the midst of these fêtes Cairo revolted, and whilst he battered it down from the heights of Mokattam, God came to his aid with a storm. All subsided in four days. Bonaparte left for Suez. He desired to see the Red Sea and to set foot in Asia at the age of Alexander. He came near dying like Pharaoh ; a guide saved him.

Now his eyes were turned towards Syria. The time to disembark from Egypt had passed, and he could not return until the month of July following. An expedition by way of Gaza and El Arich was to be feared ; for Djezzar-Pasha, surnamed *the butcher*, had just taken possession of the last-named city. It was necessary to destroy this vanguard of the Ottoman Porte, to overturn the ramparts of Jaffa, of Gaza, and of Acre ; to ravage the country and to destroy all its resources ; and, finally, to render impossible the passage of an army through the desert. This plan was known. But did he not perhaps

conceal one of those gigantic expeditions such as Bonaparte had always in store in the remotest parts of his mind? We will see.

He left at the head of ten thousand men. He divided the infantry into four bodies, which he placed under the orders of Bon, Kléber, Lannes, and Régnier, gave the cavalry to Murat, the artillery to Dommartin, and the engineers to Cafarelli-Dufalga. El Arich was attacked on the 1st of Ventôse; the 7th, Gaza was occupied without resistance; the 17th, Jaffa, carried by storm, saw its garrison, composed of five thousand men, put to the edge of the sword. Then the triumphal march continued. They arrived before Saint-Jean-d'Acre, and on the 30th of the same month a breach was opened. It was then that the reverses commenced.

It was a Frenchman who commanded the town, an old comrade of Napoleon. Examined together at the Military School, they had been the same day sent to their respective corps. Attached to the Royalist party, Phelippeaux favored the escape of Sydney Smith from the Temple. He followed him to England, and preceded him to Syria. It was with his genius much more than with the ramparts of Acre that Bonaparte came into collision. At the first glance of the eye he saw that the defence was conducted by a superior man. A siege according to the regular rule was impossible. He must carry the city. Three successive assaults were made without result. During one of these assaults a bomb fell at the feet of Bonaparte. Two grenadiers immediately threw themselves upon him, placing him between them, elevated their arms above his head and covered him on all sides. The bomb exploded and, as by a miracle, its fragments respected their devotion; no one was wounded.

One of these grenadiers was called Daumesnil. He was a general in 1809, lost a leg at Moscow in 1812, and was in command at Vincennes in 1814.

In the meantime relief came from all sides to Djezzar; the Pashas of Syria had reunited their forces and marched upon Acre; Sydney Smith hastened with the English fleet; finally the plague, this auxiliary more terrible than all the others, came to the aid of the executioner of Syria. It was necessary first to get rid of the army of Damascus. Bonaparte, instead of waiting for it or stepping back at its approach, marched on, met and scattered it in the valley of Mt. Tabor. Then he returned to attempt five more assaults as useless as the first. Saint-Jean-d'Acre was to him a cursed city; he could not pass beyond it.

Every one was surprised that he exerted himself so to take a small town; that there he risked his life each day; that he lost his best officers and his bravest soldiers. Everybody blamed him for this obstinacy, which seemed to be without aim. Yet there was an aim. He explained it himself after one of these unfruitful assaults, when Duroc had been wounded, for it was necessary that some great mind like his own should know that he would not play a game of nonsense.

"Yes," said he; "I see that this miserable paltry town has cost me many people and taken much time, but things are too far advanced for me not to try a new effort. If I succeed, I shall find in the city the treasures of the Pasha and arms for three hundred thousand men. I will rouse to action and arm Syria, which has been so much excited by the cruelty of Djezzar, the downfall of whom, at each assault, the populace demand of God. I will march upon Damascus and Alep. In advancing

into the country I will increase my army with the discontented ones ; I will announce to the people the abolition of slavery and the tyrannous government of the Pashas ; I will arrive at Constantinople with armed crowds ; I will turn the Turkish Empire upside down ; I will form in the Orient a new and great empire, which will fix my place in posterity ; and I will return to Paris by the way of Adrianople and Vienna after having annihilated the house of Austria."

Then, uttering a sigh, he continued :

"If I do not succeed in the last assault that I will attempt I shall leave on the spot ; time presses me—I shall not be in Cairo before the middle of June ; the winds will then be favorable to go from the north into Egypt. Constantinople will send on troops to Alexandria and to Rosetta—I must be there. I do not fear this year the army which will come later by land. I will have everything destroyed up to the entrance of the desert. I will render impossible the passage of an army from now to the end of two years. People cannot live in the midst of the ruins."

It was this last course he was forced to take. The army withdrew upon Jaffa ; there Bonaparte visited the hospital for pestiferous patients—this will be the most beautiful production of the painter Gros. All that was transportable was taken by sea towards Damietta, and by land to Gaza and El Arich. Sixty of them remained who had but one day to live, and who in one hour would fall into the hands of the Turks. The same stern necessity that had caused the garrison of Jaffa to be put to the edge of the sword raised its voice. The pharmacist, R——, they say, had a potion distributed to the dying

ones, and instead of the tortures that were reserved for them by the Turks—they had at least a sweet agony.

Finally, on the 26th Prairial, after a long and painful march, the army re-entered Cairo. It was time. Mourad-Bey had escaped from Desaix and was menacing lower Egypt; a second time he met the French at the foot of the Pyramids; Bonaparte ordered everything to be ready for battle; this time it was he who took the position of the Mamelukes and who placed his rear against the river, but the morning of the next day Mourad-Bey had disappeared; Bonaparte was astonished, but on the same day all was explained to him; the fleet, as he had divined, had landed at Aboukir just at the time he foretold; Mourad, by unfrequented roads, had gone to join the camp of the Turks.

On arriving he found the Pasha full of the loftiest hopes; when he had appeared the French detachments, too feeble to fight him, had fallen back to concentrate.

"Indeed," said Moustapha Pasha to the Bey of the Mamelukes, "I show myself to these Frenchmen, so much feared, the sight of whom thou art not able to bear, and behold, they fly before me."

"Pasha," answered Mourad-Bey, "render thanks to the Prophet that he may ordain that the Frenchmen retire, for if they return thou wilt vanish before them like the dust before the north wind."

The son of the desert was prophesying. Some days after this Bonaparte arrived; after three hours of battle the Turks gave way and took to flight; Moustapha Pasha tendered his sword with a bloody hand to Murat; two hundred men surrendered with him; two thousand remained upon the field of battle; ten thousand were

drowned; twenty pieces of cannon, tents, and baggage fell into our hands; the fort of Aboukir was retaken; the Mamelukes were thrown back beyond the desert; and the English and Turks sought for a place of refuge upon their vessels.

Bonaparte sent a flag of truce to the Admiral's vessel; he must negotiate for the return of the prisoners, whom it was impossible to guard and useless to shoot as at Jaffa; in exchange the Admiral sent to Bonaparte some wine, fruits, and the *Frankfort Gazette* of June 20th, 1799.

Since the month of June, 1798, that is to say for more than one year, Bonaparte had been without news from France. He cast his eyes upon the paper, ran over it rapidly and exclaimed:

"My presentiments have not deceived me. Italy has been lost. It is necessary that I depart."

In effect the French had reached that point where he desired them to be, unfortunate enough to see him arriving not as an ambitious person, but as a savior.

Gantheaume, called by him, soon came. Bonaparte ordered him to prepare the two frigates *La Muiron* and *La Carrère* and the two little ships *La Revanche* and *La Fortune*, with provisions for four or five hundred men for two months. On the 22d of August he wrote to the army:

"News from Europe has made me decide to depart for France. I leave the command to General Kléber; the army shall soon have news of me. I cannot say more. It is painful for me to part from soldiers to whom I am so much attached, but it will only be for a short while. The General I leave them has the confidence of the army and myself."

The next day he embarked on the *La Muiron.* Gantheaume wished to take the open sea; Bonaparte opposed it.

"I wish," said he, "that you sail along the coast of Africa as much as possible; you will follow this route up to the south of Sardinia. I have a handful of brave men; I have a little artillery; if the English present themselves I will run aground upon the sands; I will reach by land Oran, Tunis, or another port, and there I will find the means to re-embark."

During twenty-one days the west and northwest winds beat Bonaparte back towards the port from which he had just come. At last the first breezes of an east wind were felt. Gantheaume opened all his sails to it; in a little while they passed beyond where Carthage formerly was, doubled Sardinia going along the western side; on the first of October they entered the port of Ajaccio, where they changed seventeen thousand francs of Turkish sequins into French money—this was all that Bonaparte brought back from Egypt;—finally on the seventh of the same month they left Corsica and made sail for France from which they were but seventy leagues. On the evening of the eighth a squadron of forty vessels was sighted. Gantheaume proposed that they turn around and return to Corsica.

"No," cried Bonaparte, imperiously; "force the sails, every one at his post; to the northwest, to the northwest; let us sail!"

They passed the whole night in uneasiness; Bonaparte did not leave the deck; he had a large launch prepared, put in it twelve sailors, ordered his secretary to select the most important of his papers, and take twenty men with whom he could run aground on the coast of Corsica.

At daybreak all these precautions had become useless, all terrors were dissipated, the fleet had sailed away towards the northeast. On the 8th of October, at the break of day, they perceived Fréjus; at eight o'clock they entered the roadstead. Soon the noise spread about that the two frigates carried Bonaparte; the sea was covered with vessels; all sanitary measures, that Bonaparte had made up his mind to violate, were forgotten by the people; in vain did they try to make them observe the danger that was threatening.

"We prefer the pest to the Austrians," they answered.

Bonaparte was taken, led away, carried; it was a fête, an ovation, a triumph. Finally, in the midst of enthusiasm, acclamation, delirium, Cæsar set foot upon that land where there was no longer a Brutus.

Six weeks after France had no Directors, but it had three Consuls, and among these three Consuls there was one, according to the saying of Sièyes, who knew all, who did all, who could do all.

We have arrived at the 18th Brumaire.

CHAPTER III.

BONAPARTE—FIRST CONSUL.

THE first care of Bonaparte, on arriving at the supreme magistracy of a state still bleeding from civil and foreign war, and quite exhausted from its own victories, was to establish peace upon a solid basis. Accordingly, on the 5th Nivôse, year VIII. of the Republic, putting aside all diplomatic forms with which sovereigns are in the habit of enveloping their thoughts, he wrote directly and with his own hand to King George III., proposing to him an alliance between France and England. The King remained silent. Pitt took upon himself to answer; that is to say, the alliance was refused.

Bonaparte, repulsed by George III., turned towards Paul the First. Knowing the chivalrous character of this prince he thought it was necessary in regard to him to act chivalrously. He brought together in the interior of France the Russian troops taken in Holland and Switzerland, had them dressed in new clothes, and sent them back to their country without ransom or exchange. Bonaparte was not mistaken in counting upon this proceeding to disarm Paul the First. The latter, on learning of the courtesy of the First Consul, retired the troops

that he yet had in Germany, and declared that he was no longer a party to the coalition.

France and Prussia were on good terms and King Frederick William had scrupulously observed the conditions of the treaty of 1795. Bonaparte sent Duroc to induce him to extend the line of his troops to the Lower Rhine, in order to have a smaller frontier to defend. The King of Prussia consented, and promised to exert his influence with Saxony, Denmark and Sweden to get them to remain neutral.

Then there remained England, Austria, and Bavaria. But these three powers were far from being ready to recommence hostilities. Bonaparte had, then, without losing sight of them, to cast his eyes upon the interior.

The seat of the new government was at the Tuileries. Bonaparte was dwelling in the Palace of the Kings, and, little by little, the old customs of the court were reappearing in those apartments whence the Conventionalists had driven them. Besides it is just to say that the first of the privileges of the crown which Bonaparte arrogated to himself was that of clemency. M. Defeu, a French emigrant taken in Tyrol, had been brought to Grenoble and sentenced to death. Bonaparte learned this news and wrote, by his secretary, upon a bit of paper, "*The First Consul orders the suspension of the execution of the judgment against M. Defeu.*" He signed this laconic order, despatched it to General Férino, and M. Defeu was saved.

Then appeared that passion which took in him the first place after war, the passion for monuments. At first he was content to remove the shops which encumbered the yard of the Tuileries. But soon after, having looked through one of the windows and having been offended

by the interruption of the Quay d'Orsay where the Seine in overflowing every winter obstructed communication with the Faubourg Saint-Germain, he wrote these words: "The quay of the swimming-school must be finished during the next summer," and sent them to the Minister of the Interior, who hastened to obey. The daily concourse of people, which crossed the Seine in little boats between the Louvre and the Quatre Nations, indicated the necessity of a bridge at that place. The First Consul sent for MM. Percier and Fontaine, and the Pont des Arts was erected from one bank to the other as if by magic. The Place Vendôme was widowed of the statue of Louis XIV.; a column of melted cannon, taken from the Austrians in a campaign of three months, replaced it. The burnt wheat market will be constructed in iron; entire leagues of quays will retain the river in its bed from one end of the Capital to the other; a palace will be built for the Bourse; the Church of the Invalides will be restored to its original purpose, resplendent as in the days when it sparkled for the first time in the rays of the sun of Louis XIV.; four cemeteries, which will recall the Necropolis of Cairo, will be placed at the four cardinal points of Paris, finally, if God will give him time and power, a street will be opened, which will extend from St. Germain l'Auxerrois to the gate of the Throne; it will be one hundred feet in breadth; it will be planted with trees like the Boulevards and will be bordered with arcades like the Rue de Rivoli; but for this street it will be necessary to wait, for it is to be called *la Rue Imperiale.*

During this time the first year of the nineteenth century was preparing its wonderful warriors; the law of recruitment was executed with enthusiasm; new

military material was organizing; levies of men, as they were raised, were sent from the river of Genoa to the Lower Rhine. An army of reserve was gathered at the camp of Dijon and was composed, in a large degree, of the Army of Holland, which had just pacified the Vendée.

On their side the enemies responded to these preparations by similar armaments. Austria pressed the organization of its levies, England took into its pay a body of twelve thousand Bavarians, and one of its ablest agents recruited for it in Suabia, in Franconia, and in the Odenwald; finally, six thousand Wurtembergers, the Swiss regiments and the noble corps of emigrants, under the orders of the Prince of Condé, passed from the service of Paul I. to the pay of George III. All these troops were destined to operate on the Rhine; Austria sent its soldiers into Italy, for it was there the Allies intended to open the campaign.

On the 17th of March, 1800, in the midst of work upon the institution of the diplomatic schools founded by M. de Talleyrand, Bonaparte turned suddenly to his secretary and with a visible feeling of gayety asked:

"Where do you believe that I will defeat Mélas?"

"I know nothing of it," answered the astonished secretary.

"Go, unfold in my cabinet the large chart of Italy, and I will show it to you."

The secretary hastened to obey; Bonaparte provided himself with red and black wax headed pins, laid himself down upon the immense map, marked off his plan of campaign, placed upon the points where the enemy awaited him his black-headed pins, aligned red-headed pins upon the whole line where he hoped to conduct his

troops ; then he turned to his secretary, who had looked at him in silence.

"Well?" said he to him.

"Well," answered the secretary, "I know no more about it."

"You are a simpleton. Look a little. Mélas is at Alessandria, where he has his headquarters ; he will remain there as long as Genoa does not surrender. He has in Alessandria his stores, his hospitals, his artillery, his reserves. (Indicating Saint Bernard), I will pass the Alps here ; I will fall upon his rear before he suspects that I am in Italy, cut off his communications with Austria ; I will overtake him in the plains of Scrivia, (placing a red pin at San-Giuliano) and I will defeat him here."

It was the plan of the battle of Marengo, that the First Consul had just traced. Four months after it was accomplished in every point ; the Alps were crossed ; the headquarters were at San-Giuliano ; Mélas was intercepted ; it remained only to defeat him ; Bonaparte had just written his name beside those of Hannibal and of Charlemagne.

The First Consul had spoken truly. He rolled down from the summit of the Alps like an avalanche ; on the second of June he was before Milan, where he entered without resistance, and the fort of which he immediately blockaded. The same day Murat was sent to Placentia, and Lannes to Montebello ; both were going to battle, without suspecting it, the one for a crown and the other for a duchy.

The day following the entry into Milan a spy, who had served him in his first campaigns in Italy, was announced ; the General knew him at the first glance of

the eye ; he was in the service of the Austrians. Mélas had sent him to watch the French army, but he wished to finish the dangerous business he carried on, and asked a thousand louis to betray Mélas ; besides, it was necessary for him to carry back some exact information to his General.

"It does not matter," said the First Consul ; "it is of little importance whether they know my forces and my position, provided I know the forces and the position of my enemy ; tell me something worth the trouble, and the thousand louis are thine."

Then the spy told him the number of corps, their forces, their location, the names of the generals, their worth, their character ; the First Consul followed his words upon the chart that he had peppered with pins ; besides, Alessandria was not provisioned, Mélas was far from expecting a siege, he had many sick soldiers and was in need of medicines. In exchange, Berthier gave to the spy a note, almost exact, upon the position of the French army. The First Consul saw clearly the position of Mélas as if the genius of battles had made him soar over the plains of Scrivia.

On the 8th of June, in the night, a courier, sent by Murat, arrived from Placentia. He was the bearer of an intercepted letter. The despatch was from Mélas ; it was addressed to the Aulic Council of Vienna ; it announced the capitulation of Genoa, which had taken place on the 4th ; after the people had eaten even the saddles of their horses, Masséna had been compelled to surrender.

They aroused Bonaparte in the middle of the night by virtue of his precept, "*Let me sleep for good news, wake me for bad.*"

"Bah! You do not understand German," said he at first to his secretary.

Then forced to acknowledge that the latter had spoken the truth, he arose, passed the remainder of the night giving orders and sending out couriers, and at eight o'clock in the morning all was ready to ward off the probable consequences of this unexpected event.

The same day the headquarters were transported to Stradella, where they remained until the 12th, and where Desaix rejoined them on the 11th. On the 13th, in marching upon the Scrivia, the First Consul traversed the battle-field of Montebello and found the churches still full of the dead and wounded.

"Devil," said he to Lannes, who served him as a guide, "it appears as if the affair had been hot."

"It has indeed been so," answered the latter, "bones were crackling in my division like hail upon glass windows."

Finally, on the evening of the 13th, the First Consul arrived at Torre-di-Golifolo. Though it was late and he was weighed down with fatigue, he would not go to bed until he made sure whether the Austrians had a bridge over the Bormida. At one o'clock in the morning the officer in charge of this mission returned and reported that it did not exist. This announcement quieted the First Consul. He required a last account of the position of the troops, and went to sleep not believing that there would be an engagement the next day.

Our troops were occupying the following positions:

The Gardanne and Chamberliac divisions, forming the body of the army of General Victor, were camped at the farm-house of Pedra-Buona in front of Marengo and at an equal distance from the village and the river.

The corps of General Lannes was placed in advance of the village of San-Giuliano at the right of the great Tortone road, about six hundred fathoms nearer the village of Marengo.

The Guard of the Consuls was placed in reserve in the rear of the troops of General Lannes, at a distance of about five hundred fathoms.

The brigade of cavalry, under the orders of General Kellermann, and some squadrons of Hussars and Chasseurs, formed the left, and were filling up, upon the first line, the intervals of the Gardanne and Chamberliac divisions.

A second brigade of cavalry, commanded by General Champeaux, formed the right, and filled up, upon the second line, the intervals of the infantry of General Lannes.

Finally the 12th regiment of Hussars and the 21st regiments of Chasseurs, detached by Murat, under the orders of General Rivaud, occupied the outlet from Sale, a village situated at the extreme right of the general position.

All these corps united, and escheloned obliquely, the left in advance, formed an effectual force of eighteen or nineteen thousand infantry and two thousand five hundred cavalry, to which were to be added during the next day the divisions of Mounier and Boudet, which in accordance with the orders of Desaix, were occupying, in the rear and about ten leagues from Marengo, the villages of Acqui and Castel-Nuovo.

On his side during the day of the 13th, General Mélas had completed gathering together the troops of Haddik, Kaim, and Ott. On the same day he had passed the Tenaro, and had camped before Alessandria with thirty-

six thousand infantry, seven thousand cavalry, and an immense artillery, well handled and drawn by good horses.

At five o'clock Bonaparte was awakened by the noise of cannon.

At the same instant, and as he was finishing dressing, an aide-de-camp of General Lannes rushed in at full speed of his horse and announced that the enemy had passed the Bormida, had entered the plain, and that a fight was going on.

The staff-officer had not gone far enough: there was a bridge over the river.

Bonaparte soon mounted his horse and proceeded in great haste to the point where the battle was in progress.

He found the enemy formed in three columns; one, that of the left, composed of all the light cavalry and infantry, was being directed towards Castel-Ceriolo by the Sale road; while the columns of the centre and of the right, leaning the one upon the other and composed of the infantry corps of Generals Haddik, Kaim, O'Reilly, and the reserve of Grenadiers under the orders of General Ott, were advancing by the Tortone and Fragarole roads and ascending the Bormida.

At the first advance of the two columns they came into collision with the troops of General Gardanne, stationed, as we have said, at the farm and in the ravine of Pedra-Buona. It was the noise of the numerous artillery marching before them, at the heels of which they were deploying battalions three times superior in number to those they were attacking, which had awakened Bonaparte and which had enticed the lion to the field of battle.

He arrived at the moment when the Gardanne division,

crushed, had commenced to fall back, and when General Victor was sending to its relief the Chamberliac division. Protected by this movement the troops of Gardanne made their retreat in good order, and came to defend the village of Marengo.

Then the Austrian troops ceased to march in column, and, profiting by the ground spread before them, deployed in parallel lines numerically superior to those of Generals Gardanne and Chamberliac. The first of these lines was commanded by General Haddik, the second by General Mélas in person, whilst General Ott's Corps of Grenadiers formed a little in the rear at the right of the village of Castel-Ceriolo.

A ravine, hollowed out like an intrenchment, formed a half-circle around the village of Marengo. General Victor established there in line the divisions of Gardanne and Chamberliac, which were going to be attacked a second time. Hardly had they been arranged in battle array when Bonaparte caused to be given to them the order to defend Marengo for the longest possible time. The General-in-chief understood that the battle would bear the name of this village.

In an instant the action commenced anew upon the front of the line. The sharp-shooters were firing at each other from both sides of the ravine, and the cannon were thundering, returning grape-shot at pistol range. Protected by this terrible artillery, the enemy, superior in number, needed only to extend itself to outflank us. General Rivaud, who commanded the extreme right of the Gardanne brigade, then put a battalion in advance outside of the village under the hottest fire of the enemy, and ordered it to stand and be killed without moving back a step. It was a target for the Austrian

artillery on which each shot took effect. But during that time General Rivaud formed his cavalry into column, turned the protecting artillery, fell upon three thousand Austrians who were advancing at charge pace, repulsed them, and, wounded as he was by a musket ball, forced them, after having put them in disorder, to reform in the rear of their line. Then he came and replaced himself in the line of battle at the right of the battalion, which had remained as firm as a wall.

At this moment the division of General Gardanne, upon which the whole fire of the enemy had wasted itself since morning, was thrown back into Marengo, where the first line of the Austrians followed it, whilst the second line prevented the Chamberliac division and the Rivaud brigade from lending relief to it. Besides having been themselves thrust back they were soon forced to retreat on both sides of the village. Behind it they reunited. General Victor reformed them, and recalling to them the importance that the First Consul attached to the possession of Marengo, put himself at their head, rushed in his turn through the streets that the Austrians had not had time to barricade, retook the village, lost it again, retook it still another time, then finally, crushed by superior numbers, he was compelled to abandon it for the last time, and, supported by the two divisions of Lannes, which arrived to his relief, reformed his line parallel to that of the enemy, which in its turn rushed forth from Marengo and expanded, presenting an immense battle-front. Soon Lannes, seeing that the two divisions of General Victor had rallied and were prepared to maintain anew the combat, extended his line upon the right at the moment when the Austrians were about to outflank us. This manœuvre put him in

front of the troops of General Kaim, which had just taken Marengo. The two corps, the one over-excited by the beginning of victory, the other all fresh from its repose, struck against each other with rage, and the combat, an instant interrupted by the double manœuvres of the two armies, recommenced along the whole line more desperately than ever.

After a struggle of an hour, step by step, bayonet to bayonet, the corps of the army of General Kaim bent and fell back. General Champeaux, at the head of the 1st and 8th regiments of Dragoons, charged it and increased its disorder. General Watrin, with the 6th Light Infantry and the 22nd and 40th of the Line, pursued it and threw it back nearly a thousand fathoms beyond the brook of Barbotta. But the movement he had made separated him from the body of his army ; the division of General Victor, finding itself endangered by his victory, was obliged to take the position he had left an instant exposed.

At this moment Kellermann was doing for the left wing what Watrin had just done for the right. Two of his cavalry charges had penetrated the enemy's line of battle, but behind the first line he had found a second, and, not daring to attack it on account of the superior numbers, he had lost the fruit of this momentary victory.

At midday this line, which was curling like a serpent of flame over a space of nearly a league, was broken near its centre and, after having done all that was humanly possible, it commenced to retreat, not conquered, but overwhelmed by the fire of the artillery and the shock of the masses. The centre in recoiling left the wings unprotected. They were then forced to follow its retrograde movement, and General Watrin on one

side, and General Kellermann on the other, ordered their divisions to fall backward.

The retreat was made in squares under the fire of eighty pieces of artillery, which preceded the march of the Austrians. For two leagues the entire army, furrowed by cannon-balls, cut by grape-shot, ground by shell, retreated without a single man leaving his ranks to run away, executing the various movements ordered by the First Consul with the regularity and the coolness of a parade. At this moment the first Austrian column, which, as we have said, had been directed upon Castel-Ceriolo and which had not yet charged, appeared outflanking our right. Such a reinforcement would have been too much, and Bonaparte decided to utilize the Consular Guard, which he had kept in reserve with two regiments of Grenadiers. He ordered it to advance to within three hundred fathoms of the extreme right, and directed it to form a square and stop Elsnitz and his column *like a redoubt of granite.*

General Elsnitz then committed the fault into which Bonaparte had hoped that he would fall. Instead of neglecting these nine hundred men, who were not to be feared in the rear of a victorious army, and passing on to the aid of Generals Mélas and Kaim, he eagerly fought those brave soldiers, who had used almost their last cartridges without being injured and who, when they had no more ammunition, received the enemy upon the point of their bayonets.

However, this handful of men could not long hold out thus, and Bonaparte was about to give them the order to follow the retrograde movement of the remainder of the army, when one of the divisions of Desaix, that of General Mounier, appeared upon the rear of the French line.

Bonaparte trembled with joy; it was the half of that for which he had been waiting. Immediately he exchanged some words with General Dupont, chief of staff. General Dupont darted forth in front of it, took command, found himself surrounded for an instant by the cavalry of General Elsnitz, passed through its ranks, struck with a terrible blow the division of General Kaim, which was beginning to penetrate into the troops of General Lannes, pressed the enemy as far as the village of Castel-Ceriolo, there placed one of his brigades, under the command of General Carra Saint-Cyr, which drove out the Tyrolian and Wolf Chasseurs, who were taken unawares by his sudden attack, and ordered him (Saint-Cyr), in the name of the First Consul, to die there with all his men rather than retreat. Then having rescued on his return the battalion of the Consular Guard and the two regiments of Grenadiers, who had made so beautiful a defence in the eyes of the whole army, he joined the retrograde movement, which continued with the same order and the same precision.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. Of the nineteen thousand men, who had commenced the battle at five o'clock in the morning, there remained scarcely, upon a radius of two leagues, eight thousand infantry, one thousand cavalry, and six pieces of cannon in condition to fire. A fourth of the army was *hors de combat*, and more than another fourth, on account of the want of vehicles, was busied in carrying the wounded that Bonaparte had given orders not to abandon. All were retreating with the exception of General Carra Saint-Cyr, who, isolated in the village of Castel-Ceriolo, found himself already more than a league from the body of the army. One half hour more and it was evident to all

that the retreat would change into a rout, when an aide-de-camp, sent on to meet the division of Desaix, upon which at this hour rested not only the fortune of the day but the destiny of France, arrived at full speed, announcing that the head of his column was appearing on a level with San-Giuliano. Bonaparte turned about, perceived the dust which announced its arrival, cast a final glance of the eye over the whole line, and cried:

"Halt."

The short electric word ran along the front of the line of battle; all stopped.

At this moment Desaix arrived, preceding his division by a quarter of an hour; Bonaparte showed him the plain strewn with the dead, and asked him what he thought of the battle. Desaix comprehended it all with a glance of the eye.

"I think it is lost," said he. Then drawing his watch:

"But it is only three o'clock, and we have yet time to gain another one."

"That is my opinion," answered Bonaparte, laconically, "and I have manœuvred for that."

In effect, he was going to begin the second act of the day, or rather the second battle of Marengo as Desaix called it.

Bonaparte passed along the front of the line, which had turned back as on a pivot, and was now extending from San-Giuliano to Castel-Ceriolo.

"Comrades," cried he, in the midst of cannon-balls which tore up the earth under the legs of his horse, "we have taken too many steps backward; the moment has come to go forward. Remember that my custom is to sleep on the field of battle."

Cries of "*Vive Bonaparte! Vive le Premier Consul!*" arose from all sides, and died away in the noise of the drums beating the charge.

The different corps of the enemy were then arranged in the following order:

General Carra Saint-Cyr was still occupying, notwithstanding the efforts made by the enemy to retake it, the village of Castel-Ceriolo, the turning point of the whole army.

After him was the second brigade of the Mounier division, the Grenadiers and the Consular Guard, which for two hours had held out alone against the entire corps of General Elsnitz.

Then the two divisions of Lannes.

Then the Boudet division, which had not yet fought, and at the head of which was General Desaix, who said, laughingly, that an accident would happen to him, as the Austrian cannon-balls knew him no longer on account of his having spent two years in Egypt.

Finally, the two divisions of Gardanne and Chamberliac, which had suffered the most during the whole day, and of which hardly fifteen hundred men remained.

All these divisions were placed diagonally, one behind the other.

The cavalry was placed in the second line, ready to charge between the intervals of the corps. The brigade of General Champeaux rested against the Tortone road. That of General Kellermann was at the centre between the Lannes corps and the Boudet division.

The Austrians, who had not seen the reinforcements which had arrived, and who believed the day to be theirs, continued to advance in good order. A column

of five thousand Grenadiers commanded by General Zach came forth on the highway and marched at charge pace upon the Boudet division, which was defending San-Giuliano. Bonaparte placed in battery fifteen pieces of artillery which had just arrived and were hidden by the Boudet division; then, by a shout that ran over the space of a league, he ordered the whole line to advance. This was the general order.

These were the private orders:

Carra Saint-Cyr will leave the village of Castel-Ceriolo, will put to rout those who try to oppose him, and will take possession of the bridge over the Bormida to cut off the retreat of the Austrians; General Marmont will unmask the artillery when they are within pistol-shot of the enemy; Kellermann, with his heavy cavalry will open in the opposing line one of those large holes that he so well knows how to make; Desaix, with his fresh troops, will annihilate the column of the Grenadiers of General Zach; finally, Champeaux with his light cavalry will charge as soon as the so-called conquerors retreat.

The orders were carried out as soon as given; our troops, by a single movement, retook the offensive; upon the whole line the firing blazed forth and the cannon thundered; the terrible quickstep was heard, accompanied by the *Marseillaise*, as each chief came to the end of the defiling and was ready to enter the plain; the battery, unmasked by Marmont, vomited fire; Kellermann rushed forth with his Cuirassiers and crossed the two lines; Desaix jumped the ditches, leaped the hedges, reached a little eminence, and fell at the moment when he turned around to see if his division was following him. His death, instead of diminishing the ardor of his soldiers, redoubled it. General Boudet replaced

him and rushed upon the column of Grenadiers, who received him with the bayonet. At this instant Kellermann, who, as we have said, had already crossed two lines, turned around, saw the Boudet division engaged in a struggle with this immovable mass, which it could not throw back, charged it on the flank, penetrated into its intervals, opened it, split it, and broke it. In less than a half hour the five thousand Grenadiers were broken down, thrown head over heels, and dispersed. They disappeared like smoke, thunderstruck and annihilated. General Zach and his serjeant-major were taken prisoners. This was all that remained of it.

Then the enemy in its turn wished to engage its immense cavalry, but the continual fire of musketry, the devouring grape-shot, and the terrible bayonet stopped it short. Murat manœuvred upon its flanks with two pieces of light artillery and a howitzer, which poured forth death to it while running. At this instant a caisson exploded amidst the Austrian ranks and increased the disorder; it was that for which General Champeaux awaited with his cavalry; he darted forth, concealed the small number of his soldiers by a skilful movement, and penetrated to the very midst of the enemy; the Gardanne and Chamberliac divisions, which were still angry on account of having been forced to retreat the whole day, fell upon them with all the ardor of vengeance; Lannes placed himself at the head of his two main bodies of troops and rushed ahead of them crying,

"Montebello! Montebello!"

Bonaparte was everywhere.

Then all bent back, recoiled and disbanded; the Austrian generals vainly tried to sustain the retreat; the retreat changed into a rout; the French divisions

cleared in half an hour the plain which they had defended step by step for four hours; the enemy stopped only at Marengo, where it reformed under the fire of the sharp-shooters which General Carra Saint-Cyr had placed from Castel-Ceriolo up to the brook of Barbotta. Then the Boudet division and the divisions of Gardanne and Chamberliac pursued them in turn from street to street, place to place, house to house, and Marengo was taken. The Austrians retired in the direction of Pedra-Buona, where they were attacked from one side by the three infuriated divisions after them and from the other by the demi-brigade of Carra Saint-Cyr. At nine o'clock in the evening Pedra-Buona was taken, and the divisions of Gardanne and Chamberliac had retaken their post of the morning. The enemy threw itself against the bridges in order to pass the Bormida. There they found Carra Saint-Cyr, who had preceded them. Then they looked for fording-places and crossed the river under the fire of our whole line, which did not die away until ten o'clock in the evening. The remnants of the Austrian army regained their camp at Alessandria. The French army bivouacked before the intrenchments at the head of the bridge.

The day had cost the Austrians four thousand five hundred dead, eight thousand wounded, seven thousand prisoners, twelve standards, and thirty pieces of artillery.

Never, perhaps, had Fortune shown itself in the same day under two faces so diverse. At two o'clock in the afternoon it was a defeat and its disastrous consequences; at five o'clock it was Victory coming again faithful to the standards of Arcole and Lodi; at ten o'clock it was Italy reconquered by a single stroke, and the throne of France in the perspective.

The morning of the next day the Prince of Lichtenstein presented himself to the outposts. He brought to the First Consul propositions from General Mélas. They were not agreeable to Bonaparte. He dictated his, which the Prince took back in exchange. The army of General Mélas was to depart from Alessandria free and with all the honors of war, but on conditions which everybody knows, and which placed Italy entirely under the French domination.

The Prince of Lichtenstein returned in the evening. The conditions had appeared hard to Mélas, who at three o'clock, regarding the day as gained, had abandoned the remainder of our defeat to the Generals and had returned to Alessandria to rest; but at the first observation the Envoy made to him, Bonaparte interrupted:

"Sir," said he, "I have given you my ultimatum; take it to your General and return promptly, for it is irrevocable. Consider that I know your position as well as you. I did not make war yesterday for the first time. You are blockaded in Alessandria, you have many wounded and sick, you want food and medicines, I occupy all your rear; you have lost in killed and wounded the best of your army; I am able to exact more and my position warrants it, but I moderate my claims in respect to the white hairs of your General."

"These conditions are hard, Sir," answered the Prince. "Above all those which give back Genoa, which succumbed scarcely fifteen days ago after so long a siege."

"Do not be bothered by that," answered the First Consul, showing to the Prince the intercepted letter. "Your Emperor has not known of the capture of Genoa. You will only not have to tell him about it."

The same evening all the conditions imposed by the First Consul were agreed to, and Bonaparte wrote to his colleagues :

"The next day after the battle of Marengo, Citizen Consuls, General Mélas demanded of the outposts that they give him permission to send General Skal to me. During the day the agreement you will find hereto annexed was drawn up. It was signed during the night by General Berthier and General Mélas. I hope that the French people will be satisfied with its army.

"BONAPARTE."

Thus was accomplished the prediction that the First Consul had made to his secretary four months before in the cabinet of the Tuileries.

Bonaparte returned to Milan, where he found the city illuminated and in the liveliest joy. Masséna, whom he had not seen since the Egyptian campaign, was waiting for him there, and received the command of the Army of Italy as a reward for his beautiful defence of Genoa.

The First Consul returned to Paris in the midst of the acclamations of the people. His entry into the Capital took place in the evening, but when the next morning the Parisians heard of his return they moved *en masse* to the Tuileries with such cries and so great an enthusiasm that the young conqueror of Marengo was forced to show himself upon the balcony.

A few days later frightful news came to sadden the public joy. Kléber had been killed at Cairo by the dagger of Soliman-el-Alebi the same day that Desaix had fallen on the plains of Marengo, killed by the cannon-balls of the Austrians.

The agreement signed by Berthier and General Mélas

on the night which followed the battle had caused an armistice to be concluded July 5th, but it was broken September 5th, and renewed after the successful issue of the battle of Hohenlinden.

During this time conspiracies were moving on. Ceracchi, Aréna, Topino-Lebrun, and Demerville had been arrested at the opera, where they were drawing near to the First Consul to assassinate him. The infernal machine had exploded on Rue Saint Nicaise twenty-five paces behind his carriage. Louis XVIII. was writing letters to Bonaparte to make him restore him to his throne.[1]

[1] The first letter, dated February 28, 1800, was concluded thus:

"Whatever may be their apparent conduct, men such as you, Sir, never inspire inquietude. You have accepted an eminent place, and I am thankful to you for that. Better than any one else you know what force and power will be necessary to make the happiness of a great nation. Save France from its own madness, you will have performed the vow of my heart; return it to its King, and the future generations will bless your memory. You will always be so necessary to the State that it will be impossible for me to repay to you the debt of my grandfather and myself by giving you important positions.

"LOUIS."

This letter having remained unanswered was followed by another here given.

"You must know, General, that for a long time my esteem for you has been acquired. If you should doubt that I might be susceptible of gratefulness, select your place, fix the condition of your friends. As for my principles, I am French. Merciful by character, I should be so yet by reason. No, the victor of Lodi, Castiglione, Arcole, the conqueror of Italy and Egypt, cannot prefer to glory a vain celebrity. However, you lose precious time. We can assure the glory of France. I say WE, because I have need of Bonaparte for that, and he cannot do it without me. General, Europe observes you, glory awaits you, and I am impatient to give my people peace.

"LOUIS."

Bonaparte answered on the 24th of September as follows:

At length, on the 9th of February, 1801, the treaty of Lunéville was signed. It recalled all the clauses of the treaty of Campo-Formio, ceded anew to France all the States situated upon the left bank of the Rhine, indicated the Adige as the limit of the Austrian possessions, forced the Emperor of Austria to recognize the Cis-Alpine Republics, Batavian and Swiss, and finally, to abandon Tuscany to France.

The Republic was at peace with the entire world except England, its old and eternal enemy. Bonaparte resolved to overawe her by a grand demonstration. A

"I have received, Sir, your letter. I thank you for the honest things that you say to me. You should not wish your return to France. It would be necessary for you to walk upon a hundred thousand dead bodies. Sacrifice your interests to the repose and happiness of France. History will give you credit for it. I am not insensible of the misfortunes of your family and I will learn with pleasure that you are surrounded by all that can contribute to the tranquillity of your retreat.

"BONAPARTE."

Let us recall here, to complete the history of these negotiations, the famous letter by which three years later Louis XVIII. was maintaining his pretensions to the throne of France.

"I do not confound M. Bonaparte with those who have preceded him. I esteem his valor, his military talents; I am thankful to him for several acts of administration, for the good that one will do my people will always be dear to me. But he makes a mistake if he believes he can induce me to give up my rights; far from that he would strengthen them himself if they could be doubted, by the proceedings he is taking at this moment I am not aware of the plans of God for my race and for me, but I know the obligations that He has imposed upon me by the rank which it pleased Him to give me at my birth. As a Christian I will fulfil those obligations until my last breath; son of Saint Louis I will, according to his example, have respect for myself even in irons; successor of Francis I. I wish at least to be able to say as he 'We have lost all save honor.'

"LOUIS."

camp of two hundred thousand men was assembled at Boulogne, and an immense number of flat boats designed to transport the army, was assembled in all the ports of the north of France. England was frightened, and on the 25th of March, 1802, the treaty of Amiens was signed.

During this time the First Consul was marching insensibly towards the throne, and Bonaparte, little by little was becoming Napoleon. On the 15th of July, 1801, he signed a concordat with the Pope, on the 21st of January, 1802, he accepted the title of President of the Cis-Alpine Republic; on the 2nd of August following he was named Consul for life, and on the 21st of March 1804, he had the Duc d'Enghien shot in the moats of Vincennes.

After this latter pledge had been given to the Revolution this great question was put to France:

Shall Napoleon Bonaparte be Emperor of the French?

Five million signatures answered affirmatively and Napoleon mounted the throne of Louis XVI.

Meanwhile three men were protesting in the name of literature, that eternal republic which has no Cæsars and recognizes no Napoleons.

These men were Lemercier, Ducis, and Chateaubriand.

CHAPTER IV.

NAPOLEON EMPEROR.

THE last moments of the Consulship had been employed in clearing away the avenues to the throne, by punishments or by favors. Once on the throne Napoleon busied himself in re-organizing the Empire.

The feudal nobility had disappeared; Napoleon created a popular nobility. The different chivalric orders had fallen into discredit; Napoleon established the Legion of Honor. For twelve years the highest military distinction had been the Generalship; Napoleon created twelve Marshals.

These twelve Marshals were the companions of his hardships; nativity and favor had nothing to do with their appointment. They all had Courage as their father and Victory as their mother. The twelve chosen were Berthier, Murat, Moncey, Jourdan, Masséna, Augereau, Bernadotte, Soult, Brune, Lannes, Mortier, Ney, Davoust, Kellermann, Lefèvre, Pérignon, and Serrurier. After an interval of thirty-nine years three are still living, who have seen the sun of the Republic rise and the star of the Empire set. The first is, at the hour we write these lines, Governor of the Invalides, the second, President of the Council of Ministers, and the third, King of Sweden. Alone and

the last remains of the Imperial pleiades, the two first have maintained themselves in their eminence and the third has grown still more famous.

On the 2d of December, 1804, the coronation took place in the Church of the Notre Dame. Pope Pius VII. came from Rome expressly to place the crown upon the head of the new Emperor. Napoleon, having Josephine next to him in a carriage drawn by eight horses and escorted by his Guard, repaired to the metropolitan church. The Pope, the Cardinals, the Archbishops, the Bishops, and all the great persons of state awaited him in the cathedral, upon the parvise of which he stopped for a few moments to listen to an address and to respond to it. The address ended, he entered the church and mounted a throne prepared for him, with the crown upon his head and the sceptre in his hand.

At the appointed time in the ceremonies a Cardinal, the Grand Almoner, and a Bishop conducted him to the foot of the altar. The Pope then approached, and making a triple anointment upon his head and both hands, pronounced in a loud voice the following words:

"All powerful God, who hast established Hazaël to govern Syria, and who hast made Jehu King of Israel, and manifested to them thy desires through the medium of the prophet Elias, and who hast likewise poured the sacred oil of the Kings upon the heads of Saul and David by thy servant the prophet Samuel, pour by my hands the riches of thy grace and benedictions upon thy servant Napoleon, whom, notwithstanding our personal unworthiness, we to-day in thy name consecrate Emperor."

Then the Pope slowly and majestically remounted his throne. They carried to the new Emperor the Holy

Gospels; he stretched out his hand upon them and took the oath prescribed by the new Constitution. As soon as the oath was taken the herald-at-arms cried with a loud voice:

"The thrice glorious and thrice august Emperor of the French is crowned and throned. *Vive l'Empereur!*"

The church soon resounded with the same cry; a salvo of artillery responded to it with its voice of bronze; and the Pope intonated the *Te Deum.*

All was over with the Republic from this hour; the Revolution had become a man.

But one crown was not enough. One would have believed that the giant having the hundred arms of Geryon had also his three heads. On the 17th of March, 1805, M. de Melzi, Vice-President of the Council of State of the Cis-Alpine Republic, came to ask him to join the Kingdom of Italy to the French Empire. On the 26th of May he went to Milan to receive in the cathedral, the corner-stone of which Galeas Visconti had laid and the final decorations of which he, himself, had completed,[1] the iron crown of the old Lombard Kings, which had been worn by Charlemagne, and which he placed upon his own head saying:

"God has given it to me, woe to him who touches it."

From Milan, where he left Eugène with the title of Viceroy, Napoleon went to Genoa, which surrendered to his power, and which territory, reunited to the Empire, formed the three Departments of Genoa, Montenotte, and the Apennines. The Republic of Lucca was embraced in that division, and became the Principality of

[1] The cathedral at Milan was commenced under Gian Galeazzo Visconti in 1386, and was completed under Napoleon in 1805. —J. B. L.

Piombino. Napoleon prepared himself, in making a Viceroy of his step-son and a Princess of his sister, to make Kings of his brothers.

In the midst of all this organization of disordered affairs Napoleon learned that, in order to avoid the descent with which it was threatened, England had induced Austria to recommence war with France. This was not all. Paul I., our chivalrous ally, had been assassinated; Alexander had succeeded to the double throne of Pontiff and Emperor. One of his first acts as sovereign had been, on the 11th of April, 1805, to make a treaty of alliance with the British Minister; and it was to this treaty, which aroused Europe to a third coalition, that Austria had acceded on the 9th of August.

Once more it was the Allied Sovereigns, who forced the Emperor to lay down the sceptre and the General to take again the sword. Napoleon proceeded to the Senate on the 23d of September, obtained a levy of eighty thousand men, left the next day, passed the Rhine on the 1st of October, entered Bavaria on the 6th, delivered Munich on the 12th, took Ulm on the 20th, occupied Vienna on the 13th of November, made a junction with the Army of Italy on the 29th, and, on the 2d of December, the anniversary of his coronation, he was in front of the Russians and Austrians on the plains of Austerlitz.

On the evening before, Napoleon, saw the mistake his enemies had made in concentrating all their forces upon the village of Austerlitz to outflank the left of the French. Towards the middle of the day he mounted on horseback with Marshals Soult, Bernadotte, and Bessières, and, having inspected the ranks of infantry and cavalry of the Guard, which were under arms on the plain

of Schlapanitz, advanced close to the line of the sharp-shooters of the cavalry of Murat, who were exchanging some rifle shots with the enemy. From there he observed, in the midst of bullets, the movements of the different columns; and enlightened by one of those sudden revelations, which were one of the faculties of his genius, he divined the entire plan of Koutousof. From this moment Koutoùsof was beaten, in his mind, and, re-entering the hut, which he had caused to be constructed in the midst of his Guard upon a plateau which overlooked the whole plain, he said, turning around and casting a final glance upon the enemy:

"Before to-morrow evening all this army will be mine."

Towards five o'clock in the afternoon the following proclamation was sent to the army:

"Soldiers! The Russian army presents itself before you to avenge the Austrians of Ulm. These are the same battalions you defeated at Hollabrün and which you have constantly pursued to this place. The positions that we occupy are formidable, and while they march to outflank my right they will present their flank to me.

"Soldiers! I will myself direct your battalions. I will keep myself far from the fire, if, with your accustomed bravery, you carry disorder and confusion into the ranks of the enemy; but, if the victory should be for a moment doubtful, you will see your Emperor expose himself to the foremost shots; for victory shall know no hesitation on this day, above all others, when the reputation of the French infantry is at stake and when the honor of the whole nation is concerned.

"Let no one break the ranks under the pretence of

carrying away the wounded, and let every one be well impressed with this thought, that it is necessary to conquer these hirelings of England, who are animated by so great a hatred of the French name.

"This victory will finish our campaign and we can return to our winter quarters, where we will be joined by the different armies which are forming in France; and then the peace that I will make shall be worthy of my people, of you, and of myself."

Let Napoleon himself now speak; let us listen to Cæsar recounting Pharsalia:

"On the 30th the enemy bivouacked at Hogieditz. I spent that day in surveying the surroundings on horseback. I saw that it was fully within my power to sustain my right, and to baffle their projects by occupying in force the plateau of Pratzen from Santon to Kresenowitz to stop them in front. But that would have produced a shock with equal chances, and I wished for something better. The tendency of the Allies to reach my right was manifest. I believed I could strike a sure blow by leaving them the liberty of manœuvring to extend their left, and I placed upon the heights of Pratzen only one detachment of cavalry.

"On the 1st of December the enemy, debouching from Austerlitz, came face to face with us in the position on Pratzen, the left extending towards Anjest. Bernadotte, who had arrived from Bohemia, entered into line, and Davoust reached the Abbey of Raigern with one of his divisions; that of Gudin bivouacked at Nicolsbourg.

"The reports I was receiving from all sides of the

march of the enemy's columns confirmed me in my opinion. At nine o'clock in the evening I rode through my line, as much to judge of the direction of the camp fires of the enemy as to animate my troops. I had just had a proclamation read to them. It promised them not only victory, but it explained also the manœuvre which would procure it. This was, without doubt, the first time that a general placed all his army in the possession of the plan which would assure to him the victory. I did not fear that the enemy might be informed of it, for he would not have believed it. This tour of inspection gave rise to one of the most touching events of my life. My presence in front of the army communicated from place to place an electric enthusiasm, which reached the extremity of the line with the rapidity of lightning. By a spontaneous movement all the divisions of infantry, hoisting lighted bundles of straw on long poles, honored me with an illumination, which at once looked imposing, fantastical, and even majestic. It was the first anniversary of my coronation.

"The appearance of these fires recalled to my mind the fagots of vine cuttings with which Hannibal deceived the Romans, and the bivouacs of the camp of Liegnitz, which saved the army of Frederick by misleading Daun and Laudon. As I passed before each regiment, cries of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' resounded, and, being repeated again and again by each corps as I advanced, carried into the camp of the enemy the proofs of the enthusiasm which animated my soldiers. Never had a warlike scene presented such solemn splendor and each soldier shared the confidence with which his devotion inspired me.

"This line, which I inspected until midnight, stretched

from Kobelnitz to Santon ; the corps of Soult formed its right ; being placed between Sokelnitz and Puntowitz he found himself in front of the centre of the enemy ; Bernadotte was bivouacking behind Girskowitz ; Murat to the left of the village ; and Lannes was on horseback upon the road to Brunn ; my reserves were placed back of Soult and Bernadotte.

"By placing my right, under the command of Soult, in front of the centre of the enemy, it was clear that the great weight of the battle would fall upon him. But in order that his movements might accomplish the result I was expecting, it was necessary to commence by removing from him the enemy's troops which were debouching towards Blasowitz and on the Austerlitz road. It was probable that the Emperors and the headquarters would be found there ; it was necessary to strike there first and to return immediately upon their left by a change of front. It was, besides, the means of cutting off the left from the route to Olmütz.

"I decided then to assist at first the movement of the corps of Bernadotte upon Blasowitz with my Guards and the Grenadier reserves ; to drive back the right of the enemy, and to return afterwards upon the left, which would find itself so much the more endangered in proportion as it had advanced to the other side of Telnitz.

"My project had been well fixed on the evening of the day before, as I had announced it to my soldiers. The main point was to seize the right moment. I spent the night in bivouac. The Marshals had reassembled around me to receive my final orders.

"I mounted horse at four o'clock in the morning ; the moon had set, the night was cold and pretty dark, though the weather was calm. It was of importance to

me to know whether the enemy had made any movement during the night, which could disarrange my projects. The reports of the main guard established the fact that all the noise was proceeding from the enemy's right to its left, and that the camp fires were appearing more extended towards Anjest. At daybreak a slight mist obscured a little of the horizon, especially over the lowlands. Suddenly this mist died away ; the sun commenced to gild with its rays the summits of the heights, whilst the dales were still enveloped with a cloudy vapor. We very distinctly discerned the heights of Pratzen, lately covered with troops but now actually abandoned by the enemy's left. It was evident that it had followed its project of stretching its line to the other side of Telnitz. However, I discovered with the same ease another march from the centre towards the right in the direction of Holibitz. Thenceforth nothing was more certain than that the enemy was offering me its centre, exposed to all the blows it might please me to give it. It was eight o'clock in the morning. The troops of Soult were massed in two lines of battalions in column of attack in the dale of Puntowitz. I asked the Marshal how long it would take him to reach the heights of Pratzen. He promised to be there in less than twenty minutes.

"'Let us still wait,' I answered. 'When the enemy makes a false movement it is necessary to guard against interrupting it.'

"Soon the firing commenced more lively in the direction of Sokelnitz and Telnitz. An aide-de-camp announced to me that the enemy was debouching from there with threatening forces. I was waiting for this. I gave the signal. Immediately Murat, Lannes, Berna-

dotte, and Soult, dart forth at full gallop. I also mounted on horseback to go to the centre. In passing before the troops I excited them anew saying:

"'The enemy comes to deliver itself to your corps; terminate the campaign by a thunder-stroke.'

"Cries of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' attested that they understood me and became the veritable signal of attack. Before recounting it let us see what was taking place in the army of the Allies.

"If I must believe the disposition projected by Weyrother, their design was to act tactically upon the same plan that they had, at first, desired to execute by strategic manœuvres; that is to say to make an effort with their reinforced left to reach my right, to cut off the road to Vienna and to drive me back beaten upon Brunn. Although my destiny was not attached to this route and although I should have preferred, as I have said before, that of Bohemia, it is certain nevertheless that this project did indeed offer chances in favor of the Allies; but in order that it should succeed it was necessary not to isolate this active left; it was essential, on the contrary, to follow it up in succession with the centre and the right, which should be lengthened out in the same direction. Weyrother, as he had done at Rivoli, was going to manœuvre with the two wings, or at least if that was not his project he acted in a manner to make me believe it.

"The left under Buxhowden, composed of the advance guard of Kienmayer and of the three Russian divisions, Doctorof, Langeron, and Pribitchefsky, numbering thirty thousand men, had to advance in three columns from the heights of Pratzen through Anjest upon Telnitz and Sokelnitz, to cross the stream, which forms two lakes to the left, and to turn upon Turas.

"The fourth column, under the orders of Kolowrath, with which went the headquarters, forming the centre, was to advance through Pratzen towards Kobelnitz, a little behind the third. It was composed of twelve Russian battalions under Miloradowitch and of fifteen battalions of newly levied Austrians.

"The fifth, composed of eighty squadrons under Prince Jean de Lichtenstein, was to quit the centre, behind which it had spent the night, and assist the right in marching towards the Brunn road.

"The sixth, at the extreme right, composed of the advance guard of Bagration, numbering twelve battalions and forty squadrons, was destined to attack, upon the highway leading to Brunn, the heights of Santon and Bosenitz.

"The seventh, composed of the Guards under the Grand Duke Constantine, formed the reserve of the right wing upon the Brunn road.

"It will be seen that the enemy wished to outflank my right, which it supposed extended as far as Melnitz, whilst my army was massed between Schlapanitz and the road to Brunn, ready for any emergency.

"According to this disposition Buxhowden, who was already more advanced than the rest of the army, had nevertheless moved on before the other columns. More than that, the cavalry of Lichtenstein had remarched from the centre towards the right so that the heights of Pratzen, key to the whole battle-field, were undefended.

"The instant when I gave the signal, all my columns were in motion; Bernadotte crossed the defile of Girskowitz and advanced upon Blasowitz, supported on the left by Murat; Lannes marched on the same level on both sides of the highway to Brunn; my Guard and my

reserves followed at some distance the corps of Bernadotte, ready to fall upon the centre of the enemy if it tried to bring its forces back there.

"Soult left the ravines of Kobelnitz and Puntowitz like the lightning at the head of the divisions of Saint Hilaire and Vandamme, supported by the Levasseur brigade. Two other brigades of the Legrand division were left as flankers to mask and dispute the defiles of Telnitz and Sokelnitz with Buxhowden. Devoust received the order to leave Raigern with the Friant division and the Dragoons of General Bourcier to check the head of the Russian column until we saw fit to attack them more earnestly.

"Scarcely had Soult climbed the heights of Pratzen when he unexpectedly came upon the column of Kolowrath (the fourth) which was marching to the centre behind the third, and which, believing itself shielded by that which was preceding it, was advancing at route step by platoons. The Emperor Alexander, Koutousof, and his staff were with it. Anything that unexpectedly occurs in the midst of the headquarters astonishes and disconcerts. Miloradowitch, who was marching in advance, scarcely found time to lead on to battle the battalions as they were forming. He was thrown back, and the Austrians, who followed him, experienced the same fate. The Emperor Alexander exposed himself to danger and showed coolness in rallying the troops, but, owing to the ridiculous dispositions of Weyrother, he had not at hand a single division ready to act as a reserve. The Allied troops were pushed to Hostiradeck. The Kaminsky brigade, which belonged to the third column, assailed also upon its right flank, came to join its efforts with those of Koutousof and renewed the engagement

for an instant. Nevertheless, the reinforcements could not resist the combined efforts of Saint Hilaire, Vandamme, and Levasseur. The line of Kolowrath, in danger of being driven into the swampy dale of Birnbaum, fell back upon Waschau as was ordered by the general disposition ; all the artillery of this column, having become mired in the half-frozen clay, was abandoned to us, and the infantry, deprived of the cannon and cavalry, could do nothing against the victorious Soult.

"At that moment, when the decisive blow was being struck, the two columns of the right of Buxhowden had met and hindered each other's movements about Sokelnitz, whence, nevertheless, they debouched, notwithstanding the efforts of the Legrand division. Buxhowden himself was debouching also from Telnitz, the efforts of four battalions alone being unable to stop him.

"At this instant Davoust was arriving from Raigern, and the Fraint division was pushing back towards Telnitz the advance guard of the enemy. The battle taking a more serious turn towards Sokelnitz, Davoust, leaving at Telnitz only the Dragoons of Bourcier, reascended the stream as far as Sokelnitz with the Fraint division. A very warm battle took place at this point. Sokelnitz, taken and retaken, remained an instant with the Russians. Langeron and Pribitchefsky were even debouching towards the heights of Marxdorf. Our troops, arranged in the form of a crescent, charged their flanks several times with success. This struggle, rather bloody, was, however, only an accessory ; it was enough to check the enemy without forcing it back. There would not have been any danger in letting them get even a little farther ahead.

"Whilst things were taking so favorable a turn on our

right wing, we were obtaining no less success at the centre and on the left; that which had befallen the headquarters and the fourth column also befell the Grand Duke and the Russian Guard; they were to have been in the reserves but found themselves the first assailed.

"Bagration was extending to the right towards Dwaroschena to outflank and attack the position of Santon. The cavalry of Lichtenstein, having been recalled from the centre to second him, met *en route* the other columns, so that the Grand Duke and his Guards, having arrived near Krug before the cavalry, found themselves in the first line at the moment when Bernadotte was himself advancing upon Blasowitz, and Lannes was advancing upon both sides of the highway to Brunn. The battle soon commenced with spirit.

"Having reached at last, after a long march, the right of the Grand Duke, the Prince of Lichtenstein was commencing to form his cavalry, when the Huhlans of the Russian Guard, carried away by an untimely valor, threw themselves between the divisions of Bernadotte and Lannes in order to reach the light cavalry of Kellermann, who fell back before them; the Huhlans, victims of their ardor, were charged by the reserves of Murat, overthrown and driven back under the fire of our two lines of infantry, which left half of them on the ground.

"However, our progress in the direction of Pratzen had forced Koutousof to recall Lichtenstein to the relief of his centre, but that Prince, being menaced equally on the right and left, knew not to whom to pay attention or where first to carry relief. He hastened to send four regiments of cavalry, which arrived only to be witnesses of the defeat of Kolowrath. General Ouwarof was placed with thirty squadrons between Bagration and the

Grand Duke; the remainder of the cavalry stationed itself at his left.

"On his side the Grand Duke, seeing the columns of French infantry penetrate the Blasowitz division, decided to descend from the heights in order to save them one half of the road. The movement seemed to him necessary, as much for his own safety as to relieve the centre about which they were commencing to be uneasy.

"Whilst a furious infantry battle was taking place between the Russian Guards and the Erlon division, the Grand Duke ordered the Horse Guards to charge the right flank of the latter, which was composed of the 4th Regiment of infantry detached from the Vandamme division to cover the interval. The Russian Cuirassiers rushed upon this regiment, broke a battalion, but paid with the death of their bravest soldiers for the honor of carrying away the Eagle of that battalion. This isolated affray was not dangerous; nevertheless, not knowing whether the enemy would sustain it, I considered it necessary to send to this point Marshal Bessières with the cavalry of my Guard. It was necessary to end it. I ordered him to charge. The Russian line, after a most honorable defence, was obliged to yield to the united efforts of Bernadotte and Bessières. The infantry of the Guards, unable to resist any longer, fell back upon Krzenowitz. The Horse Guards, which had arrived at this instant from Austerlitz, tried in vain to better the situation. This choice regiment could do nothing; charged itself by my Horse Grenadiers, which I sent forth under the orders of Rapp, it was broken, and the whole centre took the road to Austerlitz.

"In the meanwhile Murat and Lannes had attacked with success the corps of Bagration and the cavalry of

Ouwarof, which was supporting it. Our Cuirassiers had broken the left of this wing, pressed by the divisions of Suchet and Caffarelli: everywhere victory crowned our combinations.

"Certain that Bernadotte, Lannes, and Murat would be more than sufficient to give the finishing stroke to the enemy on this side, I turned to the right with my Guards and the reserve of Oudinot to aid Soult destroy the left wing, taken in the rear and entangled in the midst of the lakes. It was two o'clock when Soult, inspired by our approach, reunited the two divisions of Saint Hilaire and Legrand to carry Sokelnitz by an attack in the rear, whilst the troops of Davoust were assailing it in front. Vandamme, from his side, rushed upon Anjest, my Guard and Grenadiers followed, in order to strengthen, in case of need, these different attacks.

"The Pribitchefsky division, surrounded in Sokelnitz, laid down its arms, some fugitives only carried the news of this disaster. Langeron, pressed in his turn, was but little more fortunate, and only half of his troops succeeded in rejoining Buxhowden. The latter, who had lost five of six hours with the column of Doctorof in a useless skirmish about Telnitz, instead of falling back upon Sokelnitz, finally decided that it was time to consider his own safety. He commenced marching about two or three o'clock to return upon Anjest, and to get out of the mousetrap in which he found himself caught in marching along the land between the lakes and the heights. He was debouching from the village in column when Vandamme rushed with impetuosity upon his flank, penetrated into Anjest and cut the column in two. Buxhowden, unable to retrace his steps, continued his route with his two head battalions in order to join

Koutousof; but Doctorof and Langeron with the twenty-eight remaining battalions found themselves pressed in the gap between the lakes and the heights crowned by Saint Hilaire, Vandamme, and my reserves. The head of the column in the direction of Anjest escorting the artillery wished to fly across the ditches formed by the dryness of the lake; the bridge broke down under the weight of the cannon; these brave men, in order to save their pieces, endeavored to cross the extremity of the frozen lake, but the ice, ploughed by our bullets, breaking under the weight of this mass, engulfed men and cannon; more than two thousand were drowned. Doctorof had but one thing to do, namely, to march along the shore of the lake to Telnitz under our fire, and reach a dike which separates the lake of that name from that of Melnitz. Protected by the cavalry of Kienmayer, who made efforts worthy of praise, he arrived at Satschann, not without experiencing an enormous loss, however. They took together the road to Czeitsch to cross the mountains, quickly followed by our troops. The little artillery that the enemy had saved from the centre and right was abandoned in this retreat made on horrible roads which the rain of the evening before and the thaw had made impassable.

"The position of the enemy was cruel. I had gotten them upon the road to Wischau, which they could not follow because it was in a frightful condition, and the rest of their left wing could not reach it. They were then compelled to take the road to Hungary, but Davoust, one of whose divisions was at Nicolsbourg, could by a flank march reach Gading ahead of them, whilst we were pressing them lively in the rear. The Allied armies, weakened by the loss of twenty-five thousand men,

killed, wounded, or prisoners, and of one hundred and eighty pieces of cannon, in addition to a large number of fugitives, found themselves in the greatest disorder."

Such is the narration of Napoleon himself. It is clear, simple and grave, as such a recital should be. His previsions had not deceived him an instant; the battle unrolled itself as upon a chess-board, and a single thunder-stroke destroyed, as he had said, the third coalition.

The third day the Emperor of Austria came in person to ask again for the peace he had broken. The meeting of the two Emperors took place in the open air near a mill at the side of the highway.

"Sire," said Napoleon, advancing to meet Francis II., "I receive you in the only palace I have inhabited for two months."

"You derive such good advantage from your habitation that it must please you," he answered.

At this meeting they agreed upon an armistice, and the principal conditions of peace were settled. The Russians, whom we could have crushed to the end, had part in the truce at the solicitation of the Emperor Francis; and upon the simple word of Alexander that he would evacuate Germany and Austrian and Prussian Poland. The agreement was carried out and he withdrew by day marches.

The victory of Austerlitz was to the Empire what Marengo had been to the Consulate: The sanction of the past, the power of the future. King Ferdinand of Naples, having violated the treaty of peace with France during the last war, was declared deposed from the Kingdom of the two Sicilies, which Joseph received in his

place. The Batavian Republic, raised to a Kingdom, was given to Louis; Murat received the Grand-Duchy of Berg; Marshal Berthier was made Prince of Neufchâtel; and M. de Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento. Dalmatia, Istria, Friuli, Cadore, Conegliano, Bellune, Treviso, Feltre, Bassano, Vicenza, Padua, and Rovigo became Duchies; and the great Empire, with its secondary kingdoms, its fiefs, its Confederation of the Rhine, and its Swiss mediation, was in less than two years made similar to that of Charlemagne.

There was but one sceptre, which Napoleon had in his hand—that was a globe.

The peace of Presburg lasted nearly a year. During that year Napoleon founded the Imperial University and promulgated at the same time the Code of Civil Procedure. Interrupted in the midst of these administrative works by the hostile attitude of Prussia, the neutrality of which during the last wars had left her forces intact, Napoleon was soon obliged to face a fourth coalition. Queen Louise had recalled to the Emperor Alexander that they had sworn upon the tomb of Frederick the Great an indissoluble alliance against France. The Emperor forgot his second oath to remember the first, and Napoleon received the order, under penalty of war, to make his soldiers recross the Rhine.

Napoleon sent for Berthier and showed him the ultimatum of Prussia.

"They send us a challenge in which our honor is at stake," said he; "a thing a Frenchman has never refused, and since a beautiful Queen wishes to be a witness of the combat, let us be courteous, and in order not to keep her waiting, let us march without sleeping as far as Saxony."

And this time, by gallantry, he renewed and surpassed in swiftness the campaign of Austerlitz. Commenced on the 7th of October, 1806, by the corps of Murat, Bernadotte, and Davoust, it was continued on the following days by the battles of Austaëd, Schelitz, and Saalfeld, and ended on the 14th with the battle of Jena. On the 16th fourteen thousand Prussians laid down their arms at Erfurth; on the 25th the French army made its entry into Berlin. Seven days had delivered the monarchy of Frederick to this great maker and unmaker of Kingdoms, who had given Kings to Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Holland, and who had chased the Bourbons from Naples and the House of Lorraine from Italy and Germany.

On the 27th Napoleon, from his quarters at Potsdam, addressed to his soldiers the following proclamation, which summed up the whole campaign:

"Soldiers! You have justified my expectations and worthily responded to the confidence of the French people; you have borne privation and fatigue with as much courage as you have shown intrepidity and coolness in the midst of the battles; you are the worthy defenders of my crown and of the glory of a great people; as long as you are animated by this spirit nothing will be able to resist you. The cavalry has vied with the infantry and the artillery. I know not hereafter to which arm to give the preference. You are all good soldiers. Behold the result of our work: one of the first powers in Europe, which but lately dared to propose to us a disgraceful capitulation, is annihilated; the forests, the defiles of Franconia, the Sale, the Elbe, that our fathers could not have passed in seven years, we have overleaped in seven days, and we have fought in

the interval four engagements and one great battle; we have preceded the renown of our victories to Potsdam and Berlin; we have taken sixty thousand prisoners, sixty-five flags, among which are those of the Guards of the King of Prussia, six hundred pieces of cannon, three fortresses, more than twenty Generals; notwithstanding more than half of you regret not having fired a shot. All the Provinces of the Prussian Monarchy as far as the Oder are in our power. Soldiers! The Russians boast of coming to us; we will march to meet them; we will save them half of the way. They will find another Austerlitz in the middle of Prussia. A Nation, which has so soon forgotten the generosity we showed it after that battle, when its Emperor, its Court, and the remains of its army owed their safety only to the capitulation we accorded to them, is a nation which cannot struggle with success against us. However, whilst we are marching to meet the Russians, new armies, formed in the interior of the Empire, will come to take our place and to guard our conquests. All my people have risen indignant at the shameful capitulation which the Prussian Ministers, in their delirium, proposed to us; our roads and our frontier cities are filled with new recruits, who are anxious to march on your tracks. We will no longer be, henceforth, the toys of a treacherous peace, and we will not lay down our arms until we have obliged the English, those eternal enemies of our nation, to renounce the design of disturbing the continent and usurping the realm of the seas. Soldiers! I can no better express to you my sentiments than by saying to you that I carry in my heart the love you show me every day."

Whilst the King of Prussia, by virtue of the armistice

signed November 16th, abandoned to the French all the places that were left to him, Napoleon halted and turned towards England, which he struck by a decree for want of other weapons. Great Britain was declared in a state of blockade ; all commerce and correspondence with the British Isles were prohibited ; no letter in the English language had any longer currency in the mail ; and subjects of King George, of whatever state and condition they might be, found in France or in the countries occupied by our troops and those of our allies, were declared prisoners ; any store, all property, all merchandise belonging to an Englishman, were recognized as lawful prizes ; trading in goods belonging to England, or proceeding from its factories or colonies, was prohibited ; finally, no vessel coming from England or the English Colonies was to be received in any port.

Then, when political and supreme Pontiff, he had thus boycotted a whole Kingdom, he named General Hullin Governor of Berlin, preserved to the Prince d'Hazfield his civil authority, and marched to meet the Russians, who, as at Austerlitz, were hastening to the relief of their allies, and who, as at Austerlitz, arrived when they had been annihilated. Napoleon took time to send to Paris, where they were deposited in the Hotel des Invalides, the sword of Frederick the Great, his ribbon of the Black Eagle, his General's sash, and the flags that his Guards carried in the famous Seven Years' War ; and leaving Berlin on the 25th of November he marched to meet the enemy.

In front of Warsaw Murat, Davoust, and Lannes fell in with the Russians. After a light engagement Benigsen evacuated the capital of Poland and the French made their entry. The Polish people all rose in

favor of the French, offering their fortunes, their blood, their lives; and demanding in return only their independence. Napoleon heard of this first success at Posen, where he had stopped to make a King; that King was the old Elector of Saxony, whose power he strengthened.

The year 1806 ended with the battles of Pulstusk and Golymin, and the year 1807 opened with the battle of Eylau. A strange battle and without result, in which the Russians lost eight thousand men and the French ten thousand; in which each of the two armies claimed the victory; and after which the Czar caused a *Te Deum* to be sung for having left in our hands fifteen thousand prisoners, forty pieces of cannon, and seven standards. But it was also the first time that there had been a real struggle between him and Napoleon. He had resisted; therefore, he was the conqueror.

This boastful movement was short. On the 26th of May Dantzig was taken; a few days after the Russians were beaten at Spanden, at Domitten, at Altkirchen, at Wolfesdorff, at Gutstadt, at Heilsberg. Finally, on the evening of the 13th of June, the two armies found themselves in battle array before Friedland. On the morning of the next day some cannon shots were heard, and Napoleon marched upon the enemy, crying,—

"This day is a happy epoch; it is the anniversary of Marengo."

As at Marengo, in effect, the battle was of the greatest importance, and decisive. The Russians were crushed. Alexander left sixty thousand men lying upon the field of battle, drowned in the Alba, or prisoners; one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon and twenty-five standards were the trophies of the victory; and the remains of the vanquished army, not even hoping to be

able to resist, fled, took refuge on the other side of the Pregel and destroyed the bridges.

Notwithstanding this precaution the French passed the river on the 16th, and immediately marched towards the Niéman, the last barrier Napoleon had to cross in order to carry the war into the territory of Russia. The Czar frightened, the prestige of the British seductions vanished. He was in the same position as after Austerlitz, without hope of relief. He resolved to humiliate himself the second time. That peace, which he had refused so stubbornly and the articles of which he could have dictated, he now came to ask for himself, and to receive the conditions of his conqueror. On the 21st of June an armistice was signed, and on the 22d the following proclamation was made an army order:

"Soldiers! On the 5th of June we were attacked in our cantonments by the Russian army; the enemy was mistaken as to the causes of our inactivity; it perceived too late that our repose was that of the lion; it repents having been unmindful of it.

"In the days of Gutstadt, of Heilsberg, in that ever memorable day of Friedland, in a campaign of six days, to say all in one word, we have taken one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, seventy standards, killed, wounded, or made prisoners sixty thousand Russians, taken away from the army of the enemy all its stores, its hospitals, its ambulances, the town of Koenigsberg, the vessels which were in its port, filled with all kinds of ammunitions, and one hundred and sixty thousand muskets which the English had sent to arm our enemies.

"From the banks of the Vistula we reached those of the Niémen with the rapidity of the eagle. You cele-

brated at Austerlitz the anniversary of the coronation; you have this year worthily celebrated that of Marengo, which put an end to the war of the second coalition. Frenchmen, you have been worthy of yourselves and of me. You will re-enter France covered with all your laurels after having obtained a peace, which carries with it the guarantee of its continuance. It is time that our country should live in repose, shielded from the malicious influence of England. My beneficence will show my gratefulness and the greatness of the love I have for you."

During the day of the 24th of June the General of the Artillery, La Riboissière, built upon the Niémen a raft, and on this raft a pavilion, designed to receive the two Emperors; each of whom was obliged to go there from the shore he occupied.

On the 25th, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the Emperor Napoleon, accompanied by the Grand Duke of Berg, Murat, Marshals Berthier and Bessières, General Duroc, and the grand armor-bearer Caulaincourt, went from the left bank of the river to the prepared pavilion. At the same time the Emperor Alexander, accompanied by the Grand Duke Constantine, General-in-chief Benigsen, Prince Labanow, General Ouwarof, and the aide-de-camp General Count de Liéven, left the right bank.

The two boats arrived at the same time. On putting foot on the raft the two Emperors embraced.

This embrace was the prelude of the peace of Tilsit, which was signed on the 9th of July, 1807.

Prussia paid the expenses of the war; the Kingdoms of Saxony and Westphalia were erected like two fortresses to watch over it; Alexander and Frederick-William solemnly recognized as brothers, Joseph, Louis

and Jérôme. Bonaparte, First Consul, had created Republics; Napoleon, Emperor, changed them into fiefs. Heir of the three dynasties, which had reigned over France, he wished still to augment the succession of Charlemagne, and Europe was forced to look on while he did it.

On the 27th of July of the same year, after having completed this splendid campaign by an act of clemency, Napoleon returned to Paris, having no enemies but England, bleeding and wounded, it is true, on account of the defeats of its allies, but ever steadfast in its hatred, and always looking to the two extremities of the continent, Sweden and Portugal.

By the Decree of Berlin on the continental blockade England had been put under the ban of Europe. In the north seas, Russia and Denmark, in the ocean and the Mediterranean, France, Holland, and Spain, had closed their ports and had solemnly agreed to have no commerce with her. There remained only, as we have said, Sweden and Portugal. Napoleon took charge of Portugal and Alexander of Sweden. Napoleon declared, by a decree dated October 27, 1807, that the House of Bragance had ceased to reign; and Alexander, on the 27th of September, 1808, undertook to march against Gustave IV.

One month after the French were at Lisbon.

The invasion of Portugal was but the preliminary step to the conquest of Spain, where Charles IV. was reigning, influenced by two opposing interests, the favorite Godoy and Ferdinand the Prince of the Asturias. Offended by a thoughtless armament made by Godoy at the time of the war with Prussia, Napoleon had only cast a glance on Spain, a glance rapid and unperceived,

but which sufficed, however, to enable him to see there a throne to be taken.

As soon as he was in possession of Portugal his troops penetrated into the Peninsula, and, under the pretext of a maritime war and blockade, occupied at first the shores, then the principal places, and finally formed around Madrid a circle, which they had but to draw closer to be in three days the rulers of the capital. In the meantime a revolt broke out against the Minister, and the Prince of the Asturias was proclaimed King, under the name of Ferdinand VII. in the place of his father. This was all that Napoleon desired.

Immediately the French entered Madrid. The Emperor hastened to Bayonne, called to him the Spanish princes, forced Ferdinand VII. to give back the crown to his father and sent him prisoner to Valençay. Before long the old Charles IV. abdicated in favor of Napoleon and retired to Compiègne. The crown of Charles V. was bestowed upon Joseph by a Supreme Junta, by the Council of Castile, and by the Municipality of Madrid. The throne of Naples was vacated by this change. Napoleon named Murat for it. There were five crowns in his family without counting his own.

But in extending his power, Napoleon was extending his contest. The interests of Holland compromised by the blockade; Austria humiliated by the creation of the kingdoms of Bavaria and Wurtemburg; Rome deceived in its hopes by the refusal to restore to the Holy See the Provinces which the Directory had united to the Cisalpine Republic; and, finally, Spain and Portugal hurt in their national affections, were so many echoes resounding at the same time under the incessant call of England. A great reaction was being organized

on all sides at the same time; yet it showed itself at different times.

It was Rome which set the example. On the 3d of April the Legate of the Pope left Paris. Soon General Miollis received the order to occupy Rome in a military manner. The Pope threatened our troops with excommunication, and they responded to him by taking possession of Ancône, Urbin, Macerata, and Camerino.

Next, Spain. Seville, in a Provincial Junta, recognised Ferdinand as King, and called to arms all the Spanish Provinces which were not occupied. The Provinces revolted. General Dupont threw down his arms and Joseph was forced to leave Madrid.

Then, Portugal. The Portuguese arose in insurrection on the 16th of June at Oporto. Junot, not having sufficient troops to maintain his conquest, was forced to evacuate by the convention of Cintra; and, after him, Wellington occupied it with twenty-five thousand men.

Napoleon considered things grave enough to require his presence. He knew well that Austria was secretly arming, but she could not be ready before a year; he knew well that Holland was complaining of the ruin of its commerce, but he decided not to pay any attention to it as long as it did nothing but complain; he had, therefore, more time than was necessary to reconquer Portugal and Spain.

Napoleon went to the frontiers of Navarre and Biscay with eighty thousand old soldiers just from Germany. The taking of Burgos was the signal of his arrival. It was followed by the victory at Tudella; then the positions of Somma-Sierra were carried at the point of the lance; and on December 4th Napoleon made his solemn entry into Madrid, preceded by this proclamation:

"Spaniards! I do not present myself among you as a master, but as a liberator. I have abolished the tribunal of the Inquisition, against which the century and Europe were crying. Priests should guide the conscience, but should not exercise corporeal and exterior jurisdiction over the people. I have done away with feudal rights, and every one can establish hotels, kilns, mills, fisheries, and give full play to his industry. The selfishness, wealth, and prosperity of a small number of men were doing more damage to your agriculture than the heat of the dog-days. As there is but one God, there should be but one justice in a State; all private tribunals had been usurped and were contrary to the laws of the nation. I have destroyed them. The present generation will be, perhaps, undecided in its opinion of me, as too many passions have been brought into play, but your posterity will bless me as your regenerator; they will place in the number of your memorable days those when I have appeared among you, and from those days will date the prosperity of Spain."

Subdued, Spain was dumb. The Inquisition answered by this catechism:

"Tell me, my child, who art thou?"
"A Spaniard, by the grace of God."

"What dost thou mean by that?"
"A good worthy man."

"Who is the enemy of our happiness?"
"The Emperor of the French."

"How many natures has he?"
"Two. Human nature and devilish nature."

"How many Emperors are there of the French?"
"One real Emperor in three deceitful persons."

"What are their names?"
"Napoleon, Murat, and Manuel Godoy."

"Which of the three is the most wicked?"
"They are all three equally so."

"From whom springs Napoleon?"
"From sin."

"Murat?"
"From Napoleon."

"And Godoy?"
"From the combination of the two."

"What is the spirit of the first?"
"Pride and despotism."

"Of the second?"
"Rapine and cruelty."

"Of the third?"
"Cupidity, treachery, and ignorance."

"Who are the French?"
"Former Christians who have become heretics."

"Is it a sin to kill a Frenchman?"
"No, my father; one gains Heaven in killing one of these dogs of heretics."

"What judgment does a Spaniard deserve, who fails in his duties?"
"Death, and the infamy of a traitor."

"Who will deliver us from our enemies?"
"Reliance on ourselves and the troops."

In the meantime Spain, apparently pacified, was almost altogether obeying its new King. The hostile preparations of Austria, among other things, recalled Napoleon to Paris. On his return on the 23d of January, 1809, he immediately demanded explanations of the Austrian Ambassador, and some days after having rejected them as insufficient, he learned that on the 9th of April the army of the Emperor Francis had passed the Inn and invaded Bavaria. This time it was Austria which had anticipated us and which was ready before France. Napoleon made an appeal to the Senate.

On the 14th the Senate responded by a law, which directed the levy of forty thousand men; on the 17th Napoleon was at Donawert in the midst of his army; on the 20th he won the battle of Tann, on the 21st that of Abensberg, on the 22d that of Ekmühl, on the 23d that of Ratisbonne; and on the 24th he addressed this proclamation to his army:

"Soldiers! You have vindicated my expectation. You have made up the number by your bravery; you have gloriously marked the difference which exists between the legions of Cæsar and the armed crowds of Xerxes. In four days we have triumphed in the battles of Tann, Abensberg, Ekmühl, and in the engagements of Peyssing, of Landshutt, and of Ratisbonne. One hundred pieces of cannon, forty standards, fifty thousand prisoners; these are the results of the rapidity of your march and of your courage. The enemy, incited by a perjured cabinet, appeared to have nothing by which to remember you; its awakening has been speedy. You have appeared to it more terrible than ever. Lately it crossed the Inn and invaded the territory of our allies;

to-day, defeated, terrified, it flies in disorder. Already my advance-guard has gone beyond the Inn; before a month we will be at Vienna."

On the 27th Bavaria and the Palatinate were evacuated; on the 3d of May the Austrians lost the battle of Elersberg; on the 9th Napoleon was under the walls of Vienna; on the 11th that city opened its gates; on the 13th he made his entrance there.

This time again he was prophesying.

One hundred thousand men, under the orders of Prince Charles, had withdrawn upon the left bank of the Danube; Napoleon pursued and attacked them on the 21st at Essling, where Masséna exchanged his title of Duke for that of Prince. During the battle the bridges over the Danube were carried away by an unexpected rising of the water. In fifteen days Bertrand built three new bridges; the first, of sixty arches, upon which three vehicles could pass side by side; the second, upon piles and eight feet in width; the third and last, upon boats; and the bulletin of the 3d of July, dated at Vienna, announced that there was no longer any Danube, as Louis XIV. had announced that there were no longer any Pyrenees.

In fact on the 4th of July the Danube was crossed; on the 5th the battle of Enzersdorff was won; finally on the 7th the Austrians left four thousand dead and nine thousand wounded upon the battle-field of Wagram, and twenty thousand prisoners, ten standards, and forty pieces of cannon in the hands of their conquerors.

On the 11th the Prince of Lichtenstein presented himself at the outposts to ask a suspension of arms. He was an old acquaintance; the day after Marengo he

was introduced, charged with a similar mission. On the 12th this armistice was concluded at Znaïm. Soon conferences were commenced. They lasted three months, during which Napoleon lived at Schoenbrunn, where he escaped, as by a miracle, the dagger of Staps. Finally on the 14th of October peace was signed.

Austria ceded to France all the country located on the right bank of the Save, the circle of Goritz,[1] the territory of Montefeltro, Trieste, Carniole, and the circle of Villach; she recognized the reunion of the Illyrian Provinces with the French Empire, and all future annexations that conquest or diplomatic combinations might bring about, as well in Italy as in Portugal and in Spain; and renounced irrevocably the alliance with England to accept the continental system with all its exigencies.

Thus all was commencing to react against Napoleon, but nothing yet resisted him. Portugal had communicated with the English; he had invaded Portugal; Godoy had manifested hostile sentiments by an unskilful but perhaps inoffensive armament; he had forced Charles IV. to abdicate; the Pope had made Rome the general rendezvous of the agents of England; he treated the Pope as a temporal sovereign and deposed him; nature refused children to Josephine; he married Marie-Louise and had a son; Holland, in spite of its promises, had become a mart for English wares; he depossessed Louis of his Kingdom and reunited it to France.

Then the Empire had one hundred and thirty Departments. It extended from the British ocean to the

[1] Goritz, or Gortz, or Gorz, is situated in the valley of Isongo and about twenty-five miles from Trieste by railway. It is the seat of an Archbishop and of a Circle Court, hence "the circle of Goritz." —J. B. L.

Grecian seas, from the Tagus as far as the Elbe; and one hundred and twenty millions of men, obeying a single will, subjected to a single power, and led in the same way, cried "*Vive Napoleon*" in eight different languages.

The General was at the zenith of his glory, and the Emperor at the apogee of his fortune. Up to this day we have seen him rise without ceasing. He will halt for a year at the summit of his prosperity, for it is very necessary that he should take breath to descend.

On the 1st of April, 1810, Napoleon married Marie-Louise, Archduchess of Austria; eleven months after, a salute of a hundred and one guns announced to the world the birth of an heir to the throne.

One of the first effects of the alliance of Napoleon with the House of Lorraine, was to bring about a coolness between him and the Emperor of Russia, who, if we must believe Dr. O'Meara,[1] had offered him his sister, the Grand-duchess Anne. From 1810, the latter, who saw the Empire of Napoleon coming towards him like the rising of an ocean, had increased his armies and renewed his relations with Great Britain. All the year 1811 passed in fruitless negotiations, which, in proportion as they failed, rendered an early war more and more probable; therefore, each, on his side, commenced prep-

[1] Dr. O'Meara represents Napoleon as saying on this subject: "It was, perhaps, a misfortune to me that I had not married a sister of the Emperor Alexander, as proposed to me by Alexander himself at Erfurth. But there were inconveniences in that union arising from her religion. I did not like a Russian priest to be the confessor of my wife, as I considered that he would have been a spy in the Tuileries for Alexander."—*Napoleon In Exile; or, A Voice from St. Helena*, by B. E. O'Meara, his late Surgeon, vol. ii.—page 159. —J. B. L.

arations before it was even declared. Prussia, by the treaty of the 24th of February, and Austria, by the treaty of the 14th of March, furnished to Napoleon, the one twenty thousand and the other thirty thousand men. On their part, Italy and the Confederation of the Rhine co-operated in this great enterprise, the one with twenty-five thousand and the other with eighty thousand combatants. Finally a decree of the Senate divided the National Guard into three divisions for the service of the interior. The first of these three divisions selected for active service, put at the disposal of the Emperor, outside of the gigantic army that proceeded towards the Niémen, one hundred cohorts of one thousand men each.

On the 9th of March Napoleon left Paris, directing the Duke of Bassano to keep the Prince Kourakine, Ambassador of the Czar, waiting for his passports as long as possible. This recommendation, at the first glance, had the appearance of a pacific expectancy, but it had no other purpose than that of leaving Alexander uncertain of the true sentiments of his enemy, in order that he could surprise him by falling suddenly upon his army. This was the usual custom of Napoleon, and this time, as always, he succeeded. Likewise, the *Moniteur* contained the announcement that the Emperor had left Paris to make an inspection of the great army assembled on the Vistula, and that the Empress accompanied him as far as Dresden, to visit her illustrious family.

After remaining there fifteen days, and having had Talma and Mademoiselle Mars act before an audience composed of Kings, according to the promise he had made them at Paris, Napoleon left Dresden and arrived at Thorn on the 2d of June. On the 22d he an-

nounced his return to Poland by the following proclamation, dated at the headquarters of Wilkowsky :

" Soldiers ! Russia has sworn eternal alliance with France, and war with England ; she, to-day, violates her oath. She will give no explanation of her strange conduct unless the French eagles recross the Rhine, leaving there our allies at her mercy. Does she, therefore, believe us degenerate ? are we no longer the soldiers of Austerlitz ? She places us between dishonor and war. The choice should not be doubtful. Forward, march ! Let us pass the Niémen and carry the war into Russian territory. It will be glorious for the French army. The peace that we will conclude will put an end to the baleful influence which the Moscovite cabinet has exerted for fifty years upon the affairs of Europe."

The army to which Napoleon addressed these words was the most beautiful, the most numerous, and the most powerful he had ever commanded. He had divided it into fifteen corps, each commanded by a Duke, by a Prince, or by a King ; and it formed one mass of four hundred thousand infantry, seventy thousand horsemen, and one thousand cannon.

Three days were necessary for him to cross the Niémen ; the 23d, the 24th, and the 25th of June were employed in that operation.

Napoleon stopped an instant, thoughtful and motionless, upon the left bank of this river, where three years before the Emperor Alexander had sworn to him an eternal friendship. Then crossing it in his turn he said " Fatality urges on the Russians ; let the destiny be fulfilled."

His first steps, as always, were those of a giant. At the end of an expeditious march of two days the Russian army was surprised, overthrown, and a whole corps of the army was separated from it. Then Alexander, recognizing Napoleon and these rapid blows, terrible and decisive, said to him that if he would evacuate the invaded territory and return to the Niémen he would negotiate with him. Napoleon found this proceeding so strange that he answered nothing but entered Vilna the following day.

There he remained twenty days; established a provisional government whilst a Diet was assembling at Warsaw to consider the reconstruction of Poland; then he set out again in pursuit of the Russian army.

On the second day of the march he commenced to be frightened by the system of defence adopted by Alexander. The Russians had destroyed everything during their retreat, harvests, castles, cottages. An army of five hundred thousand men was advancing into deserts, which could not formerly furnish food to Charles XII. and his twenty thousand Swedes. From the Niéman to Willia they marched by the light of the conflagration, upon cadavers and ruins. During the last days of July the army arrived at Vitepsk, already astonished by a war which resembled none other; in which one could not meet the enemy and had only to do with the spirit of destruction. Napoleon himself was stupefied by this plan of campaign, which he had not been able to foresee. He saw before him nothing but immense deserts, to reach the end of which would take him a year and where each march he made put him farther from France, from his allies and, finally, from all his resources. On arriving at Vitepsk he threw himself overwhelmed into an

armchair. Then making Count Daru come he said to him:

"I remain here. I want to know what I am about, to rally and rest my army, and to organize Poland. The campaign of 1812 is finished; that of 1813 will accomplish the remainder. As for you, Sir, think and provide for us here, for we will not commit the folly of Charles XII."

Then addressing Murat, he added:

"Plant our eagles here; in 1813 we will see Moscow; in 1814 St. Petersburg; the Russian war is a war of three years."

This was, in effect, the resolution that he appeared to have taken, but frightened in his turn by this inaction, Alexander at last showed to him those Russian soldiers, who up to this time had fled from him like phantoms. Awakened, like a gambler at the rattle of gold, Napoleon could not remain inactive, and rushed forth in pursuit of them. On the 14th of August he overtook and defeated them at Krasnoï; on the 18th he chased them from Smolensk, which he left in flames; and on the 30th he seized Viazma, where he found all the provisions destroyed. Ever since they had set foot upon Russian territory all the signs of a great national war had burst forth.

Finally Napoleon learned in this city that the Russian army had changed its chief and was preparing to fight a battle in a position which it had intrenched in haste. The Emperor Alexander, yielding to the public voice, which attributed the disasters of the war to the bad choice of his generals, had just conferred the supreme command upon General Koutousof, conqueror of the Turks. If we believe public rumor the Prussian, Pfuhl had caused

the first misfortune of the campaign, and the foreigner, Barclay de Tolly, with his endless system of retreats, which seemed suspicious to the unsophisticated Moscovites, had increased them. In a national war it was a Russian who should save the country, and all were in accord, from the Czar to the lowest serf, that only the conqueror of Roudschouk and the negotiator of Bucharest was capable of saving Russia. On his part the new General, persuaded that in order to preserve his popularity in the army and in the nation, it was his duty to give us battle before letting us reach Moscow, resolved to accept it in the position he occupied near Borodino, and where he was joined on the 4th of September by ten thousand militia, scarcely organized, from Moscow.

The same day Murat met, between Gjatz and Borodino, General Konovitzine, directed by Koutousof to hold securely a vast plateau which protected a ravine. Konovitzine strictly followed the order given him and held it until masses double his own had pushed or rather made him slide backwards; we followed his bloody track as far as the fortified convent of Kolostkoï; there he again attempted to stand for a moment but, outflanked on all sides, was compelled to turn back in retreat towards Golovino where he did nothing but pass. Our advance-guard debouched from this village almost pell-mell with the Russian rear-guard. An instant after Napoleon appeared on horseback and, from the height which he had just reached, overlooked the whole plain. The plundered villages, the rye trampled under foot, the woods infested with Cossacks, indicated to him that the plain, which spread itself out before him, had been chosen by Koutousof for his field of battle. Behind this first line were three villages forming a line one league in

length; the intervals between them intersected by ravines, strewn with underbrush, swarming with men. The entire Russian army was waiting there; and the proof of which was that they had constructed a redoubt in front to its left near the village of Schwardino.

Napoleon took in the horizon at a glance. He followed for some leagues the two banks of the Kalouga. He knew that at Borodino this river made a bend to the left, and although he did not see the rising ground, which caused this deviation, he divined it and understood that there would be found the principal positions of the Russian army. But the river, in protecting the extreme right of the enemy, left uncovered its centre and its left. There alone it was vulnerable. It was there then that he must strike.

But first it was important to drive it from the redoubt, which, as an advance work, protected its left; from there he would be better able to reconnoitre its position. General Compans received the order to carry it. Three times he seized it; three times he was driven back; finally a fourth time he re-entered it and established himself there.

It was from there that Napoleon was able at last to take in at a glance nearly two thirds of the area of the battle-field where he would have to fight.

The remainder of the day of the 5th was employed by each in making observations, both sides getting ready for a decisive battle. The Russians passed the entire day in the splendors of the Greek worship, and invoked by their hymns the all-powerful aid of the venerated Saint Newsky.[1] The French, accustomed to the *Te*

[1] Alexander, Prince of Novgorod, was called Newsky on account of his victory over the Swedes on the Neva, in 1280.—J. B. L.

Deum and not to prayers, recalled their detached men, closed their ranks, prepared their arms, and disposed their parks of artillery. On both sides the numerical forces were equal. The Russians had one hundred and thirty thousand men and we had one hundred and twenty-five thousand.

The Emperor camped in the rear of the Army of Italy on the left of the highway; the Old Guard formed around his tent; the fires were lighted; those of the Russians formed a crescent, vast and regular; those of the French were feeble, uneven, without order; no place had yet been assigned to the different corps, and wood was lacking. During the entire night a penetrating cold rain fell; autumn was setting in. Napoleon awakened the Prince of Neuchâtel eleven times to give him orders, and each time he asked him if the enemy still seemed ready to resist; it was because he had been several times awakened with a start by the fear that the Russians could escape him; he thought he had heard the noise made by their departure, he was mistaken, and the light of day effaced the glimmer of the bivouac fires of the enemy.

At three o'clock in the morning Napoleon mounted his horse and, lost in the dawn with a weak escort, he marched along the whole line of the enemy at half range from the cannon balls.

The Russians covered all the ridges; they were on each side of the road to Moscow and the ravine of Gorka, at the bottom of which ran a little stream, and shut in between the old road from Smolensk and the river Moscow. Barclay de Tolly, with three corps of infantry and one of cavalry, formed the right from the great redoubt with bastions to the river Moscow. Bagration,

with the seventh and eighth corps, formed the left from the great redoubt to the underbrush, which extended between Semenofskoë and Oustiza.

As strong as it was, this position was defective. The mistake was with General Benigsen, who, filling the duties of Major General of the Army, had given all his attention to the right, defended by nature, and had neglected the left, which was nevertheless the weak side. It was, it is true, covered by three redoubts, but there was between them and the old road to Moscow, an interval of five hundred toises occupied only by a few Chasseurs.

Here is what Napoleon will do. He will gain the Moscow road with his extreme right, commanded by Poniatowsky ; he will cut the army in two, and whilst Ney, Davoust, and Eugène check the left, will drive back the entire centre and right into the Moscow river. This is the same arrangement as at Friedland ; only at Friedland, the river happened to be at the back of the enemy and cut off all retreat ; whilst here the Moscow borders his right and has behind it a favorable ground if he wishes to retreat.

This plan of battle received a modification during the day. It is no longer Bernadotte, it is Eugène who will attack the centre ; Poniatowsky, with all his cavalry, will steal between the underbrush and the highway, and will attack the extremity of the left wing at the same time that Davoust and Ney will approach the front. Poniatowsky received for this purpose, besides his cavalry, two divisions of Davoust's corps. This separation of one part of his troops completed the bad humor of the Marshal, who came to propose a plan which he believed to be infallible and which he saw rejected. This

plan consisted in changing the position before attacking the redoubts, and fixing it perpendicularly upon the extremity of the enemy. The manœuvre was good but hazardous in this, that the Russians, perceiving themselves upon the point of being divided, and seeing no way of retreating in case of defeat, could decamp at night by the road to Mojaïsk and leave to us the next day only a deserted battle-field and empty redoubts; now this was what Napoleon feared as much as he did a defeat.

At three o'clock Napoleon went out a second time on horseback to assure himself that nothing had changed. He arrived upon the heights of Borodino, and, with a spy-glass in his hands, commenced his observations. Although only a few persons accompanied him, he was recognized; a gun-shot, the only one which was fired during all this day, came from the Russian lines, and the ball ricochetted only a few steps from the Emperor.

At half past four he came back towards his encampment. He found M. de Beausset there, who brought him letters from Marie-Louise, and the portrait of the King of Rome by Gérard. The portrait was exhibited before the tent, and around it was formed a circle of Marshals, Generals, and officers.

"Remove that portrait," said Napoleon, "it is too soon to show him a battle-field."

After withdrawing into his tent Napoleon dictated the following orders:

"There will be constructed, during the night, two redoubts face to face with those which the enemy have erected and which have been discovered during the day. The redoubt on the left will be armed with forty-two

pieces of ordnance, and that on the right with seventy-two. At daybreak the redoubt on the right will commence to fire. That on the left will commence as soon as it shall hear the firing on its right. The Viceroy will throw out into the plain a considerable mass of skirmishers, who will supply a fusillade well kept up. The third and eighth corps, under the orders of Marshal Ney, will also throw out some skirmishers on the front. The Prince of Ekmühl will remain in position. Prince Poniatowsky, with the fifth corps, will get under way before daybreak in order to have, by six o'clock in the morning, outflanked the enemy on the left. When the action is commenced the Emperor will give his orders according to the exigencies of the situation."

When this plan was fixed, Napoleon disposed of his masses in such a manner as not to attract too much the attention of the enemy; each received his instructions; the redoubts sprang up; the artillery put itself in position; at daybreak one hundred and twenty pieces of ordnance will overwhelm with shot and shell the works that the right shall be charged to carry by storm.

Napoleon was scarcely able to sleep for an hour; every instant he asked if the enemy was still there; different movements, which it made two or three times, caused him to believe it in retreat. This was not the case. It only repaired the fault upon which Napoleon had built his entire plan of battle, by placing at its left the entire corps of Touczkof, which then provided for all the weak places.

At four o'clock Rapp entered the tent of the Emperor and found him with his head supported by his two hands. He lifted up his head again.

"Well, Rapp?" he asked.

"Sire, they are still there."

"This will be a terrible battle! Rapp, do you believe in the victory?"

"Yes, Sire, but attended with bloodshed."

"I know it," answered Napoleon, "but I have eighty thousand men. I will lose in it twenty thousand. I will enter Moscow with sixty thousand. The stragglers will rejoin us there, then the marching battalions, and we will be stronger than before the battle."

It is seen that in the number of his combatants Napoleon counted neither his Guard nor his cavalry. From this moment his decision was well taken to gain the battle without them. It was to be an artillery battle.

At this moment acclamations resounded, the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" arose all at once along the line. At the first rays of day they read to the soldiers the following proclamation, one of the most beautiful, sincere, and concise of Napoleon:

"Soldiers! Behold the battle which you have so desired; henceforth victory depends but upon you; it is necessary; it will bring abundance and we will be assured of good winter-quarters and a prompt return towards our country. Be ye the men of Austerlitz, Friedland, Vitepsk, and of Smolensk, and the most remote posterity in speaking of *us* will say 'He was at that great battle under the walls of Moscow.'"

Scarcely had the cries ceased when Ney, always impatient, asked permission to commence the attack. Soon all took up arms, each disposed himself for that great scene which was going to decide the destiny of

Europe; the aides-de-camp left like arrows in all directions.

Compans, who began so well two days before, will creep along the underbrush, and will commence the engagement by carrying the redoubt which defends the extreme left of the Russians, and Davoust will assist him by pushing forward into the same underbrush; the Friant Division will remain in reserve. As soon as Davoust shall be master of the redoubt, Ney will advance *en echelon* to take possession of Semenofskoë. His divisions had suffered much at Valoutina and numbered scarcely fifteen thousand combatants; ten thousand Westphalians must reinforce them and form the second line; the Young and the Old Guard will form the third and fourth. Murat will divide his cavalry. To the left of Ney in front of the centre of the enemy will stand the corps of Montbrun. Nansouti and Latour-Maubourg will place themselves in such a manner as to follow the movements of our right. Finally Grouchy will assist the Viceroy, who, reinforced by the Morand and Gérard Divisions, taken away from Davoust, will commence by seizing Borodino, will leave there the Delzons Division, and passing with three others the Kalouga on three bridges thrown over it in the morning, will attack the large centre redoubt situated on the right bank. A half hour was sufficient to give all these orders; it was half past five o'clock in the morning; the right redoubt commenced its fire; that of the left responded to it; all moved; all marched; all advanced.[1]

[1] Napoleon himself made this criticism upon this plan:

"This first arrangement had one grave fault," said he, "and was the cause of the undecided result of the battle. We should have put Davoust with four of his divisions in the open space between the left

Davoust dashed forth with his two divisions ; the left of Eugène, composed of the Plausonne Brigade, which should have remained on the lookout, confining itself to the occupation of Borodino, rushed on, notwithstanding the cries of its general, passing beyond the village and running against the heights of Gorki, where the Russians destroyed it with a fire from front and side. Then the 92nd Regiment hastened up to aid the 106th, to collect the remains and bring them back, half destroyed and having lost its general.

At this moment Napoleon, believing that Poniatowsky had had time to effect his movement, sent forth Davoust against the first redoubt. The Divisions of Compans and Desaix followed him, pushing thirty cannon before them. The entire line of the enemy took fire like a train of powder.

The infantry marched without firing ; it hastened to reach the fire of the enemy and to stop it. Compans was wounded, Rapp hurried to replace him ; he hastened on the run with bayonets fixed ; at the moment when he reached the redoubt he fell struck by a bullet ; it was

redoubt and the woods of Oustiza, and had him followed by Murat with his cavalry, supported by Ney with his Westphalians, directing them towards Semenofskoë ; whilst the Young Guard marched *en echelon* to the centre of the two places where fighting was going on ; and while Poniatowsky, tieing fast to Davoust, outflanked the right of Touczkof in the woods of Oustiza. We should have turned and overpowered at the beginning the left of the enemy with an irresistible mass. We should have forced them to have changed their front parallel to the highway to Moscow and the Moscow river, which would have been back of them. There was in this open space but four weak regiments of Chasseurs, ambushed in the underbrush, so that success seemed not doubtful," etc.—Jomini, *Vie Politique et Militaire de Napoleon*, t. v., page 230, *et suiv.*

his twenty-second wound ; Desaix replaced him and was struck in his turn ; the horse of Davoust was killed by a cannon-ball ; the Prince of Ekmühl rolled in the mire ; they believed him killed ; he got up again and remounted ; he had escaped with a simple bruise.

Rapp had himself carried before the Emperor.

"What, Rapp !" said Napoleon, "again wounded ?"

"Always, Sire. Your majesty knows that it is my habit."

"What is going on there on the heights ?"

"Wonders ! But it will be necessary to have the Guard to give the finishing touch."

"I will not give it," replied Napoleon with a movement not unlike fright. "I do not wish to weaken it. I will gain the battle without it."

Then Ney, with his three divisions, rushed into the plain and, forming *en echelon*, threw himself at the head of the Lédru Division on that fatal redoubt, which had already caused the Compans Division to be widowed of its three generals. He entered on the left, whilst the brave ones, who had commenced the attack, were scaling it on the right.

Ney and Murat sent forth the Razout Division against the other two redoubts. It was on the point of taking possession of them when it was charged by the Russian Cuirassiers. There was a moment of hesitation ; the infantry stopped but did not retreat ; the cavalry of Bruyère came to its aid ; the Russian Cuirassiers were repulsed ; Murat and Razout sprang forward ; the intrenchments were theirs.

Two hours were passed in these attacks. Napoleon was astonished at not hearing the cannon of Poniatowsky, and at not seeing any movement, which gave notice

of a diversion in the camp of the enemy. During this time Koutousof, who could easily discover the great masses ready to rush on his left, led there the corps of Bagawout. One of its divisions marched to Oustiza; the other threw itself into the undergrowth. At this moment Poniatowsky returned. He had not been able to find any path in the forest. Napoleon sent him to form the extreme right of Davoust.

In the meantime the left of the Russian line had been broken and the plain was opened; the three redoubts were Ney's, Murat's, and Davoust's; but Bagration continued to remain in a threatening attitude and was receiving reinforcements upon reinforcements. It was necessary to hasten to throw him behind the ravine of Semenofskoë or he might again take the offensive. All the artillery which could be dragged into the redoubt was brought there to sustain the movement. Ney threw himself in advance followed by from fifteen to twenty thousand men.

Instead of waiting for him Bagration, who feared being driven back by the shock, rushed to the head of his line and marched towards him with lowered bayonets. The two masses met; the fight commenced hand to hand; it was a duel between forty thousand men. Bagration was grieviously wounded, and the Russian troops, deprived for a moment of direction, gave way in flight. Konowitzine took command, brought them back again to the ravine of Semenofskoë, and, protected by a well-placed artillery, stopped the enthusiastic attack of our columns. Murat and Ney were exhausted; both had made superhuman efforts. They sent to Napoleon to ask for reinforcements. The Emperor ordered the Young Guard to march. They put themselves in motion,

but almost immediately, upon casting his eyes upon Borodino and seeing some regiments of the soldiers of Eugène driven by the cavalry of Ouwarof, he believed that the whole corps of the Viceroy was in retreat, and ordered the Young Guard to stop. In place of the Young Guard he sent to Ney and Murat all the guns in reserve ; one hundred pieces of cannon rushed forth at full speed to take position on the conquered heights.

This was what had taken place on Eugène's side.

After having been held nearly an hour in suspense by the affray of the Plausonne Brigade, the Viceroy had crossed the Kalouga on four little bridges built by the engineers. Scarcely was he on the other bank when he hastened obliquely to the right to take the great redoubt situated between Borodino and Semenofskoë, which protected the centre of the enemy. The Morand Division debouched first on the plateau, threw the 30th Regiment against the redoubt, and advanced in deep columns to help it. Those who composed them were old soldiers, as calm under fire as on parade. They advanced, weapon on arm, and without firing a shot they penetrated into the redoubt notwithstanding the terrible fire of the first line of Paschewitch. But the latter had foreseen the emergency ; he threw himself with the second line upon the flanks of the column ; Yermolof advanced with a brigade of the Guards to help him. On seeing the relief that was coming the first line turned around completely ; the Morand Division was caught in a triangle of fire ; it drew back, leaving General Bonami and the 30th Regiment in the redoubt. Bonami was killed there ; half of the 30th fell around him. It was at this moment that Napoleon saw some regiments repass the Kalouga ; he believed his line of retreat threatened, and restrained his Young Guard.

However, Koutousof profited by the moment of hesitation, which he had seen in Ney and Murat. Whilst they stiffened up to preserve their position, the enemy's General called to the relief of his left all his reserves, even the Russian Guard. Thanks to all these reinforcements, Konowitzine, who had replaced Bagration, wounded, re-formed his line. His right rested against the large redoubt, which Eugène attacked; his left touched the woods. Fifty thousand men were massed *en bloc* and put in motion to drive us back; their artillery thundered; their firing crackled; balls and bullets mangled our ranks. The soldiers of Friant, placed in the first line, assailed by a shower of grape-shot, hesitated, became confused. A colonel grew disheartened and ordered a retreat, but Murat, who was everywhere, was behind him. Murat stopped him, seized him by the collar, and looking him in the face said:

"What are you doing?"

"You see well that one cannot stand here," answered the colonel, pointing to the ground covered with his men.

"Well, I myself stand here," responded Murat.

"You are right," said the colonel. "Soldiers, forward! Let us go to slay." And he took up again his position under the grape-shot with his regiment.

At this time our redoubts blazed up; eighty new pieces of cannon firing at one time. The relief expected by Murat and Ney had arrived; the kind only had changed but it was more terrible.

Nevertheless the masses, thickset and deep, were put in motion, continued to march, and as they approached one could see our bullets enter their ranks making deep holes. No matter, they came on. But the bullets were

followed by grape-shot. Crushed under the hurricane of fire they tried to re-form ; the deadly rain redoubled ; they stopped, dared not advance farther, but nevertheless would not take a step backwards. They no longer listened to the commands of their generals. Their generals, unqualified to manœuvre so large a body of men, lost their heads. Be that as it may, forty thousand men were there, who suffered themselves to be crushed for two hours. It was a frightful massacre, a butchery without end. One came to tell Ney and Murat that the ammunition was being used up. The victors were the first to get tired out.

Ney thrust himself forward again, extending his right line in order to turn the left of the enemy. Murat and Davoust helped this movement. The bayonet and the musketry fire destroyed those who escaped from the artillery. The left of the Russian army was annihilated. The victors united in an outcry calling the Guard, returning towards the centre and hastening to the aid of Eugène. All prepared to attack the large redoubt.

Montbrun, whose corps was placed directly in front of the enemy's centre, marched upon it at quick pace. Scarcely had he gone a quarter of the way when he was cut in two by a cannon-ball. Caulaincourt replaced him. He put himself at the head of the 5th Cuirassiers and precipitated himself upon the redoubt at the same time when the Morand, Gérard, and Bourcier Divisions, sustained by the Legions of the Vistula, attacked it from three sides at once. At the moment he entered it he fell mortally wounded. At the same instant his brave regiment, cut to pieces by the fire of Ostermann's infantry and the Russian Guard placed behind the fortifications, was compelled to retreat and re-form under the protec-

tion of our columns. But at this moment Eugène arrived in his turn at the head of his three divisions, took possession of it, and captured General Lichatschefs. Immediately, while establishing himself there, he sent the Corps of Grouchy upon the remnants of the battalions of Doctorof. The Horse Guard and the Russian Guard advanced to meet ours. Grouchy was compelled to make a retrograde movement, but this movement had given time to Belliard to get together thirty pieces of artillery, which were in battery in the redoubt.

Then the Russians re-formed with the same obstinacy that they had already shown. Their generals brought them back. They approached in close columns to retake the redoubt for which we had paid so dear. Eugène let them approach to within musket range and then unmasked his thirty pieces. They fired all at one time. The Russians whirled an instant and re-formed again. This time they approached as far as the mouths of the pieces, which crushed them by their fire. Eugène, Murat, and Ney sent messenger after messenger to Napoleon. They demanded vehemently the Guard. The enemy would be entirely destroyed if Napoleon would agree with them. Belliard, Daru, and Berthier urged it.

"And if there be a second battle to-morrow," he answered, "with what will I fight it?"

Victory and the field of battle were ours, but we could not pursue the enemy, who retired under our fire, without discontinuing theirs, and soon stopped and reintrenched themselves in a second position.

Then Napoleon mounted his horse, advanced towards Semenofskoë, visited the entire field of battle, where came still from time to time some ricochetted spent balls.

Finally, calling Mortier, he ordered him to make the Young Guard advance, but not to go beyond the new ravine, which separated it from the enemy. Then he returned to his tent.

At ten o'clock in the evening Murat, who had fought since six o'clock in the morning, hastened to announce that the enemy had passed the Moscow River in disorder and were going to escape him again. He demanded the Guard, which had not done a day's work, and with which he promised to overtake and thoroughly rout the Russians. But this time, like the others, Napoleon refused, and let this army, which he was in such a great hurry to meet, run away again. The next day it had entirely disappeared, leaving Napoleon master of the most horrible battle-field that had, perhaps, ever existed. Sixty thousand men, of whom a third belonged to us, were lying there. We had nine generals killed and thirty-four wounded. Our losses were immense and without proportionate results.

On the 14th of September the French army entered Moscow.

Everything in this war was gloomy, even victory. Our soldiers were used to entering into capitals and not into cities of the dead. Moscow resembled a vast tomb, everywhere deserted and everywhere silent. Napoleon established himself at the Kremlin, and the army scattered throughout the city. Then night came.

In the middle of the night Napoleon was awakened by the cry of "Fire!" Red glimmerings penetrating as far as his bed, he ran to his window; Moscow was in flames. Erostratus sublime,[1] Rostopchine had at the same time immortalized his name and saved his country.

[1] Erostratus was the incendiary of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. —J. B. L.

It was necessary to escape from that sea of flames, which rose up like a tide. On the 16th Napoleon, surrounded by ruins and enveloped by fire, was forced to leave the Kremlin and to withdraw to the Château of Peteroskoï. There he commenced his struggle with his generals, who counselled him to retire while he yet had time, and to abandon his fatal conquest. At this strange and unaccustomed language he hesitated and turned his eyes alternately towards Paris and towards St. Petersburg. One hundred and fifty leagues only separated him from the latter; eight hundred leagues from the former; to march upon St. Petersburg was to establish his victory; to retreat to Paris was to acknowledge his defeat.

During this time winter had arrived and no longer advised but ordered. On the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th of October the sick ones were sent to Mojaïsk and Smolensk. On the 22d Napoleon left Moscow. On the 23d the Kremlin was blown up. For eleven days the retreat proceeded without too great disaster, when suddenly, on the 7th of November, the thermometer descended from five to eighteen degrees below zero; and the 29th bulletin, bearing the date of the 14th, carried to Paris news of unknown disasters, which the French would not have believed if they had not been related to them by their Emperor himself.

Reckoning from that day it was a disaster which equalled our greatest victories; it was Cambyses enveloped in the sands of Ammon; it was Xerxes repassing the Hellespont in a small boat; it was Varron bringing back to Rome the remnants of the Army of Cannes. Of the seventy thousand horsemen, who had crossed the Niémen, scarcely could they form four companies of one hundred and fifty men each, to serve as an escort for Napoleon. It was a consecrated battalion; officers

took the rank of mere soldiers, colonels were under-officers, generals were captains. There was a Marshal for colonel, a King for general; and the trust which was committed to it, the palladium which was to be preserved, was an Emperor.

As for the remainder of the army, do you want to know what became of it in those vast marshy steppes, between that sky of snow, which weighed upon its head, and those frozen lakes, which broke down underneath it?

Listen!

"Generals, officers, and soldiers, all were in the same accoutrements and were marching in a confused mass; the excess of misfortune had made all grades disappear; cavalry, artillery, infantry, all were helter-skelter.

"The most of them had upon their shoulders a wallet filled with flour, and were carrying, hanging at their sides, a pot attached to a cord; others were dragging by the bridle shadows of horses on which were loaded the paraphernalia of the kitchen and the wretched provisions.

"These horses were themselves provisions, so much the more precious because they did not have to be transported, and because, when they died, they served as food for their masters. They did not wait for them to expire to carve them; as soon as they fell soldiers threw themselves upon them to carry off the fleshy parts.

"The largest part of the corps of the army was dissolved. There had been formed from their remnants a multitude of small bodies composed of nine or ten individuals, who were united for the purpose of marching together, and among whom all their resources were in common.

"Several of these circles had a horse to carry their luggage, the kitchen paraphernalia, and the provisions; or each of the members was provided with a wallet for that purpose.

"These little communities, entirely separated from the general mass, had a kind of isolated existence, and thrust away from their midst all who were not a part of themselves. All the members of the family walked close together and took the greatest care not to be separated in the midst of the crowd. Woe to the one who had lost his coterie. He found nowhere any one who would take the least interest in him or who would give him the slightest relief. Everywhere he was rigorously turned away. They hounded him without pity from every place where he wished to take shelter. He ceased not to be assailed even when he succeeded in rejoining his own. Napoleon saw pass before his eyes this mass, truly incredible, of fugitives and disorganized men.

"Picture to yourself, if it is possible, one hundred thousand poor wretches, shoulders burdened with wallets, supported by long staffs, covered with rags most grotesquely arranged, swarming with vermin, and given up to all the horrors of famine. To these accoutrements, which were evidence of the most frightful misery, let one add countenances sunken under the weight of so many misfortunes; let one picture to himself these pallid men, covered by the earth of the bivouacs, blackened by smoke, with dim hollow eyes, hair in disorder, and long and disgusting beards, and one will have but a faint perception of the sight which the army presented.

"We travelled along painfully, abandoned to ourselves in the midst of the snow, on roads scarcely marked out, across deserts and immense forests of firs.

"Here, some unfortunates, weakened by long sickness and hunger, succumbed under the weight of their misfortunes and expired in the midst of torments, and a prey to the most violent despair. There, they threw themselves with fury upon one whom they suspected of having provisions and tore them away from him, notwithstanding his obstinate resistance and his frightful oaths.

"On one side one heard the noise made by the crushing of cadavers, already cut to pieces, as the horses trampled them under foot or else squashed them under the wheels of the vehicles; on the other, cries and groans of victims, whose strength had given out and who, lying on the road and struggling with effort against the most terrible agony, died ten times while waiting for death.

"Further on, groups, gathered around the cadaver of a horse, were fighting among themselves in contending for the pieces. Whilst some cut the fleshy exterior parts, others plunged into the entrails up to their waists in order to tear out the heart and liver.

"On all sides sinister figures, frightened, mutilated by freezing; everywhere, in a word, consternation, suffering, famine, and death.

"In order to bear the injuries from these frightful calamities which weighed upon our heads, it was necessary to have been favored with a spirit of energy, and resolute courage. It was indispensable that the moral force should increase in proportion as the circumstances became more perilous. To permit oneself to be affected by the sight of the deplorable scenes which one witnessed was to condemn oneself. One should then shut his heart to all sentiments of pity. Those who were fortu-

nate enough to find inside of themselves, a force of reaction sufficient to resist so much misfortune, developed the coldest insensibilty and the most imperturbable firmness.

"In the midst of the horrors with which they were surrounded one saw them, calm and intrepid, bearing vicissitudes, braving all dangers, and, by dint of seeing death present itself before them under the most hideous forms, accustomed, so to speak, to look it in the face without fear.

"Deaf to the cries of grief, which resounded in their ears from all sides as some unfortunate succumbed before their eyes, they turned aside coldly, and, without feeling the least emotion, continued on their way.

"Thus these unfortunate victims remained abandoned upon the snow, raising themselves up as long as they had any strength, then falling back again insensible, without receiving from any one a word of encouragement, without any one even considering it his duty to give them the slightest relief. We marched constantly at quick pace, silent and with lowered heads, and we did not stop until night closed in around us.

"Tired out by fatigue and want, it was yet necessary that each of us should then busy himself with fervor to find, if not a lodging, at least shelter from the severity of the north wind. They rushed into the houses, barns, sheds, and all the buildings which they encountered. At the end of some moments they would be heaped up there in such a way that they could neither go in nor come out. Those who could not get in, settled themselves outside behind the walls near by. Their first care was to procure wood and straw for their bivouac. To this end they climbed over the surrounding houses and took away, first the roof; then, when it was not sufficient,

they carried away the joists of the garrets, the partitions; and finished by tearing the building into pieces, razing it completely, notwithstanding the opposition of those who had taken refuge there and who defended it with all their power. If they were not in this manner driven away from the cottages where they sought refuge, they ran great risk of being devoured by the flames, for very often when they could not get into the houses they set them on fire to make those who were inside come out. It was especially so when the general officers had taken possession after having driven away the first occupants.

"It was necessary then to resolve to go into bivouac. Thus, instead of lodging in the houses, they formed the habit of completely demolishing them and scattering the material in the midst of the fields to construct separate shelters. As soon as they had made provision for themselves as far as circumstances permitted, they lighted a fire, and each of the members of the coterie hastened to co-operate in the preparation of a meal.

"Whilst some were occupied in making a pap, others made biscuits, which they cooked under the ashes. Each one drew out of his own wallet slices of horse meat, which they had preserved, and threw them on the coals to roast.

"The pap was the most ordinary food. Now this was how the pap was made. As it was impossible to procure water, because ice covered all the springs and marshes, they melted in a kettle a sufficient quantity of snow to produce the volume of water of which they had need; they afterwards mixed in this water, which was black and muddy, a portion of flour more or less course, with which they had been provided, and thickened this mixture until it was of the consistency of pap; next they

seasoned it with salt, or when that failed they threw into it two or three cartridges, which, by giving to it the taste of powder, took away its extreme insipidity and colored it a dark tint, making it resemble much the black soup of the Spartans.

" During the preparation of this soup they overloaded the embers with horse flesh, cut into fillets, which they seasoned equally with gunpowder. When the repast was finished, each one soon fell asleep, overpowered with fatigue, and weakened by the weight of his misfortunes, to recommence the next day the same kind of life.

" At daybreak, without any military instrument giving the signal of departure, the entire mass rose spontaneously from its bivouac and took up again its movement." [1]

Twenty days elapsed thus. During these twenty days the army lost on the road two hundred thousand men and five hundred pieces of cannon. Then they reached Bérésina like a torrent to a whirlpool.

On the 5th of December, whilst the remainder of the army were in the pangs of death at Vilna, Napoleon, at the instance of the King of Naples, of the Viceroy of Italy and of his principal generals, left Smorgoni in a sledge for France. The cold had then reached twenty-seven degrees below zero.

In the evening of the 18th Napoleon appeared at the gates of the Tuileries in an old calash. They at first refused to open for him. Everybody supposed him still at Vilna.

The third day the *Grands Corps de l'État*[2] came to congratulate him on his arrival.

[1] *Relation du sieur Réné Bourgeois.*

[2] The Senate, the Supreme Court, the Chamber of Deputies, etc. —J. B. L.

On the 12th of January, a decree of the Senate placed at the disposal of the Minister of War three hundred and fifty thousand conscripts.

On the 10th of March, they learned of the defection of Prussia.

During four months all France was a place of war.

On the 15th of April, Napoleon left Paris again at the head of his young legions.

On the 1st of May, he was at Lutzen ready to attack the combined Russian and Prussian army with two hundred and fifty thousand men, of which two hundred thousand belonged to France and fifty thousand were Saxons, Bavarians, Westphalians, Wurtembergians, and of the Grand Duchy of Berg. The giant whom they believed humbled had risen anew. Antæus had touched the earth. As usual his first blows were terrible and decisive. The combined armies left on the battle-field of Lutzen fifteen thousand men, killed or wounded, and in the hands of the victors, two thousand prisoners. The young recruits had placed themselves on a level with the old troops at the first stroke. Napoleon had exposed himself like an under-lieutenant.

The next day he addressed to his army the following proclamation :

"Soldiers! I am satisfied with you. You have fulfilled my expectations. The battle of Lutzen will be placed above the battles of Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and Moscow. In a single day you have counteracted all the parricidal plots of our enemies. We will throw back the Tartars into their horrible climate, which they must not leave. Let them remain in their deserts of ice, habitation of slavery, barbarity, and corruption, where

man is put down on a level with the brute. You deserve well from civilized Europe. Soldiers, Italy, France, Germany return you thanks."

The victory of Lutzen opened again to the King of Saxony the gates of Dresden. On the 8th of May, the French army preceded him there. On the 9th, the Emperor had a bridge thrown over the Elbe, behind which the enemy had withdrawn. On the 20th, he reached them and forced them into an intrenched position at Bautzen. On the 21st, he continued the victory of the day before, and in these two days, during which Napoleon displayed the most skilful movements of strategy, the Russians and Prussians lost eighteen thousand men, killed or wounded, and three thousand prisoners.

The next day, in a bad engagement of the rear-guard, General Bruyère had both of his legs carried away: General Kirgener of the cavalry and General Duroc were killed by the same shot.

The combined armies were in full retreat; they had crossed the Neisse, the Queiss, and the Bober, frightened anew by the fight at Sprotteau, where Sébastiani captured twenty-two cannon, eighty caissons, and five hundred men. Napoleon followed step by step, and did not give them a moment's repose; their camps of the day before were our bivouacs of the next day.

On the 29th Count Schouvalow, aide-de-camp of the Emperor of Russia, and the Prussian General Kleist, appeared at the outposts to solicit an armistice.

On the 30th a new conference was held at the Château Liegnitz, but without resulting in any good.

Austria was meditating a change of alliance. In order

to remain neutral for the longest possible time, she offered herself as a mediator and was accepted. The result of her mediation was an armistice, concluded at Pleisswitz on the 4th of June.

A Congress assembled soon after at Prague to negotiate peace; but peace was impossible. The Confederated Powers demanded that the Empire should confine its frontiers to the Rhine, the Alps, and the Meuse. Napoleon looked upon these claims as an insult; all was broken off; Austria went over to the coalition; and the war, which alone could end that great contest, began again.

The adversaries appeared again on the field of battle. The French with three hundred thousand men, of which forty thousand were cavalry, occupied the heart of Saxony, on the right bank of the Elbe. The Allied Sovereigns, with five hundred thousand men, of which one hundred thousand were cavalry, threatened on three sides, from Berlin, Silesia, and Bohemia. Napoleon, without stopping to calculate this enormous numerical difference, took again the offensive with his usual rapidity. He divided his army into three masses, pushing one on Berlin, where it was to operate against the Prussians and Swedes; left the second stationary at Dresden to watch the Russian army in Bohemia; and, finally, he himself marched with the third against Blücher, leaving a reserve at Littaw.

Blücher was overtaken and thrown back, but Napoleon, in the midst of the chase, which he was giving his enemy, learned that the sixty thousand French, which he had left at Dresden, had been attacked by one hundred and eighty thousand allied troops. He detached from the body of his army thirty-five thousand

men. Whilst the enemy believed him to be in pursuit of Blücher he arrived, rapid as the lightning, deadly as the thunderbolt. On August 29th, the Allies attacked Dresden again, and were repulsed. The next day they returned to the attack with all their forces. Their forces were shattered, broken, annihilated. All that army, which fought under the eyes of Alexander, was in an instant threatened with total destruction, and succeeded in escaping only after having left forty thousand men on the battle-field.

It was at this battle that Moreau had both his legs carried away by one of the first shots fired by the Imperial Guard, and aimed by Napoleon himself. Then was brought about the usual reaction. The next day after this butchery an agent of Austria appeared at Dresden bearing friendly words, but whilst negotiations were pending, they learned that the army of Silesia, which had been left to pursue Blücher, had lost twenty-five thousand men; that the army which marched on Berlin had been beaten by Bernadotte; and, finally, that nearly all the corps of General Vandamme, who pursued the Russians and Austrians with an army less by one third than theirs, had been forced back by that mass, which, stopping an instant in its flight, had recognized the inferiority of its enemy.

Thus commenced in 1813 that famous campaign of 1814, in which, wherever Napoleon himself was he was victorious; and wherever he was not, he was defeated.

At this news the negotiations were broken off.

Napoleon, scarcely recovered from an indisposition believed to be from poisoning, marched immediately upon Magdeburg. His intention was to make an attack on Berlin and take possession of it, in repassing the Elbe at

Wittemburg. Several corps had already arrived in that city, when a letter from the King of Wurtemberg announced that Bavaria had changed sides, and that, without a declaration of war, without preliminary notice, the two armies, Austrian and Bavarian, reunited, had camped on the banks of the Inn; that eight thousand men under the orders of General Vrède were marching towards the Rhine; finally, that Wurtemberg, always faithful in its alliances, but compelled by a similar mass, had been forced to furnish its contingent to the Allies. In a fortnight one hundred thousand men would surround Mayence.

Austria had set the example of defection, and the example had been followed.

Napoleon's plan, meditated on for two months, and for which everything had already been prepared, fortresses and stores, was changed in an hour. Instead of throwing the Allies between the Elbe and the Saale by manœuvring under the protection of the fortifications and magazines of Torgau, Wittemberg, Magdeburg, and Hamburg; instead of carrying on the war between the Elbe and the Oder, where the French army had possession of Glaugau, Custrin, and Stettin, Napoleon decided to retire upon the Rhine. But first it was necessary for him to defeat the Allies in order to remove the possibility of pursuit in his retreat. He, therefore, marched towards them instead of fleeing from them; and, on October 16th, he encountered them at Leipsic. The French and the Allies met face to face. The French with one hundred and fifty-seven thousand combatants and six hundred pieces of cannon; the Allies with three hundred and fifty thousand men and an artillery double that of ours.

That very day they fought eight hours. The French army was victorious, but a part of the army that was expected to come from Dresden to complete the defeat of the enemy, did not arrive. We, however, slept on the battle-field.

On the 17th the Russians and Austrians received a reinforcement.

On the 18th that army attacked in its turn.

For four hours the fight was victoriously maintained, but suddenly thirty thousand Saxons, who occupied one of the most important positions in the line, went over to the enemy and wheeled around sixty pieces of ordnance. All seemed lost; as the defection was unexpected, so was the change terrible.

Napoleon hastened with one half of his Guard, attacked the Saxons, chased them before him, retook from them a part of his artillery, and destroyed them with the cannon they had themselves loaded. The Allies made a retrograde movement. They had lost in these two days one hundred and fifty thousand men of their best troops. That night again we slept upon the battle-field.

The cannon, if they had not established a complete equality, had at least done away with the great disproportion in numbers, and a third battle presented itself with all the chances favorable, when some one came to announce to Napoleon that there remained in the packs but sixteen thousand charges. They had fired two hundred and twenty thousand during the last two battles. It became necessary to think of retreat. The result of the two victories was lost. He had sacrificed to no purpose fifty thousand men.

At two o'clock in the morning the retrograde movement commenced and was directed upon Leipsic. The

army retired behind the Elster in order to open communication with Erfurth, whence it expected the needed ammunition. But its retreat was not carried on so mysteriously that the Allied army was not awakened by the noise. It believed at first that it was going to be attacked and put itself on guard, but soon it learned the truth. The victorious French were retiring. It was ignorant of the cause, but it profited by their retreat. At daybreak the Allies attacked the rear-guard and entered with it into Leipsic. Our soldiers turned around, faced the enemy, and fought step by step to give the army time to cross the only bridge over the Elster on which the retreat could be effected. Suddenly a terrible report was heard. They were disquieted. They made inquiries and learned that a sergeant, without having received any orders from his chief, had blown up the bridge. Forty thousand French, pursued by two hundred thousand Russians and Austrians, were separated from the army by a river that flows like a torrent. It was necessary that they should surrender or be killed. One part of them was drowned. The other buried themselves under the ruins of the Faubourg de Ranstad.

On the 20th the French army arrived at Weissenfels and commenced recovering itself. Prince Poniatowsky, Generals Vial, Dumoutier, and Rochambeau were drowned or killed; the Prince of Moscow, the Duke of Raguse, Generals Souham, Compans, Latour-Maubourg and Friedrichs were wounded; Prince Émile of Darmstadt, the Count of Hochberg, Generals Lauriston, Delmas, Rozniecky, Krasinsky, Valory, Bertrand, Dorsenne, d'Etzko, Colomy, Bronikowsky, Siwowitz, Malakowsky, Rautenstrauch and Stockhorn were prisoners.

We had left in the Elster and the faubourgs of the city ten thousand dead, fifteen thousand prisoners, one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon and five hundred wagons.

As for those who remained of the confederated troops, they had deserted during the march from Leipsic to Valenciennes.

At Erfurth, where it arrived on the 23d, the French army was reduced to its own forces, numbering nearly eighty thousand men.

On the 28th on arriving at Schluchtern, Napoleon obtained positive information of the movements of the Austro-Bavarian army; it had made forced marches, and had arrived on the Mein.

On the 30th the French army met it, prepared for battle before Hanau, and intercepting the road to Frankfort. The French passed through it, killing six thousand men, and crossed the Rhine on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of November.

On the 9th, Napoleon returned to Paris.

There defections followed him; from the exterior they extended into the interior. After Russia, Germany; after Germany, Italy; after Italy, France.

The battle of Hanau had given occasion for new conferences. Baron Saint-Aignan, Prince Metternich, Count Nesselrode, and Lord Aberdeen had met again at Frankfort. Napoleon could have obtained peace by abandoning the Confederation of the Rhine, by renouncing Poland and the Departments of the Elbe; France to remain within its natural boundaries, the Alps and the Rhine: after that they would discuss a frontier in Italy, which would separate us from the House of Austria.

Napoleon assented to these plans and put before the Senate and *Corps Legislatif* documents relating to the negotiations, declaring that he was disposed to make the sacrifices demanded. The *Corps Legislatif*, displeased because Napoleon had imposed upon it a President without presenting candidates, nominated a commission of five members to examine these acts. These five committee-men, distinguished for their opposition to the Imperial System, were Messrs. Lainé, Gallois, Flaugergues, Raynouard, and Maine de Biran. They made an address in which reappeared, after eleven years of oblivion, the word "Liberty." Napoleon tore up the address and dismissed the *Corps Legislatif*. During this time the true intentions of the Allied Sovereigns came to light amidst their delusive protocols. They had only wished, as at Prague, to gain time. They again broke off the conferences, appointing another Congress at Châtillon-sur-Seine. This was, at one and the same time, a defiance and an insult. Napoleon accepted the one and prepared to avenge the other, and on the 25th of January, 1814 he left Paris, leaving his wife and son under the protection of the officers of the National Guard.

The Empire was invaded at all points. The Austrians advanced into Italy; the English passed the Bidassoa and had appeared upon the summits of the Pyrenees; Schwartzemberg, with the great army one hundred and fifty thousand men strong, was coming through Switzerland; Blücher had entered by Frankfort with one hundred and thirty thousand Prussians; Bernadotte had invaded Holland and was entering Belgium with ten thousand Swedes and Saxons. Seven hundred thousand men, trained by their very defeats

in the great school of Napoleonic war, were advancing into the heart of France, passing by all fortified places and responding the one to the other by the single cry "*Paris! Paris!*"

Napoleon stood alone against the whole world. He had scarcely one hundred and fifty thousand men to oppose these immense masses. But he had recovered, if not the confidence, at least the spirit of his early years. The campaign of 1814 was his masterpiece of strategy.

At a glance he saw all; comprehended all; and, as much as it was within the power of a man, he was prepared for everything. Maison was charged to stop Bernadotte in Belgium; Augereau to march and stop the Austrians at Lyons; Soult was to hold the English behind the Loire; Eugène was to defend Italy; for himself, he was to look after Blücher and Schwartzemberg.

He threw himself between them with sixty thousand men, hastened from one army to the other, crushed Blücher at Champeaubert, at Montmirail, at Château-Thierry and at Montereau. In ten days Napoleon had won five victories and the Allies had lost ninety thousand men.

Then negotiations were renewed at Châtillon-sur-Seine; but the Allied Sovereigns, more and more unreasonable, proposed unacceptable conditions. It was no longer only the conquests of Napoleon they pressed him to abandon; it was the limits of the Republic he must exchange for those of the old monarchy.

Napoleon answered by one of those springs of the lion, which were so familiar to him. He leaped from Mery-sur-Seine to Craonne, from Craonne to Reims, and from Reims to Saint-Dizier. Wherever he encountered the enemy he chased it, overthrew it, destroyed

it. But in his rear the enemy re-formed, and, although always conquered, always advanced.

It was so because, wherever Napoleon was not, his fortune was absent. The English entered Bordeaux; the Austrians occupied Lyons; the Belgian army, joined to the remnants of Blücher's force, reappeared upon his rear. His generals were without energy, indolent, fatigued. Bedizened with orders, weighed down with titles, gorged with gold, they no longer wished to fight. Three times the Prussians, whom he believed he had at his mercy, escaped him; the first time on the left bank of the Marne by a sudden freeze which hardened the mud in the midst of which they would have perished; the second time on the Aisne by the surrender of Soissons, which opened to them a passage forward at a moment when they could no longer retreat; finally, at Craonne, through the negligence of the Duke of Raguse, who allowed a part of his material to be carried away by a sudden attack at night. All these omens did not escape Napoleon, who saw that, notwithstanding his efforts, France was slipping through his hands. Without hope of preserving a throne he wished at least to obtain a tomb there, and he tried, but without success, to get killed at Arcis-sur-Aube and Saint-Dizier. Bullets and balls were friendly to him.

On the 29th of March he received at Troyes, where he had followed Wintzingerode, news that the Prussians and Russians were marching in close columns on Paris.

He left immediately, arrived on the 1st of April at Fontainebleau, and learned that Marmont had capitulated the day before at five o'clock in the evening, and that since morning the Allies had occupied the capital.

Three courses remained for him to take.

He had still under his command fifty thousand soldiers, the bravest and most devoted in the world. To be sure of their fidelity he had only to replace the old generals, who had all to lose, by the young colonels, who had all to gain. To his yet powerful voice the populace would rise in insurrection. But then Paris would be sacrificed. The Allies would burn it upon retiring, and it is only a people like the Russians who can be saved by such a remedy.

The second was to gain Italy by rallying the twenty-five thousand men of Augereau, the eighteen thousand of General Grenier, the fifteen thousand of Marshal Suchet and the forty thousand of Marshal Soult. But that course would bring about no result. France would still be occupied by the enemy, and the greatest misfortunes would result to her from this occupation.

There remained the third, which was to retire behind the Loire and wage a partisan war.

The Allies settled his irresolution by declaring that the Emperor Napoleon was the only obstacle to the general peace.

This declaration left him but two resources; to get out of life after the manner of Hannibal; or to descend from the throne after the manner of Sylla.

He attempted, they say, the first; the poison of Cabanis was powerless.

Then he decided to resort to the second, and on a scrap of paper, to-day lost, he wrote these lines, the most important, perhaps, that a mortal hand ever traced.

"The Allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon was the only obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon declares

that he renounces for himself and his heirs the throne of France and Italy, because there is no personal sacrifice, even that of life, that he is not ready to make for France."

For a year the world seemed empty.

CHAPTER V.

NAPOLEON AT THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

NAPOLEON was King of the island of Elba.

In losing the Empire of the world he had intended, at first, to keep nothing but his misfortunes.

"Three francs a day and a horse," he had said; "that is all that is necessary for me."

So, forced by the entreaties of those who were around him, when he could have taken Italy, Tuscany, Corsica, he had cast his eyes on the little corner of the earth where we find him.

But though neglectful of his own interests he had long debated the rights of those who accompanied him. There were, first, Generals Bertrand and Drouot; the one, Grand Marshal of the Palace; the other, Aide-de-camp to the Emperor; then, General Cambronne, Major of the first regiment of the Chasseurs of the Guard; Baron Jermanowsky, Major of the Polish Lancers, Chevalier Malet, Cornuel, and Raoul, artillery captains, Loubers, Lamourette, Hureau, and Combi, infantry captains; finally, Balinsky and Schoultz, captains of the Polish Lancers.

These officers commanded four hundred men, taken from among the Grenadiers and Foot Chasseurs of the

Old Guard, who had obtained permission to accompany their old Emperor into exile. In case of their return to France, Napoleon had stipulated for them the preservation of their rights of citizenship.

It was on the 3d of May, 1814, at six o'clock in the evening, that the frigate *Undaunted* dropped her anchor in the roadstead of Porto-Ferrajo.

General Dalesme, who was still there in command for France, went aboard immediately to render to Napoleon his respectful compliments.

Count Drouot, appointed Governor of the island, proceeded to land in order to make himself known in this capacity, and to take charge of the forts of Porto-Ferrajo. Baron Jermanowsky, named as Commandant of the army of the place, accompanied him, as well as Chevalier Baillon, Quartermaster of the Palace, to prepare lodgings for His Majesty.

The same evening all the authorities, the clergy, and the principal inhabitants went as a deputation on board of the frigate and were admitted into the presence of the Emperor.

The next day, the 4th, in the morning, a detachment of troops carried into the city the new flag the Emperor had adopted, which was that of the island, that is to say, of silver with a red band, with three bees of gold on the band. It was soon hoisted on Fort Étoile in the midst of salvos of artillery ; the English frigate, in its turn, saluted it, as did also all the vessels which were in the port.

Towards two o'clock Napoleon landed with all his suite. At the moment when he put foot on the soil of the island he was saluted by a hundred guns fired by the artillery of the forts, and to which the English frigate

responded by twenty-four guns and by the shouts and hurrahs of all its crew.

The Emperor wore the uniform of the Colonel of the Horse Chasseurs of the Guard. He had substituted on his chapeau the red and white cockade of the island for the tricolored cockade.

Before he entered the city he was received by the authorities, the clergy, and the notables, preceded by the mayor, who presented to him the keys of Porto-Ferrajo, on a silver tray. The troops of the garrison were under arms and formed in line ; behind them was the entire population, not only of the capital, but of other cities and villages, who had hastened from all corners of the island. They could not believe that they were going to have as a King over them, poor fishermen, the man whose power, name, and exploits, had filled the world. As for Napoleon he was calm, affable, and almost gay.

After responding to the mayor he repaired, with his retinue, to the Cathedral, where they chanted a *Te Deum* ; then after leaving the church he went to the City Hall, destined to serve him temporarily as a place of abode. In the evening the city and the port were spontaneously illuminated.

General Dalesme published the same day the following proclamation drawn up by Napoleon.

"Inhabitants of the island of Elba ! Human vicissitudes have conducted into your midst the Emperor Napoleon ; his own choice gave him to you for a sovereign. Before entering your walls your new monarch addressed to me the following words, which I hasten to make known to you, because they are the pledge of your future happiness.

"'General,' said the Emperor to me, 'I have sacrificed my rights to the interests of my country, and I have reserved to myself the sovereignty and the ownership of the island of Elba. All the Powers have consented to this arrangement. In making known to the inhabitants this state of things, say to them that I have chosen this island for my residence in consideration of the gentleness of their manners and of their climate; assure them that they will be the constant object of my liveliest interest.'

"Elbans, these words do not require any comment; they will shape your destiny. The Emperor has well judged you. I owe you this justice and I give it to you.

"Inhabitants of the island of Elba, I will soon go far away from you, and this absence will be painful to me; but the thought of your happiness allays the bitterness of my departure; and in any place that I may be I will always preserve the remembrance of the virtues of the inhabitants of the island of Elba.

"DALESME."

The four hundred Grenadiers arrived on the 26th of May; on the 28th, General Dalesme left with the old garrison. The island was entirely given up to its new sovereign.

Napoleon could not long remain inactive. After having devoted the first days to the indispensable labors of his installation, he, on the 18th of May, mounted his horse and visited the whole island. He wished to assure himself of the condition of the agriculture and what the products, more or less certain, of the island were, in commerce, fishing, and the extraction of marbles and metals. He inspected especially, with particular attention, the quarries and mines, which were its principal riches.

On his return to Porto-Ferrajo, after having visited even the smallest village, and having given to the inhabitants everywhere proofs of his solicitude, he occupied himself in arranging his Court, and applying the public revenues to the most pressing needs. These revenues were composed of iron mines, which could be made to pay a million of francs per annum, tunny fishing, which was let for about four or five hundred thousand francs, salt mines, the working of which, granted to a company, would yield almost the same sum; finally, the land tax and some duties. All these productions, united to the two millions he had reserved to himself upon the Great Book,[1] would give him nearly four and a half millions of revenue.

Napoleon often said that he had never been so rich.

He left the City Hall for a pretty private dwelling, which he pompously called his city palace. This house was situated on a rock between forts Falcon and Étoile in a bastion called the *Bastion des Moulins*; it was composed of two pavilions and a main building which joined them. From its windows one commanded the city and the port lying at its feet in such a way that no new object could escape the eye of the master.

As for his country palace it was situated at San-Martino. Before his arrival it was but a cottage; he had reconstructed and furnished it with taste; besides, the Emperor never slept there; it was a place to walk to and that was all. Situated at the foot of a high mountain, beside a mountain stream, surrounded by a meadow, it took in the city lying below it in the form of an am-

[1] The "Great Book" was the book in which the public debts were entered. It was sometimes called the "Book of the Public Debts." —J. B. L.

phitheatre, the port couched at the foot of the city, and on the horizon, beyond the vapory surface of the sea, the shores of Tuscany.

At the end of six weeks Madame Mère[1] arrived at the island of Elba, and some days after, the Princess Pauline. The latter had rejoined the Emperor at Fréjus and had desired to embark with him, but she was then so poorly that her physician was opposed to it. The English captain had engaged himself to return to take the Princess on a fixed day; that day having passed and the frigate not having appeared, the Princess embarked on a Neapolitan ship to proceed on her journey. On the first voyage she remained but two days and left for Naples, but on the 1st of November the brig *L'Inconstant* brought her back, not to leave the Emperor again.

One knows that falling from an activity so great into a repose so absolute, Napoleon had need of creating for himself regular occupations. So all his hours were occupied. He arose with the day, secluded himself in his library and worked at his military memoirs until eight o'clock in the morning; then he went out to inspect the works, stopping to interrogate the workmen, who were almost always soldiers of his Guard; towards eleven o'clock he took a very frugal breakfast; during the warmest part of the day, when he had covered long distances or had worked much, he slept an hour or two after breakfast; and usually set off again towards three o'clock, either on horseback or in a carriage, accompanied by Grand Marshal Bertrand and General Drouot, who on these excursions never left him. On the road he listened to all complaints which might be addressed to him, and never left any one without giving him satis-

[1] The Emperor's mother. J. B. L.

faction. At seven o'clock he returned, dined with his sister, who occupied the first floor of his city palace, admitting to his table, sometimes the Superintendent of the island, M. de Balbani, sometimes the Chamberlain Vantini, sometimes the Mayor of Porto-Ferrajo, sometimes the Colonel of the National Guard, finally, at other times the Mayors of Porto-Longone and Rio. In the evening they ascended to the apartments of the Princess Pauline.

As for Madame Mère, she occupied a separate house, which the Chamberlain Vantini had vacated for her use.

Meanwhile the island of Elba had become the rendezvous of all the curious of Europe; and soon the influx of strangers was so great that they were obliged to take measures to prevent the disorders inseparable from the assembling of so many unknown persons, among whom were found a good number of adventurers, who came to seek their fortunes. The products of the soil were soon insufficient, and it was necessary to procure provisions from the continent. The commerce of Porto-Ferrajo increased, and this increase improved the general situation. Thus, even in his exile, the presence of Napoleon was a source of prosperity to the country which possessed him. His influence extended to the lower classes of society. A new atmosphere had enveloped the island.

The most numerous among these strangers were the English. They seemed to attach the highest value to seeing him and hearing him. On his part Napoleon received them with kindness. Lord Bentink, Lord Douglas, and several other lords of the highest rank carried back to England a precious remembrance of the manner in which they had been received.

Of all the visits which the Emperor received the most

agreeable were those of a great number of officers of all nations, Italians, Frenchmen, Poles, and Germans, who came to offer to him their services. He answered them that he had neither places nor rank to give them.

"Well, we will serve you as soldiers," they said.

And almost always he incorporated them into his Grenadiers. This devotion to his name was what flattered him most.

The 15th of August arrived. It was the Emperor's birthday. It was celebrated with an enthusiasm difficult to describe; and it must have been, accustomed as he was to official *fêtes*, a spectacle entirely new to him. The city gave a ball to the Emperor and the Guard. A vast tent, elegantly decorated, was constructed in the large square, and Napoleon directed that it be left open on all sides so that all the people might take part in the *fêtes*.

The amount of work which was undertaken in the city and the island was incredible. Two Italian architects, M. Bargini, a Roman, and M. Bettarini, a Tuscan, drew the plans of the works ordered, but almost always the Emperor changed the arrangements to suit his ideas, and became the only creator and the real architect. Thus he changed the direction of several roads they commenced; he searched for a fountain, the water of which appeared to him to be of a better quality than that which they drank at Porto-Ferrajo, and directed its course to the city.

Although he probably followed European events with his eagle sight Napoleon was then, in appearance, entirely submissive to his fate. No one even doubted that time would accustom him to his new life, surrounded as he was by the love of all those who approached

him. Then the Allied Sovereigns took it upon themselves to awaken the lion, who probably was not asleep.

Napoleon had already lived in his little kingdom for several months, occupying himself in beautifying it by all the means that his ardent and inventive genius suggested to him, when he was secretly informed that they had been discussing his removal. France, through the voice of M. de Talleyrand, had demanded this measure with great force at the Congress of Vienna as indispensable to its safety, representing unceasingly how dangerous it was for the reigning dynasty that Napoleon should reside so near the shores of Italy and Provence. France, besides, pointed out to the Congress that, if he was tired of his exile, the illustrious proscript could in four days pass to Naples and from there, with the aid of his brother-in-law Murat, who still reigned there, descend at the head of an army into the provinces of Upper Italy, already discontented, urge them into insurrection at the first appeal, and thus revive the deadly conflict which had just terminated.

In order to support this violation of the treaty of Fontainebleau they argued from the correspondence of General Excelmans with the King of Naples, correspondence which had just been seized and which caused suspicion of a flagrant conspiracy, the centre of which was in the island of Elba and the ramifications of which extended into Italy and France. These suspicions were soon sustained by another conspiracy which they discovered at Milan, and in which were implicated several general officers of the old Italian army.

Neither could Austria look with a tranquil eye at this dangerous neighbor. The *Gazette d'Augsbourg*, its organ, explained it in this manner; it read verbatim in these words :

"If the events at Milan are alarming one should nevertheless be quieted by thinking that they will, perhaps, contribute towards removing as quickly as possible a man who, on the rock of the island of Elba, holds in his hands the threads of plots brought about by his gold and who, as long as he remains near to the shores of Italy, will not let the Sovereigns of that country tranquilly enjoy their possessions."

However, the Congress, notwithstanding the general conviction, did not dare upon such weak proofs to come to a decision, which would be in manifest contradiction to the principles of moderation so pompously expressed by the Allied Sovereigns. It decided that, in order not to have the appearance of violating the existing treaties, it would make overtures to Napoleon, and try to induce him to leave the island of Elba voluntarily, reserving the right to make use of violence in case he should refuse. It then occupied itself in selecting another residence. Malta was chosen, but England saw difficulties there; the prisoner Napoleon could become Grand Master.[1]

It proposed St. Helena.

The first idea of Napoleon was that these rumors were spread by his enemies themselves in order to drive him to some act of desperation, which would permit them to violate the promises made to him. In consequence he sent off immediately to Vienna a discreet agent, adroit and faithful, with instructions to discover what confidence he could have in the information that had been given him. This man was recommended to Prince Eugène Beauharnais, who happening then to be

[1] Grand Master of the Knights of Malta. J. B. L.

at Vienna and in close connection with the Emperor Alexander, ought to know what took place in the Congress. This agent soon procured all the necessary intelligence and made it reach the Emperor. In addition to that, he organized an active and sure correspondence, by aid of which Napoleon was to be kept informed of all that was going on.

Besides this correspondence with Vienna, Napoleon kept up communication with Paris, and each piece of news which arrived from there indicated to him a powerful reaction against the Bourbons.

It was then, placed as he was in this double position, that the first idea came to him of the gigantic project that he soon put into execution.

Napoleon did in France what he had done at Vienna. He sent emissaries provided with secret instructions to assure themselves most positively of the truth, and to make, if there was any chance for that, arrangements with those of his friends who had remained devoted to him, and with those of his leaders, who, finding themselves the worst treated, would be the most discontented.

These emissaries, on their return, confirmed the truth of the news which he dared not believe. They gave him at the same time the assurance that a secret agitation prevailed among the people and in the army; that all who were discontented, and the number of them was immense, turned their eyes towards him and implored his return; and finally, that an explosion was inevitable, and that it would be impossible for the Bourbons to struggle for any length of time against the animadversion, which had been aroused by the unskilfulness and improvidence of their government.

He was then no longer in doubt: on the one side,

danger; on the other, hope: an eternal prison upon a rock in the middle of the ocean or an empire of the world.

Napoleon formed his resolution with his usual rapidity. In less than eight days all was decided in his mind. The only point now was to make the preparations for such an enterprise without awakening the suspicions of the English Commissioner, charged to come from time to time to visit the island of Elba, and under the indirect surveillance of whom they had placed all the proceedings of the ex-Emperor.

This Commissioner was Colonel Campbell, who had accompanied the Emperor when he arrived. He had at his disposal an English frigate with which he went constantly from Porto-Ferrajo to Genoa, from Genoa to Leghorn, and from Leghorn to Porto-Ferrajo. His stay in the latter roadstead was ordinarily twenty days, during which the Colonel landed and apparently paid his respects to Napoleon.

It was necessary also to deceive the secret agents who might be found on the island, to divert the instinctive and sharp sagacity of the inhabitants; and, finally, to give them entirely the wrong scent of his intentions.

To this end Napoleon actively continued the works already commenced. He had drawings of several new roads made, which he proposed to establish in all directions across and around the island. He repaired and made fit for wagons that from Porto-Ferrajo to Porto-Longone; and, as trees were very scarce on the island, he had brought from the continent a large quantity of mulberry trees, which he planted on both sides of the road. Then he busied himself actively in completing his house at San-Martino, on which work had been

delayed; he ordered statues and vases from Italy; brought there orange trees and rare plants; finally, he appeared to give to his house every attention as to a home that he would occupy for a long time.

At Porto-Ferrajo he demolished the old shanties which surrounded his palace, and also a long building which served as a lodging for his officers, as far as a terrace, the dimensions of which were augmented in such a manner as to make it a parade-ground large enough for the review of two battalions. An old abandoned English church was given to the inhabitants for a theatre where the best actors from Italy were to come. All the streets were repaired. The Porte-de-Terre was not passable except for mules. He widened it and with the aid of a terrace the road became easy for the transportation of all kinds of wagoning.

During this time, in order to give still further facilities for the execution of his project, he sent the brig *L'Inconstant*, which he had reserved entirely to himself, and the xebec *L'Étoile*, which he had bought, on frequent voyages to Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, the coast of Barbary, and even to France, so that the English and French cruisers should become used to the sight of them. In fact these ships ran successively in every direction, and several times returned along the coasts of the Mediterranean under the Elban flag without being at all molested. It was what Napoleon desired.

It was then that he busied himself seriously with the preparations for his departure. He conveyed on board of the *L'Inconstant*, at night and with the greatest secrecy, a large quantity of arms and ammunition. He bought new uniforms, new linen and boots for his Guard. He recalled the Poles, who were detached to Porto-

Longone and the little island of Pianosa where they guarded the fort. He hastened the organization and instruction of the battalion of Chasseurs, which he had formed with men recruited only in Corsica and Italy. Finally, during the first days of February, everything was found to be ready to profit by the first favorable occasion when they should bring him the news that they waited for him in France.

This news finally arrived. It was a Colonel of the Old Guard who brought it. He started again almost immediately for Naples.

Unfortunately Colonel Campbell and his frigate were at this moment in the port. It was necessary to wait without showing the least impatience, and to surround him with the ordinary courtesies until the usual time of his visit should pass. Finally, in the afternoon of the 24th of February, he asked permission to pay his respects to the Emperor. He came to take leave of him and to ask his commissions for Leghorn. Napoleon accompanied him as far as the door, and the attendants were able to hear these last words, which he addressed to him.

"Adieu, Colonel. I wish you a pleasant voyage. Until we meet again."

Scarcely had the Colonel left when Napoleon sent for the Grand Marshal. He spent part of the day and night shut up with him, went to bed at three o'clock in the morning, and arose at daybreak.

At the first glance he cast upon the port he saw the English frigate setting sail. From that time, as if a magic power had enchained his sight to this vessel, he did not remove his eyes from it. He saw it unfurl one after another all its sails, raise its anchor, start, and,

with a good wind from the southeast, leave the port and sail before the wind towards Leghorn.

Then he mounted the terrace with a spy-glass and continued to follow the course of the vessel until it got far away. Towards mid-day the frigate resembled a white speck upon the sea. At one o'clock it had disappeared entirely.

Napoleon soon gave his orders. One of the principal commands was an embargo of three days placed upon all boats which were in the port. The smallest boats were subjected to this measure, which was immediately executed.

Then as the brig *L'Inconstant* and the xebec *L'Étoile* were not sufficient for the transportation of his troops, he made agreements with the masters of three or four merchant ships, selected from among the best sailers. The same evening all the arrangements were completed and ships were at the disposal of the Emperor.

During the night of the 25th and 26th, that is to say the night from Saturday to Sunday, Napoleon called together the principal authorities and the most notable inhabitants, whom he organized into a kind of town council. Then calling Lapi, the Colonel of the National Guard commanding the island, he confided the defence of the country to its inhabitants, committing to them his mother and sister. Finally, without indicating precisely the object of the expedition which he was going to attempt, he assured in advance those whom he addressed of the success that he would obtain, promising in case of war to send relief to defend the island, and enjoining them never to surrender to any power except upon an order from him.

In the morning he arranged some details concerning

his house, took leave of his family, and ordered the embarkation.

At noon the drums beat.

At two o'clock the call to arms followed. It was then that Napoleon himself announced to his old companions-at-arms the new destiny to which they were called. At the name of France, at the hope of a near return to that country, a cry of enthusiasm resounded, tears flowed, the soldiers broke their ranks, threw themselve into one another's arms, running like maniacs and throwing themselves on their knees before Napoleon as before a god.

Madame Mère and Princess Pauline, crying, looked upon this scene from the windows of the palace.

At seven o'clock the embarkation was complete.

At eight o'clock Napoleon left the port in a cutter; some minutes after he was on board the *L'Inconstant.* At the moment when he set foot on board a cannon-shot was heard. It was the signal for the departure.

At once the little flotilla set sail, and, with a stiff south-southeast wind went out of the roadstead, then from the gulf, directing itself towards the northwest and running along the shores of Italy for some distance.

At the time when they set sail emissaries left for Naples and Milan, while a flag-officer proceeded to Corsica in order to attempt an insurrection there which would prepare a refuge for the Emperor in case of non-success in France.

At daybreak on the 27th everybody ascended to the deck to assure themselves of the distance they had covered during the night. The astonishment was great and cruel when they perceived that they had made at the most six leagues. Scarcely had they doubled the

Cape of St. Andrew when the wind slackened and a discouraging calm had succeeded it.

When the sun had lighted the horizon they perceived towards the west near the shores of Corsica two French frigates *La Fleur de Lis* and *La Melpomène.*

This sight spread alarm through all the boats. It was so great upon the brig *L'Inconstant,* which carried the Emperor, the situation seemed so critical, the danger so imminent, that they commenced to agitate the question of returning to Porto-Ferrajo and there waiting for a favorable wind. But the Emperor at once made an end to the council and the indecision by ordering them to continue the voyage, promising that the calm would cease. In fact, as if the wind had been under his orders, it blew up towards eleven o'clock and at four o'clock they found themselves off Leghorn between Capri and Gorgone.

But then a new alarm, more serious than the first, broke out through the whole flotilla. They discovered all at once in the north to the leeward, about five leagues away, a frigate. Another appeared at the same time off the shores of Corsica. Finally, in the distance they saw appearing another war vessel which came before the wind towards the flotilla. He could no longer hesitate. He must make up his mind on the spot. Night was coming and they might be able, aided by the darkness, to escape the frigates, but the war vessel was constantly advancing, and was soon recognized as a French brig. The first idea that presented itself to every one was that the enterprise had been discovered or betrayed, and that they were going to find themselves confronted by superior forces. The Emperor alone maintained that chance had brought these three vessels, strangers one to

the other, together in a position which seemed hostile. He was certain that an expedition conducted with so much secrecy could not have been foreseen in time to enable them to send an entire fleet in pursuit of him.

Notwithstanding this conviction he ordered the removal of the port-hole shutters, and decided that in case of attack they should proceed immediately to board the vessel, certain as he was that, with his crew of old soldiers, he could capture the brig at the first onset and could afterwards tranquilly continue his voyage, escaping the frigates during the night by a counter movement. However, still hoping that it was only chance which had brought these three ships now in sight together, he gave orders to the soldiers and to all persons who could be suspected, to descend under the deck. Signals soon transmitted the same orders to the other ships. These arrangements made, he awaited events.

At six o'clock in the evening the two ships found themselves in the presence of each other and within speaking distance. Although night was coming on rapidly, they recognized the French brig *Le Zephir*, Captain Andrieux. Besides it was easy to see by its movements that it was presenting itself with entirely pacific intentions. Thus were verified the previsions of the Emperor.

On recognizing each other the two brigs saluted according to custom and while continuing their voyage exchanged some words. The two Captains asked each other what was the place of their destination. Captain Andrieux answered that he was going to Leghorn. The response from the *L'Inconstant* was that he was going to Genoa, and would willingly charge himself with any commissions for that country. Captain Andrieux

thanked him and asked how the Emperor was. At this question Napoleon could not resist the desire to get into a conversation so interesting to him. He took the trumpet from the hands of Captain Chotard and answered :

" Wonderfully well."

Then, after these polite interchanges, the two brigs continued their voyage, losing sight of each other during the night.

They continued their course under full sail and with very cool weather, so that the following day, the 28th, they doubled Cape Corsica. That day again they recognized a war vessel of seventy-four guns in the offing and bending its course toward Bastia, but this one did not cause any disquietude. From the first movement they knew that it had no bad intentions.

Before leaving the island of Elba, Napoleon had drawn up two proclamations, but when he ordered them copied, no one, not even himself, could decipher them. He threw them into the sea and soon dictated two others, the one addressed to the army and the other to the French people. All those who knew how to write were soon transformed into secretaries. Everything was made to serve as desks—drums, benches, caps—and everybody set to work. In the midst of this work they saw the shores of the Antibes. They were saluted with enthusiastic cries.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HUNDRED DAYS.

AT three o'clock on the 1st of March the flotilla anchored in the Gulf of Juan; at five o'clock Napoleon landed and the camp was established in a grove of olive trees, where is still shown the tree at the foot of which the Emperor sat. Twenty-five Grenadiers and an officer of the Guard were at the same time sent to Antibes to endeavor to rally to themselves the garrison, but, carried away by their enthusiasm, they entered the city crying "*Vive l'Empereur!*" People there were ignorant of the landing of Napoleon and took them for maniacs. The Commandant had the drawbridge raised, and the twenty-five courageous men found themselves prisoners.

Such an event was a regular defeat; therefore, some officers proposed to Napoleon to march upon Antibes and take it by storm in order to counteract the bad effect that would be produced on the minds of the public by the resistance of that place. Napoleon answered that it was upon Paris and not upon Antibes that he must march; and suiting his actions to his word, he raised the camp at the rising of the moon.

The little army reached Cannes in the middle of the night, passed through Grasse towards six o'clock in the

morning, and halted on the high ground which overlooked the city. Scarcely was Napoleon fixed there when he was surrounded by the people of the circumjacent places, among whom the news of his miraculous landing had already spread. He received them as he would have done at the Tuileries, listening to their complaints, receiving petitions, and promising to do justice. The Emperor expected to find, near Grasse, a road which he had ordered to be built in 1813, but it had not been made. He then decided that it was necessary for him to leave in the city his carriage and the four small pieces of artillery which he had brought over from the island of Elba. They marched over mountain footpaths, still covered with snow, and in the evening, after having marched twenty leagues, they slept in the village of Cérénon. On the 3d of March they arrived at Barême; on the 4th at Digne; on the 5th at Gap. In this town they stopped long enough to print the proclamations which the next day they scattered by thousands along the route.

However, the Emperor was not without uneasiness. So far he had only to deal with the inhabitants, and their enthusiasm was not doubtful, but no soldier had yet presented himself, no organized corps had joined the little army, and it was, above all, on the regiments sent to fight him that Napoleon desired that his presence should operate. The moment he so much feared and desired finally arrived between Lamure and Vizille. General Cambronne, who formed the advance guard with forty Grenadiers, encountered a battalion sent from Grenoble to close the road. The chief of the detachment refused to recognize Cambronne, and he sent to inform Napoleon of what had happened.

Napoleon was following the road in an old travelling coach which they had procured for him at Gap, when he learned this news. He immediately approached his horse, mounted and advanced at a gallop to within nearly a hundred paces of the soldiers who formed the line, without either a single shout or a single acclamation greeting him. The moment for losing or winning the game had come. The disposition of the ground did not permit of retreat. To the left of the road was a steep mountain ; to the right a small meadow scarcely thirty paces in width, bordered by a precipice. In front the battalion under arms stretching from the precipice to the mountain.

Napoleon stopped upon a little hillock, ten paces from a small stream which crossed the meadow. Then, turning towards General Bertrand and throwing to him the bridle of his horse, said : "They have deceived me, but no matter. Forward, march !"

With these words he dismounted, crossed the rivulet, walked straight to the battalion, which still remained motionless, and stopping twenty steps from the line, at the moment when the aide-de-camp of General Marchand unsheathed his sword and gave the order to fire, said to them :

"What ! My friends, do you not recognize me ? I am your Emperor. If there be among you a soldier who will kill his General, he can do it. Here I am."

These words were scarcely uttered when the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur !*" burst from the mouths of all. The aide-de-camp ordered them the second time to fire, but his voice was smothered in the midst of their shouts. At the same time, and whilst four Polish Lancers pursued him (the officer), the soldiers quit the ranks, rushed

forward, surrounded Napoleon, fell at his feet, kissed his hands, tore away the white cockade, substituted for it the tricolored cockade, and all this with cries, acclamations, and an enthusiasm which made tears come to the eyes of their old General. Soon, remembering that he must not lose a moment, he ordered them to make a half turn to the right, took the head of the column and preceded by Cambronne and his forty Grenadiers, followed by the battalion which had been sent to close the passage, he reached the top of the mountain of Vizille, whence he saw, a half league below, the aide-de-camp, still followed by the four Lancers on whom he gained, thanks to his fresh horse, run into the village, then soon appear at the other end and barely escape them by taking a cross road where their horses, broken down by fatigue, could not follow him.

However, this man who fled and these four men who pursued him, in passing like lightning through the streets of Vizille, had told all by their presence alone. In the morning they had seen the aide-de-camp pass at the head of his battalion and there he was coming back alone and pursued. That which had been said was then true. Napoleon was advancing surrounded by the love of the people and of the soldiers. Every one came out questioning each other and becoming excited. Suddenly they saw the procession half way up the side of Lamure. Men, women, children, every one rushed on before him, the entire city surrounded him before he could reach its limits, whilst the peasants descended from the mountains, bounding like chamois, and making resound from rock to rock the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

Napoleon halted at Vizille. Vizille was the cradle of French liberty. 1814 had not been unfaithful to 1789.

The Emperor was received by a populace intoxicated with joy. But Vizille was only a city without gates, without walls, without garrison. It was necessary to march to Grenoble. Quite a number of the inhabitants accompanied Napoleon.

About a league from Vizille they saw an infantry officer, who hastened all covered with dust; like the Greek of Marathon, he was ready to fall from fatigue. He carried precious news.

Towards two o'clock in the afternoon the 7th Regiment of infantry, commanded by Colonel Labédoyère, had left Grenoble to advance against the Emperor. But, about half a league from the city, the Colonel turned around and ordered a halt. Soon a drummer approached the Colonel and presented to him his drum. The Colonel plunged his hand into it, drew out an eagle and raising himself in his stirrups so that every one could see him, cried:

"Soldiers! Behold the glorious symbol which has guided you in our immortal battles. That one, who has so often led us to victory, advances towards us to avenge our humiliations and our reverses. It is time to fly to his flag, which will never cease to be ours. Those who love me, follow me! *Vive l'Empereur!*"

The whole regiment followed him.

The officer desired to be the first to carry this news to the Emperor and he went on before them, but the entire regiment was behind him.

Napoleon spurred his horse and pressed forward. All his little army, shouting and running, followed him. Arriving at the top of a small hill he saw the regiment of Labédoyère, which advanced at quick pace. Scarcely had Napoleon been seen when cries of "*Vive l'Emper-*

eur!" resounded. These cries were heard by the brave soldiers of the island of Elba who responded to them. Then nobody longer kept the ranks, everybody ran, everybody rushed forward. Napoleon threw himself in the midst of the reinforcement which had reached him. Labédoyère jumped down from his horse to embrace the knees of the Emperor, who received him in his arms pressing him to his breast.

"Colonel," said the Emperor to him," it is you who replace me upon the throne."

Labédoyère was wild with joy. That embrace will cost him his life, but no matter. One has lived a century when one has heard such words.

They immediately set out on the road, for Napoleon was anxious as long as he was not at Grenoble. Grenoble had a garrison which it was said would resist. In vain the soldiers answered to the Emperor for their comrades. The Emperor, apparently thoroughly satisfied, ordered the march upon the city.

Napoleon arrived under the walls of Grenoble at eight o'clock in the evening.

The ramparts were covered by the 3d Regiment of Engineers composed of two thousand old soldiers; by the 4th Regiment of Artillery of the line in which Napoleon had served; by two battalions of the 5th of the line; and by the Hussars of the 4th. Besides, the march of the Emperor had been so rapid that it baffled all measures. They had not had time to cut off the bridges; but the gates were closed and the Commandant refused to open them.

Napoleon understood that if he hesitated a moment he would be lost. Night would take away from him the prestige of his presence. All eyes would look for him,

without doubt, but no one would see him. He ordered Labédoyère to address the artillery-men. Then the Colonel got upon a hillock and with a strong voice shouted :

" Soldiers ! We bring back to you again the hero whom you have followed in so many battles. It is for you to receive him and to repeat with us the old rallying cry of the conquerors of Europe, *Vive l'Empereur !*"

In fact this magic cry was at the same instant repeated not only upon the ramparts but also in all quarters of the city. Every one rushed towards the gates but they were closed, and the Commandant had the keys. On their side the soldiers who accompanied Napoleon approached. They spoke, were answered, and shook hands together through the grating, but no one could open the gates. The Emperor trembled with an impatience which was not without uneasiness.

Suddenly the cries of " Room ! Room ! " were heard. It was the entire population of the Faubourg Très-Cloître, which advanced with beams to break down the gates. Every one stood aside. The battering rams commenced their work, the gates moaned, shook, opened. Six thousand men ran out at once.

It was no longer enthusiasm, it was fury, it was rage. These men threw themselves upon Napoleon as if they were going to tear him to pieces ; in an instant he was lifted from his horse and hurried away, carried with frantic cries ; never in any battle had he run similar danger ; everybody trembled for him for he alone could understand that the tide which carried him was one of love.

Finally they stopped at a hotel. His staff rejoined and surrounded him. Scarcely had each one commenced to

breathe when they heard a new tumult. It was the inhabitants of the city, who, not being able to bring him the keys, came to offer to him the gates.

The night was but a long *fête* during which soldiers, citizens, and peasants fraternized together. Napoleon employed that night in having his proclamations reprinted. On the morning of the 8th they were posted up and scattered on all sides. Emissaries went out from the city and carried them in all directions, announcing the taking possession of the capital of Dauphiny[1] and the approaching intervention of Austria and the King of Naples. It was only when he reached Grenoble that Napoleon was sure of arriving at Paris.

The next day the clergy, the staff, the court, the tribunals, and all the civil and military authorities came to offer their congratulations to the Emperor. When the audience was finished the garrison, six thousand men strong, passed in review before him, and he proceeded at once towards Lyons.

The next day, after having rendered three decrees, which announced the return of the Imperial power to his hands, he again started out on his road, and spent the night at Bourgoin. The crowd and the enthusiasm constantly increased. One would have thought that all France accompanied him and advanced with him towards the capital.

On the road from Bourgoin to Lyons Napoleon learned that Duke d'Orleans, Count d'Artois, and Marshal Macdonald would defend the city, and that they were going to destroy the Morand and Guillotière bridges. He laughed at this information, which he did

[1] Before the first revolution France was divided into thirty-two Provinces. Grenoble was the capital of Dauphiny.—J. B. L.

not believe, for he knew the patriotism of the Lyonnais, and he gave orders to the 4th Hussars to reconnoitre as far as Guillotière. The regiment was welcomed with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" These cries reached as far as Napoleon, who was following at a distance of nearly a quarter of a league. He put his horse at full gallop and arrived, alone and confident, at the moment when they least expected him, in the midst of this populace, whose enthusiasm he changed by his presence into folly.

At the same instant the soldiers of the two parties threw themselves upon the barricades which separated them, and, working with equal ardor, demolished them. At the end of a quarter of an hour they were in one another's arms. The Duke d'Orleans and General Macdonald were forced to retire. The Count d'Artois took flight, having for his escort a single royal volunteer who had not abandoned him.

At five o'clock in the evening the whole garrison rushed out to meet the Emperor.

An hour after the army took possession of the city.

At eight o'clock Napoleon made his entrance into the second capital of the kingdom.

During the four days he remained there he had constantly under his window twenty thousand souls.

On the 13th the Emperor left Lyons and spent the night at Mâcon. The enthusiasm was everywhere increasing. It was no longer only some isolated individuals, it was the magistrates who came to receive him at the gates of the cities.

On the 17th it was a Prefect who received him at Auxerre. This was the first high official who had ventured a similar demonstration.

In the evening the coming of Marchal Ney was an-

nounced. He came ashamed of his coolness in 1814 and of his oaths to Louis XVIII. asking a place in the ranks of the Grenadiers. Napoleon opened his arms to him, calling him *the bravest of the brave*, and all was forgotten.

This also was a mortal embrace.

On the 20th of March at two o'clock in the afternoon, Napoleon arrived at Fontainebleau. That Château preserved terrible memories. In one of its chambers he had thought of taking his life ; in another he had lost the Empire. He halted there but an instant and continued his triumphant march upon Paris.

He arrived there, as at Grenoble, in the evening, and, as at Lyons, at the end of one of his long marches, and at the head of the troops which guarded the Faubourgs. He could, if he had wished it, have re-entered with two million men.

At half-past eight in the evening, he entered the Court of the Tuileries. There they threw themselves upon him as at Grenoble ; a thousand arms stretched themselves out to him, seized him, carried him off with cries and a delirium of which no one had any idea. The crowd was such that he had not the power to overcome it ; it was a torrent which must run its course. Napoleon could say nothing but these words :

" My friends, you smother me."

In the apartments Napoleon found another crowd, gilded and respectful, of courtiers, generals, and marshals. These did not smother Napoleon ; they bowed down before him.

" Gentlemen," said the Emperor to them, " these are the disinterested people who have brought me back again into my capital ; these are the under-lieutenants

and soldiers who have done all; it is to the people, it is to the army, that I owe all."

The same night Napoleon occupied himself in reorganizing everything. Cambacérès was appointed Minister of Justice, the Duke of Vicenza Minister of Foreign Affairs, Marshal Davoust, Minister of War, the Duke of Gaete, Minister of Finance, Decrès, Minister of the Navy, Fouché, Minister of the Police, Carnot, Minister of the Interior; the Duke of Bassano was again Minister of State, Count Mollien re-entered the Treasury, the Duke of Rovigo was appointed Commandant-General of the armed police force, M. de Montalivet became Intendant of the civil list, Letort and Labédoyère were made Generals, Bertrand and Drouot were maintained in their places as Grand Marshal of the Palace, and Major-General of the Guard; finally, all the chamberlains, equerries, and masters of the ceremonies of 1814 were recalled.

On March 26th all the great bodies of the Empire were called to express to Napoleon the desires of France.

On the 27th one would have said that the Bourbons had never existed, and the whole nation believed that it had been in a dream.

In fact the revolution had been completed in one day, it had not cost one drop of blood. No one this time reproached Napoleon for the death of a father, brother, or friend. The only visible change which was brought about was that the colors floating over the city were changed, and that the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" ascended, resounding from one end of France to the other.

In the meantime the nation was emboldened by the

great spontaneousness by which it had been accomplished. The grandeur of the undertaking, which had been so well established, seemed to efface by its gigantic result the reverses of the last three years, and it was grateful to Napoleon for remounting the throne.

Napoleon examined his position and considered it.

Two ways were open before him.

To try for peace while preparing himself for war; or to commence war by one of those unthought-of movements, by one of those unexpected thunder-claps which had made him the Jupiter Tonans of Europe.

Each of these ways had its dangers.

To try for peace at any price was to give the Allies time to recover themselves. They would count their soldiers and ours, and they would have as many armies as we had divisions. We would find ourselves one against five. What matters it? We had sometimes conquered even so.

To commence war was to give proof to those who had said that Napoleon did not desire peace. Then the Emperor had in hand but forty thousand men. It was enough, it is true, to reconquer Belgium, and to enter Brussels; but once reaching Brussels they would find themselves shut up in a circle of strong places which must be taken one after the other, and Maestricht, Luxembourg, and Antwerp, were not paltry towns which could be carried by surprise. Besides La Vendée was aroused, the Duke of Angoulême was marching on Lyons, and the Marseillaise on Grenoble. It was necessary to take in time this internal inflammation, which was tormenting France, so that he could present himself before the enemy with his full power and force.

Napoleon then decided in favor of the first of these

two methods. The peace which he had refused at Châtillon in 1814, after the invasion of France, could be accepted in 1815 after the return from the island of Elba. One can stop while ascending, never while descending.

To show his good will to the people, he wrote this circular to the Kings of Europe:

"Sire, my brother.

"You have learned in the course of the last month of my return to the shores of France, my entrance into Paris, and of the departure of the Bourbon family. The true nature of these events must be known to your Majesty. They are the work of an irresistible power; the work of the unanimous will of a great nation, which knows its duties and its rights.[1] The expectation which had determined me to make the greatest of sacrifices had failed. I have come and from the point where I touched the shore the love of my subjects has carried me into my capital. The first desire of my heart is to repay so much affection by an honorable tranquillity. The re-establishment of the Imperial throne being necessary to the happiness of the French, my most ardent thought, is to render it, at the same time, useful to the establishment of the repose of Europe. Enough glory has by turns made famous the flags of the different nations. The vicissitudes of fate have sufficiently made great reverses succeed great successes. A nobler arena is to-day open to the Sover-

[1] Some translations of this letter insert at this place the following: "The dynasty, which force imposed upon a great people, was no longer calculated for them. The Bourbons had no community with them, either of feeling or of manners. France was, therefore, compelled to withdraw from them."—J. B. L.

eigns, and I am the first to descend into it. After having presented to the world the spectacle of great battles it will be more agreeable to know hereafter no other strife than that for the advantages of peace, no other struggle than the sacred struggle for the happiness of the nations. France is pleased to proclaim with frankness this noble end of its desires. Jealous of its independence, the invaluable principle of its policy will be the most absolute respect for the independence of the other nations. If such are, as I have the happy hope, the personal sentiments of your Majesty, the general tranquillity is assured for a long time, and Justice seated at the confines of the States will alone suffice to guard the frontiers."

This letter, which proposed peace, the result of which would be the most absolute respect for the independence of the other nations, found the Allied Sovereigns occupied in dividing Europe. In this great white slave trade, in this great public sale of souls, Russia took the Grand Duchy of Warsaw; Prussia devoured a part of the Kingdom of Saxony, a part of Poland, of Westphalia, of Franconia, and, like an immense serpent whose tail touched at Memel,[1] she hoped to extend, in following the left bank of the Rhine, its head as far as Thionville. Austria reclaimed Italy as it had been before the treaty of Campo-Formia, as well as all that which its double-headed eagle had let fall from its talons after the successive treaties of Lunéville, Presburg, and Vienna. The Stadtholder of Holland, raised to the rank of King, demanded that they confirm the adjunction to its hereditary states, of Belgium, the country of Liége,

[1] The most northern town in Germany.—J. B. L.

and the Duchy of Luxemburg. Finally the King of Sardinia urged the annexation of Genoa to his continental state from which it had been separated for fifteen years. Each great Power wished like a marble lion to hold in its clutches instead of a ball, a little kingdom. Russia was to have Poland, Prussia was to have Saxony, Spain was to have Portugal, Austria was to have Italy. As for England, which paid the expenses of all these revolutions, it was to have two in place of one, Holland and Hanover.

The time, as we have seen, had been badly chosen. However, this overture of the Emperor would have brought about some results if the Congress had been dissolved and if he had treated with the Allied Sovereigns one by one. But placed, as they had been, face to face with one another, their self-love carried them too far, and Napoleon received no response to his letter.

This silence did not astonish the Emperor. He had anticipated it and had lost no time in putting himself in condition to make war. The further he went into the examination of his offensive means the more he congratulated himself that he had not yielded to his first impulse. Everything in France was disorganized. There remained scarcely a nucleus of an army. As for war material, powder, guns, cannon, all seemed to have disappeared.

During three months Napoleon worked sixteen hours a day. At his voice, France was covered with manufactures, workshops, foundries, and the armorers of the capital alone furnished as many as three thousand guns in twenty-four hours; whilst the tailors made in the same time as many as fifteen and even eighteen hundred coats. At the same time the lists of the regiments of

the line were increased from two battalions to five; those of the cavalry were re-enforced by two squadrons; two hundred battalions of the National Guard were organized; twenty marine regiments and forty regiments of the Young Guard were put in condition for service; the old disbanded soldiers were recalled to the standard; the conscriptions of 1814 and 1815 were raised; soldiers and officers in retirement were engaged to re-enter the line. Six armies were formed under the names of the Armies of the North, of Moselle, of the Rhine, of the Jura, of the Alps, and of the Pyrenees; whilst a seventh, under the name of the Army of the Reserve, collected under the walls of Paris and of Lyons, which cities were to be fortified.

In fact every great capital should be sheltered from a sudden attack, and more than once ancient Lutèce[1] had owed its safety to its walls. If in 1805 Vienna had been defended, the battle of Ulm would not have decided the war. If in 1806 Berlin had been fortified, the army beaten at Jena, would have rallied there and been rejoined by the Russian army. If in 1808 Madrid had been in a state of defence, the French army would not have dared, even after the victories of Espinosa, Tudela, Burgos, and Somma-Sierra, to march upon that capital, leaving behind it the English and French armies in the direction of Salamança and Valladolid. Finally, if in

[1] Paris was anciently called Lutèce (Lutetia or Mud-town, from the Latin Lutum) because of the filthy condition of its streets. In 1185 some carts passing along in front of the Palace of Philip Augustus, stirred up the mud of the street, so that a fetid smell arose. This shocked Philip so much that he ordered all the streets of Paris to be paved with solid stone, for it is said that "this right Christian Prince" aspired to rid Paris of its ancient name, Lutetia or Mud-town. —J. B. L.

1814, Paris had held out eight days only, the Allied army would have been crushed between its walls and the eighty thousand men that Napoleon reunited at Fontainebleau.

The General of Engineers, Haxo, was intrusted with this great work. He was to fortify Paris. General Léry was to fortify Lyons.

Then if the Allied Sovereigns had left us alone until the 1st of June, the effectiveness of our army would have been increased from two hundred thousand men to four hundred and fourteen thousand men, and if they had left us alone until the 1st of September, not only would this number have been doubled, but all the cities as far as the centre of France would have been fortified, and would have rendered service in some way as advanced works of the capital. So 1815 rivalled 1793, and Napoleon obtained the same result as the Committee of Public Safety, without having need to enforce it with twelve guillotines, which formed part of the baggage of the revolutionary army.

He had not a moment to lose. The Allies, who were contending for Saxony and Cracow, were resting with arms in their hands, and the match lighted. Four orders were given and Europe marched anew against France. Wellington and Blücher reassembled two hundred and twenty thousand men, English, Prussians, Hanoverians, Belgians, and Brunswickians, between Liége, and Courtray. The Bavarians, the Badeners, and the Wurtembergers crowded into the Palatinate and into the Black Forest. The Austrians advanced by forced marches to rejoin them. The Russians crossed Franconia and Saxony, and in less than two months had arrived on the banks of the Rhine from Poland. Nine hundred

thousand men were ready. Three hundred thousand others would be. The coalition had the secret of Cadmus; at its voice soldiers came out of the ground.

However, as Napoleon saw the armies of the enemies increase, he felt more and more the need of depending upon that people who failed him in 1814. An instant he hesitated whether he should not abandon the Imperial crown and take again the sword of the First Consul, but, born in the midst of revolutions, Napoleon feared them. He feared the popular passion, because he knew that nothing could quell it. As the nation had complained of the loss of liberty, he gave to it the *Acte Additionnel.* 1790 had its federation; 1815 would have its Champ de Mai. Perhaps France would be deceived. Napoleon passed in review the federates, and on the 1st of June, upon the altar of the Champ de Mars, he took the oath of fidelity to the new Constitution. The same day he opened the Legislative Chambers.

Thus disembarrassed of this political comedy, which he played with regret, he began anew his true rôle and became again General. He had one hundred and eighty thousand fighting men to open the campaign. What will he do? Will he march towards the Anglo-Prussians in order to meet them at Brussels or at Namur? Will he wait for the Allies under the walls of Paris or Lyons? Will he be Hannibal or Fabius?

If he had waited for the Allies he would have gained until the month of August, and then he would have completed his levies, finished his preparations, and organized all his material. He would have fought with all his resources an army weakened by two thirds by the observation corps, which it would have been forced to leave behind it.

But half of France, invaded by the enemy, would not understand the prudence of this manœuvre. One could act as Fabius when one had, like Alexander, an empire that covered the seventh part of the globe, or when, like Wellington, one carried on war in the territory of others. Besides all these delays were not in accord with the spirit of the Emperor.

On the contrary, by carrying hostilities into Belgium he would astonish the enemy, who believed us not to be in a condition to commence the campaign. Wellington and Blücher could be beaten, dispersed, annihilated, before the remainder of the Allied troops had time to join them. Then Brussels would declare itself, the banks of the Rhine would take up arms again, Italy, Poland, and Saxony would rouse to action, and thus at the commencement of the campaign, the first blow, if well struck, might dissolve the coalition.

It was true, that in case of reverses, he would have brought the enemy into France at the beginning of July, that is to say, nearly two months before they could come there. But after his triumphant march from the Gulf of Juan to Paris, could Napoleon doubt his army, and foresee a defeat?

Of these one hundred and eighty thousand men, Napoleon must take away one quarter to garrison Bordeaux, Toulouse, Chambéry, Béfort, Strasburg, and to keep down La Vendée, that old political cancer, badly extirpated by Hoche and Kléber. He remained, then, with one hundred and twenty-five thousand men, which he concentrated from Philippeville to Maubeuge. He had two hundred thousand men before him, it is true, but if he should wait only six weeks more he would have by that time the whole of Europe on his hands. On the

12th of June, he left Paris. On the 14th he removed his headquarters to Beaumont, where he camped in the midst of sixty thousand men, throwing to his right upon Philippeville sixteen thousand men, and to his left towards Solre-sur-Sambre forty thousand men. In this position Napoleon had before him the Sambre, to his right the Meuse, and to his left and behind him, the woods of Avesne, Chimay and Gedine.

On its side the enemy was located between the Sambre and the Scheldt, arranged *en echelon* upon a space of nearly twenty leagues.

The Prusso-Saxon army, commanded by Blücher, formed the advance guard. It numbered one hundred and twenty thousand men and three hundred pieces of ordnance. It was divided into four great bodies; the first, commanded by General Ziethen, who had his headquarters at Charleroi and Fleurus, formed the point of concentration; the second, commanded by General Pirsch, cantoned in the environments of Namur; the third, commanded by General Thielmann, bordered the Meuse in the environs of Dinant; the fourth, commanded by General Bulow, and placed in the rear of the first three, had established its headquarters at Liége. Disposed thus, the Prusso-Saxon army was in the form of a horseshoe, the two extremities of which advanced, as we have said, on the one side as far as Charleroi and on the other as far as Dinant, and were distant the one three leagues, and the other only a league and a half from our advance posts.

Wellington was the commander-in-chief of the Anglo-Dutch army. It numbered one hundred and four thousand two hundred men, and formed six divisions. These divisions were separated into two great bodies of

infantry, and one of cavalry. The first body of infantry was commanded by the Prince of Orange, whose headquarters were at Braine-le-Comte. The second body was commanded by Lieutenant-General Hill, whose headquarters were at Brussels. Finally, the cavalry, which was stationed around Grammont, was commanded by Lord Uxbridge. As for the great artillery park it was stationed at Ghent.

The second army presented the same disposition of lines as the first, only the horseshoe was turned around so that it was the centre, instead of the extremities which was near to our line of battle, from which it was entirely separated by the Prusso-Saxon army.

Napoleon came on the evening of the 14th to within two leagues of the enemy without their having the least knowledge of his march. He spent a part of the night bent over a large map of the environs, and surrounded by spies who brought to him positive information about the different positions of the enemy. When he was altogether sure about them he calculated with his usual rapidity that they had extended their lines in such a manner that it would take them three days to reunite themselves. By attacking them suddenly he could divide the two armies and defeat them separately. Beforehand he had concentrated into a single corps twenty thousand horsemen. It was the sabres of this cavalry which were to cut in two the serpent, afterwards crushing the separated parts.

The plan of battle was traced. Napoleon expedited his different orders and continued to examine the ground and to interrogate the spies. All confirmed him in the idea that he knew perfectly the position of the enemy, and that the enemy, on the contrary, was ignorant of

his, when suddenly an aide-de-camp of General Gérard arrived at full gallop. He brought the news that Lieutenant-General Bourmont and Colonels Clouet and Willoutrey, of the 4th corps, had gone over to the enemy. Napoleon heard it with the tranquillity of a man used to treason; then turning towards Ney, who was standing near him, he said:

"Well! You hear, Marshal. That is your *protégé* whom I did not wish to have, for whom you answered, and whom I would not have placed there but for you. Behold him gone over to the enemy."

"Sire," answered the Marshal, "pardon me, but I believed him so devoted that I would have answered for him as for myself."

"Marshal," rejoined Napoleon, standing up and laying his hand upon his arm, "those who are blue remain blue, and those who are white remain white."

Then he sat down again and instantly made the changes in his plan of attack which the defection made necessary.

At daybreak his columns were to be put in motion. The advance guard from the left, formed of the infantry division of General Jérôme Bonaparte, was to repulse the advance guard of the Prussian corps of General Ziethen, and to take possession of the bridge of the Marchiennes. The right, commanded by General Gérard, was to capture early the Châtelet bridge, whilst the light cavalry of General Pajol, forming the advance guard of the centre, was to go forward, supported by the third corps of infantry, and take possession of the bridge of Charleroi. At ten o'clock the French army was to pass the Sambre and be upon the territory of the enemy.

All was executed as Napoleon had ordered it. Jérôme overthrew Ziethen and took five hundred prisoners. Gérard took possession of the Châtelet bridge and drove the enemy back more than a league beyond the river. Vandamme was the only one who, at six o'clock in the morning, had not yet left his camp.

"He will rejoin us," said Napoleon. "Pajol, charge with your light cavalry. I follow you with my Guard."

Pajol left and destroyed all who presented themselves. An infantry square endeavored to resist; General Desmichels, at the head of the 4th and 9th Regiments of Chasseurs, threw himself upon it, broke it down, scattered it, cut to pieces and took several hundred prisoners. Pajol, cutting his way with the sabre, arrived in front of Charleroi and entered there at a gallop. Napoleon followed him. At three o'clock Vandamme arrived. A badly written figure was the cause of the delay. He had taken a four for a six. He was the first punished for his error, since he had not fought. The same evening the entire French army passed the Sambre. The army of Blücher retreated on Fleurus, leaving between it and the Anglo-Dutch army a vacant space of four leagues.

Napoleon saw the mistake and hastened to profit by it. He gave Ney verbal orders to leave with forty-two thousand men by the highway from Brussels to Charleroi and not to stop until he reached the hamlet of Quatre-Bras, an important point situated at the intersection of the roads to Brussels, Nivelles, Charleroi, and Namur. There he was to check the English while Napoleon fought the Prussians with the seventy-two thousand men that remained with him. The Marshal departed the same instant.

Napoleon, who believed his order to have been executed, commenced his march again on the morning of June 16th and discovered the Prussian army ranged in line of battle between Saint-Amand and Sombref, and facing the Sambre. It was composed of the three corps, which were cantoned at Charleroi, Namur, and Dinant. Its position was detestable, for its right flank was presented to Ney, who, if he had followed the instructions he had received, should have been at this time at Quatre-Bras, that is to say, two leagues in its rear. Consequently Napoleon made the following disposition: He ranged his army on an even line with that of Blücher in order to attack from the front, and sent a confidential officer to Ney to order him to leave a detachment on the lookout at Quatre-Bras, and to fall back in all haste to Bry, to attack the rear of the Prussians. Another officer left at the same time to stop the corps of Count d'Erlon, who formed the rear guard, and who, in consequence, ought not yet to be as far as Villers-Perruin. It was necessary for him to take the right, and bring him to Bry. This new instruction advanced matters an hour, and doubled the chances, since, if the one failed, the other would not, and if both arrived and kept the distance at which they were to follow each other, the entire Prussian army would be lost. The first gun-shot Napoleon heard from the direction of Bry or Vagnelée would be the signal for the attack on the front. When these dispositions were made, Napoleon halted and waited.

The time passed by and Napoleon heard nothing. Two o'clock, three o'clock, and four o'clock in the afternoon arrived; the same silence prevailed. However, the day was too precious to be lost in this manner. The next day might bring about a junction. Then he

would have to make a new plan, and regain a lost chance. Napoleon gave the order of attack, expecting that the battle would occupy the Prussians, and that they would give less attention to Ney, who would without doubt arrive on hearing the cannon.

Napoleon began the battle by a vast attack upon the left. He hoped in this way to draw in that direction the greater part of the forces of the enemy, and get it out of his line of retreat at the moment when Ney should arrive by the old Chaussée Brunehaut, which was the road from Gembloux. Then he arranged everything to break its centre and thus cut it in two, confining the strongest part of the army in the triangle of iron, which he had arranged the day before. The battle commenced and lasted two hours without any news being received from Ney or from d'Erlon; yet they ought to have been informed at ten o'clock in the morning; the one had but two leagues, and the other two leagues and a half to cover. Napoleon was obliged to conquer alone. He gave the order to bring into action his reserves, to execute upon the centre the movement which would decide the success of the day. At this moment he was told that a strong column of the enemy was showing itself on the plain of Heppignies threatening his left wing. How did this column pass between Ney and d'Erlon? How had Blücher executed the manœuvre which he, Napoleon, meant to execute? That was what he could not understand. No matter. He stopped his reserves to oppose them against this new attack and the movement on the centre was suspended.

A quarter of an hour afterwards he learned that this column was d'Erlon's corps which had gone through the Saint Amand road instead of that of Bry. He then took

up again his interrupted manœuvre, marching upon Ligny, carried it at charge pace, and put the enemy in retreat. But night came and Blücher's entire army passed through Bry, which should have been occupied by Ney and twenty thousand men. Nevertheless, the day had been gained. Forty pieces of cannon fell into our power, twenty thousand men were *hors-de-combat*, the Prussian army was so demoralized that of the seventy thousand men of which it had been composed scarcely could their generals at midnight rally thirty thousand.[1] Blücher himself had been thrown from his horse, and, covered with bruises, had only succeeded in escaping on the horse of a dragoon, thanks to the darkness.

During the night, Napoleon received news from Ney. The mistakes of 1814 were recommenced in 1815. Ney, instead of marching at daybreak, as he had received the order, upon Quatre-Bras, which was occupied by only ten thousand Dutch, and surrounding it, did not leave Grosselies until mid-day, so that, as Quatre-Bras had been designated by Wellington for the successive rendezvous of the different corps of the army, which arrived there from mid-day until three o'clock, Ney found thirty thousand men instead of ten thousand. The Marshal, who always recovered his usual energy in the face of danger, and who, moreover, believed himself to be followed by the twenty thousand men of d'Erlon, did not hesitate to attack. His astonishment was then great when he saw that the corps on which he had counted

[1] Napoleon in his *Memoirs* said: "It would have been all over with their army if I had pressed them during the night as they pressed us on the evening of the 18th. I gave them many lessons, but they taught me in their turn that a night pursuit, dangerous as it appears to the victors, has also its advantages."

did not come to his relief, and so, repulsed by superior force, he did not find his reserve within easy reach where he thought it to be. He had in consequence sent after it and gave it positive orders to return. But at this moment he himself had received orders from Napoleon. It was too late. The battle had commenced; he must sustain it. Nevertheless he again sent to Count d'Erlon to authorize him to continue his route to Bry, and returned upon the enemy with a new rage. At this moment a new reinforcement of twelve thousand English led by Wellington arrived, and Ney was obliged to beat a retreat upon Frasne; whilst the corps of Count d'Erlon, wasting its day in marching and counter-marching, was constantly led between two cannonades within a radius of three leagues, without being of any use to either Ney or Napoleon.

However, if the victory was less decisive than it should have been, it was none the less a victory. The Prussian army in full retreat, had, in retiring by its left, uncovered the English army, which thus found itself the most advanced. Napoleon, in order to prevent the Prussians from rallying, sent Grouchy after them with thirty-five thousand men, ordering him to press them until they faced him. But Grouchy in his turn made the same mistake as Ney, only the consequences of it were terrible.

Although the English General-in-chief was accustomed to the rapid blows of Napoleon, he thought he would arrive at Quatre-Bras in time to make connection with Blücher. In fact, on the 15th, at seven o'clock in the evening, Lord Wellington received at Brussels a despatch from the Field Marshal, which announced to him that the entire French army was in motion, and that hostilities had been commenced.

Four hours afterwards, as he was going to mount his horse, he learned that the French were masters of Charleroi, and that their army, one hundred and fifty thousand men strong, was marching upon the same line with their banners [1] upon Brussels, covering all the space between Marchiennes, Charleroi, and Châtelet. He soon was on the road, ordering all his troops to raise their cantonments and concentrate upon Quatre-Bras, where he arrived at six o'clock, as we have said, to learn that the Prussian army had been defeated. If Marshal Ney had followed the instructions he received he would have known that it had been destroyed.[2]

Besides death had made a terrible exchange. The Duke of Brunswick had been killed at Quatre-Bras, and General Letort at Fleurus.

The following were the respective positions of the three armies during the night from the 16th to the 17th:

Napoleon camped on the battle-field; the third corps in front of Saint Amand; the fourth in front of Vichy; the cavalry of Marshal Grouchy at Sombref; the Guard upon the heights of Bry; the sixth corps behind Ligny; and the light cavalry toward the Namur road upon which it had its advance guard.

[1] Ready for action.—J. B. L.

[2] Napoleon, in his *Memoirs*, says: "In the other campaigns Ney would have occupied, at six o'clock in the morning, the position in front of Quatre-Bras, would have defeated and taken the entire Belgian division, and turned the Prussian army, by sending on the road to Namur a detachment which would have fallen upon the rear of their line of battle; or, by rapidly marching by way of the Jammapes road, he would have surprised *en route* the Brunswick division and the fifth English division, which were coming from Brussels, and from there marched to meet the first and third English divisions, which were arriving by the road from Nivelles, without cavalry or artillery, and worn out by fatigue."

Blücher, weakly pressed by Grouchy, who, after an hours pursuit, had lost sight of him, had retreated in two columns and had stopped behind Gembloux, where he was rejoined by the fourth corps, commanded by Bulow, which had arrived from Liége.

Wellington had kept his position at Quatre-Bras, where the different divisions of his army had successively rejoined him, worn out by fatigue, having marched all the night from the 15th to the 16th, all day the 16th, and almost all the night from the 16th to the 17th.

Towards two o'clock in the morning, Napoleon sent an aide-de-camp to Ney. The Emperor supposed that the Anglo-Dutch army had followed the retrograde movement of the Prusso-Saxon army, and he ordered the Marshal to recommence his attack upon Quatre-Bras. General Count Lobau, who had advanced on the Namur road with two divisions of the sixth corps, his light cavalry, and the Cuirassiers of General Milhaud, would sustain him in this attack, for which, seconded thus, he ought to be strong enough, all the probabilities being that he would only encounter the rear-guard of the army.

At daybreak, the French army started in two columns; one with sixty-eight thousand men commanded by Napoleon, followed the English; the other with thirty-four thousand men, commanded by Grouchy, pursued the Prussians.

Ney was still behind time, and it was Napoleon who first arrived in sight of the farm-house at Quatre-Bras, where he perceived a body of English cavalry. He sent out a body of one hundred Hussars to reconnoitre, which quickly returned, repulsed by the enemy's regiment. Then the French army halted and took its posi-

tion for battle. The Cuirassiers of General Milhaud spread themselves upon the right, the light cavalry was in line on the left, the infantry placed itself in the centre, and the artillery, profiting by the inequalities of the ground, took position in the second line.

Ney had not yet appeared. Napoleon, who feared that he was lost as on the day before, did not wish to commence without him. Five hundred Hussars were rushed towards Frasne, where he ought to have been, in order to open communication with him. Arriving at the woods of Delhutte, which are between the Namur and Charleroi roads, this detachment mistook a regiment of Red Lancers belonging to the division of Lefevre-Desnouettes for an English regiment and commenced firing. At the end of a quarter of an hour they recognized each other and came to an explanation. Ney was at Frasne as Napoleon thought. Two officers were detached and went to press him to debouch before Quatre-Bras. The Hussars returned to take their place at the left of the French army; the Red Lancers remained in their position. Napoleon, in order not to lose any time, put in battery twelve pieces of cannon which commenced firing. Two pieces only responded to it, new proof that the enemy had evacuated Quatre-Bras during the night and had left there only a rear-guard to protect its retreat. He could see nothing except by instinct or by appreciation, the rain, which fell in torrents, limiting the sight to a narrow horizon. After an hour of cannonading, during which he had his eyes incessantly towards Frasne, Napoleon, seeing that the Marshal was still late, sent order after order. Then one came to tell him that Count d'Erlon had finally appeared with his corps. As he had not yet been engaged either at Quatre-Bras

or Ligny Napoleon charged him with the pursuit of the enemy. He soon took the head of the column and marched at charge pace upon Quatre-Bras. Behind him the second corps appeared. Napoleon put his horse in a gallop, crossed with only thirty men the space between the two roads, reached Marshal Ney, whom he reproached not only for his slowness of the day before but also of that day which had made Napoleon lose two precious hours, during which by pressing hard he could have, perhaps, changed the retreat of the enemy's army into a rout. Then, without listening to the excuses of the Marshal, he went to the head of the army where he found the soldiers who marched in the fields in mud up to their knees, and those who marched on the road in water up to the middle of their legs. He believed that the inconvenience was the same for the Anglo-Dutch army, and that it had besides to contend with the difficulties of a retreat. He then ordered the flying artillery to go ahead by the road where it could turn with every facility, and not stop firing an instant, as that was all there was to indicate its position and that of the enemy. The two armies continued to march in this marsh in the midst of the fog, wading in the mire like two immense antediluvian dragons such as Brongniart and Cuvier have imagined, returning to each other flames and smoke.

Towards six o'clock in the evening the cannonade settled down at one place and increased. In fact the enemy had unmasked a battery of fifteen pieces. Napoleon divined that its rear-guard had been reinforced and that, as Wellington must have arrived near the forest of Soignes, he would take for the night a position in front of this forest. The Emperor wished to assure himself of it. He ordered the Cuirrassiers of General

Milhaud to deploy and to make a pretence of charging under the protection of four batteries of light artillery. The enemy then unmasked forty pieces which thundered all at the same time. There was no longer any doubt. The entire army was there. It was what Napoleon wished to know. He recalled his Cuirassiers, whom he needed for the next day, took position in front of Planchenoit, established his headquarters in the Caillou farm-house, and ordered that during the night an observatory be erected from the top of which he could the next morning overlook the whole plain. All the probabilities were that Wellington would accept battle.

During the evening several officers of the English cavalry, who had been taken prisoners during the day, were brought before Napoleon, but he could not get any information out of them.

At ten o'clock Napoleon, who believed that Grouchy was at Wavre, sent an officer to him to announce that he had before him the entire Anglo-Dutch army in position in front of the forest of Soignes, with its left leaning against the hamlet of La Haie, and that in all probability it would give him battle the next day. In consequence he ordered him to detach from his camp, two hours before daybreak, a division of seven thousand men with sixteen pieces of artillery, and to direct this division towards St. Lambert in order that it might put itself in communication with the right of the grand army, and work on the left of the Anglo-Dutch army. As for himself, as soon as he was sure that the Prusso-Saxon army had evacuated Wavre, either to proceed on Brussels or follow any other direction, he should then march with the greatest part of his troops in the same direction as the division, which would serve him as an

advance guard, and endeavor to arrive there with all his force towards two o'clock in the afternoon at the moment when his presence would be decisive. Besides, Napoleon, in order not to attract the Prussians by his cannonade, would not commence the action until quite late in the morning.

This despatch was scarcely sent when an aide-de-camp from Marshal Grouchy arrived with a report written at five o'clock in the evening and dated at Gembloux. The Marshal had lost sight of the enemy. He was ignorant as to whether it had proceeded towards Brussels or Liége. In consequence he had established his advance guards upon each of these routes. As Napoleon was visiting the posts he only found this message on his return. He at once despatched another order similar to that which he had sent to Wavre, and after the officer had carried it away, a second aide-de-camp arrived bearing another report written at two o'clock in the morning and also dated at Gembloux. Grouchy had learned towards six o'clock in the evening that Blücher had proceeded towards Wavre with all his forces. His first intention was to immediately follow him, but his troops had already established their bivouac and were cooking their meal. He would not leave then until the morning of the next day. Napoleon understood nothing of the inactivity of his generals, who had, in 1814 and 1815, a year to rest. He despatched to the Marshal a third order even more pressing than the first ones.

So during the night from the 17th to the 18th the positions of the four armies were as follows :

Napoleon with the first, second, and sixth corps of infantry, the division of light cavalry of General Subervie, the Cuirrassiers and Dragoons of Milhaud and Keller-

mann, finally with the Imperial Guard; that is to say, with sixty-eight thousand men and two hundred and forty pieces of artillery, camped in the front and rear of Planchenoit, occupying the highway from Brussels to Charleroi, and on both sides of the same.

Wellington, with the Anglo-Dutch army more than eight thousand men strong, and with two hundred and fifty cannon, had his headquarters at Waterloo, and was stretching out upon the crest of a hill from Braine-Laleud as far as La Haie.

Blücher was at Wavre, where he had rallied seventy-five thousand men with whom he was prepared to proceed wherever the cannon might indicate they had need of him.

Finally, Grouchy was at Gembloux, where he rested after having made three leagues in two days.

The night passed thus. Everybody understood that they were on the eve of the battle of Zama, but they were still ignorant of who would be Scipio and who Hannibal.

At daybreak Napoleon stepped anxiously out of his tent, for he did not expect to find Wellington still in his position of the evening before. He believed that the English and Prussian Generals would have profited by the night to reunite before Brussels, and that they would wait for him at the other end of the defiles of the forest of Soignes. But at the first glance he was reassured. The Anglo-Dutch troops still crowned everywhere the heights where they had rested the evening before. In case of defeat their retreat was impossible. Napoleon cast but a glance on these dispositions, then turning towards those who accompanied him said: "The day depends on Grouchy, and if he follows the orders he has received we have ninety chances against one."

At eight o'clock in the morning the weather cleared up, and the officers of the artillery whom Napoleon had sent to examine the plain returned to announce to him that the ground was commencing to dry, and that in an hour the artillery could commence to manœuvre. Without delay Napoleon, who had dismounted for breakfast, remounted his horse, went towards La Belle-Alliance, and recognized the line of the enemy ; but still doubtful, he charged General Haxo to approach it as near as possible to assure himself that the enemy was not protected by intrenchments thrown up during the night. Half an hour afterwards that General returned. He had not perceived any fortifications, and the enemy was defended only by the conformation of the ground. The soldiers received the order to get ready and to dry their arms.

Napoleon had from the first the idea to commence the attack on the right, but at eleven o'clock in the morning Ney, who had undertaken to examine this part of the ground, returned to say to him that a little stream, which ran through the ravine, had become, by the rain of the evening before, a muddy torrent which it would be impossible to cross with infantry, and that his soldiers would be forced to leave the village by files. Then Napoleon changed his plan. He would avoid this local difficulty, go up to the commencement of the ravine, break into the centre of the enemy's army, and hurl the cavalry and artillery upon the Brussels road ; thus the two bodies of the army, divided in the middle, would have all retreat cut off, the one by Grouchy who could not fail to arrive in two or three hours, the other by the cavalry and artillery which would defend the Brussels road. In consequence the Emperor sent all his reserves to the centre.

Then, as every one was at his post and waited only for the order to march, Napoleon put his horse at a gallop and rode down the line, arousing wherever he passed the sound of military music and the shouts of the soldiers, a manœuvre which always gave to the commencement of his battles an *air-de-fête*, which contrasted with the coldness of the enemy's armies, because there was not one among the generals who commanded them, who could excite enough confidence or sympathy to awaken such enthusiasm. Wellington, glass in hand, leaning against a tree on a little cross-road in front of which his soldiers were ranged in lines, was looking at this imposing spectacle of an entire army sworn to conquer or to die.

Napoleon returned and dismounted on the heights of Rossomme from which he viewed the entire battle-field. Behind him the shouts and the music still resounded like the flame of a train of powder; then soon everything returned to that solemn silence which always hovers over two armies ready to fight.

Soon this silence was broken by a fusillade, which broke out towards our extreme left, and the smoke of which was seen above the woods of Goumont. It was the sharpshooters of Jérôme who had received orders to commence the battle so as to attract the attention of the English to that side. The result was that the enemy unmasked its artillery, the thunder of the cannon drowning the cracking of the fusillade. General Reille came on with the battery of the Foy division, and Kellermann pushed forward at a gallop his twelve pieces of light artillery. At the same time, in the midst of the general immobility of the remainder of the line, the Foy division moved and advanced to the relief of Jérôme.

At the moment when Napoleon had his eyes fixed on this first movement, an aide-de-camp sent by Marshal Ney, who had charge of the attack of the centre on the farm-house of La Haie Sainte, by the Brussels road, arrived at full gallop and announced that all was ready, and that the Marshal only waited for the signal. Indeed, Napoleon saw the troops designated for this attack deployed before him in deep masses, and was going to give the order, when suddenly, in casting a last look over the whole battle-field, he perceived in the midst of the fog a cloud which advanced in the direction of St. Lambert. He turned towards the Duke of Dalmatia, who in his capacity of Major-General was near him, and asked what he thought of this apparition. All the glasses of the staff were turned in an instant in that direction. Some contended that it was trees, and others that it was men. Napoleon was the first to recognize a column. But was it Grouchy? was it Blücher? They were ignorant of this. Marshal Soult thought it was Grouchy, but Napoleon, as by a presentiment, still doubted. He called General Domon and ordered him to proceed towards St. Lambert with his division of light cavalry and that of General Subervie, to reconnoitre his right, to communicate promptly with the corps which was arriving to effect a reunion with it if it was Grouchy's detachment, and to stop it if it was the advance guard of Blücher.

The order was scarcely given when the movement was executed. Three thousand cavalry moved to the right four abreast, unrolled themselves like an immense ribbon, winding a moment in the lines of the army, then breaking loose through our extreme right, proceeded rapidly and re-formed like a parade nearly three thousand toises from its extremity.

Scarcely had they effected this movement, which on account of its precision and elegance, had for an instant diverted the attention from the woods of Goumont where the artillery continued to roar, when an officer of the Chasseurs brought to Napoleon a Prussian Hussar who had just been captured between Wavre and Planchenoit by a flying reconnoitring party. He was the bearer of a letter from General Bulow which announced to Wellington that he was coming through St. Lambert and asked him for his orders. In addition to this explanation, which removed all doubt relating to the masses which they had perceived, the prisoner gave new intelligence, which they had to believe, incredible as it appeared. It was that on that morning the three corps of the Prusso-Saxon army were still at Wavre, where Grouchy had by no means disturbed them. It followed then that there were no Frenchmen in front of them, since a patrol from his regiment had pushed on a reconnoitring party that same night to within three leagues of Wavre without having met any one.

Napoleon turned again to Marshal Soult and said :

"This morning we had ninety chances for us. The arrival of Bulow makes us lose thirty, but we still have sixty against forty, and if Grouchy repairs this horrible fault which he committed yesterday of loitering at Gembloux ; if he will send his detachment with rapidity, the victory will be more decisive, for the corps of Bulow will be entirely lost. Send for an officer."

An officer of the staff soon came forward. He was charged to carry to Grouchy the letter from Bulow and to press him to come. After what he himself had said he ought to have been at that hour before Wavre. The officer was to make a detour and join him from his rear.

He had four or five leagues to go by good roads. The officer, who was well mounted, promised to be near him in an hour and a half. At the same time General Domon sent an aide-de-camp who confirmed the news. It was the Prussians whom he had before him and he had just sent out several selected patrols to put himself in communication with Marshal Grouchy.

The Emperor directed General Lobau to cross with two divisions the Charleroi highway and to proceed upon the extreme right to sustain the light cavalry. He was to select a good position where he could with ten thousand men stop thirty thousand. Such were the orders that Napoleon gave when he knew those to whom he was addressing them. This movement was executed on the spot. Napoleon brought his eyes back again to the battle-field.

The skirmishers had commenced firing all along the line, but nevertheless, except the combat which continued with the same obstinacy in the woods of Goumont there was nothing serious yet. With the exception of a division which the English army had detached from its centre and caused to march to the relief of the Guards, the whole line of the Anglo-Dutch army was immovable; and at its extreme left the troops of Bulow rested and formed themselves, while waiting for their artillery still engaged in defiling. At this time Napoleon sent to Marshal Ney the order to commence firing with his batteries, to march upon La Haie-Sainte, to take it with the bayonet, to leave there a division of infantry, to push on immediately to the two farm-houses of Papelotte and La Haie, and to drive the enemy out in order to separate the Anglo-Dutch army from the corps of Bulow. The aide-de-camp bearing this order left, crossed the

little plain which separated Napoleon from the Marshal, and was lost in the midst of the columns which awaited the signal.

At the end of some minutes eighty cannon all at once blazed forth and announced that the order of the supreme chief was going to be executed.

Count d'Erlon advanced with three divisions, supported by this terrible fire which began to make a hole in the English lines, when suddenly in crossing a piece of low ground the artillery stuck in the mud. Wellington, who from his position on the heights had seen this accident, profited by it and sent out upon the artillery a brigade of cavalry which divided itself into two bodies, and charged with the rapidity of lightning, part upon the Marcognet division, part upon the pieces deprived of all relief and which, not being able to manœuvre, had not only ceased to attack but were not even in a condition to defend themselves. The infantry, strongly pressed, was broken into and two eagles taken. The artillerymen were sabred, the traces of the cannon and the hamstrings of the horses cut. Already seven pieces of cannon were useless when Napoleon noticed this affray, and sent orders to the Cuirassiers of General Milhaud to hasten to the relief of their brothers. The wall of iron was set in motion, seconded by the Fourth Regiment of Lancers, and the English Brigade surprised, having no time to escape, vanished under this terrible shock, crushed, slashed, cut in pieces ; two regiments of Dragoons, among others, had entirely disappeared, the cannon were retaken and the Marcognet division disentangled.

This order, so admirably executed, had been carried by Napoleon himself, who had darted off at the head of

the line in the midst of bullets and shell, which killed at his side General Devaux and wounded General Lallemand.

In the meantime Ney, although deprived of the artillery, did not the less continue to advance, and whilst this repulse, so fatal though so promptly repaired, took place on the right of the road from Charleroi to Brussels, he had sent forth on the highway and on the ground to the left another column, which finally reached La Haie-Sainte.

There, under the fire of all the English artillery, to which ours could respond but feebly, the entire fight concentrated. During three hours Ney, who had recovered all the vigor of his prime of life, eagerly fought for this position which he succeeded in capturing and which he found obstructed with the dead bodies of the enemy. Three Scotch regiments were lying there side by side in their ranks, killed as they had fought; and the second Belgian division and the fifth and sixth English divisions had left there a third of their men. Napoleon sent out after the fugitives Milhaud's indefatigable Cuirassiers who pursued them, sabring them in the back, as far as the middle of the ranks of the English army which they threw into disorder. From the heights where he was the Emperor saw the luggage, wagons, and the English reserves withdraw from the fight and hasten on to the Brussels road. The day would have been ours if Grouchy had appeared.

Napoleon's eyes were constantly turned towards St. Lambert where the Prussians had at last commenced the fight, and where, notwithstanding the superiority of their number, they were checked by the two thousand five hundred cavalry of Domon and Subervie, and by

Lobau's seven thousand men, who would be so useful to him at this time to sustain his attack on the centre, to which he brought back his eyes, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, which would announce to him the arrival of the so much expected Grouchy.

Napoleon sent to the Marshal the order to maintain himself in his position, cost what it might. He had need to see clearly for a moment his chess-board.

At the extreme left Jérôme had taken possession of a part of the woods and of the castle of Goumont, of which there remained only the four walls, all the roofs having been destroyed by the shells ; but the English continued to hold the deep road which ran along the orchard. It was, therefore, but half a victory on that side.

In front and towards the centre, the Marshal had taken possession of La Haie-Sainte and maintained himself there, notwithstanding Wellington's artillery and his cavalry charges, which we brought to a standstill by the frightful fire of our musketry. There the victory was complete.

At the right of the road General Durutte was trying to take the farm-houses of Papelotte and La Haie, and there he had a chance of victory.

Finally, at the extreme right, the Prussians of Bulow, who were at last formed in battle array, fixed themselves perpendicularly to our right. Thirty thousand men and sixty cannon marched against the ten thousand men of Generals Domon, Subervie, and Lobau. It was there, consequently, that for a moment the great danger was.

The danger increased as the reports came. General Domon's patrols had returned without having seen Grouchy. Soon they received a dispatch from the Mar-

shal himself. Instead of leaving Gembloux at daybreak as he had promised to do in his letter of the evening before, he had not left until half-past nine in the morning. Nevertheless, it was half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, the cannon had been thundering for five hours ; Napoleon still hoped by obeying the first law of war to rally with the cannon. At half-past seven he could be upon the battle-field. Up to that time it was necessary to redouble our efforts, and, above all, to stop the progress of Bulow's thirty thousand men, who, if Grouchy finally debouched, would find themselves at that hour taken between two fires.

Napoleon ordered General Duhesme, who commanded the two divisions of the Young Guard, to proceed upon Planchenoit, towards which Lobau, pressed by the Prussians, was making his retreat in squares. Duhesme left with eight thousand men, and twenty-four cannon, which arrived at full gallop, were placed in battery and opened fire at the moment when the Prussian artillery was ploughing with its grape-shot the Brussels road. This reinforcement stopped the progressive movement of the Prussians and appeared for an instant to even make them retreat. Napoleon profited by this respite. Ney was ordered to march at charge pace towards the centre of the Anglo-Dutch army, and break through it. He called Milhaud's Cuirassiers to him, who charged in front to open a hole. The Marshal followed them and soon crowned the plateau with his troops. The entire English line began firing and vomited death at short range. Wellington sent forth against Ney all his remaining cavalry, whilst his infantry formed itself into squares. Napoleon knew the necessity of resisting that movement, and sent orders to the Count de Valmy to

proceed with his two divisions of Cuirassiers upon the plateau to assist the Milhaud and Lefèvre-Desnouettes divisions. At the same time Marshal Ney sent forth General Guyot's heavy cavalry; the Milhaud and Lefèvre-Desnouettes divisions were rallied by it, and were brought back to the charge. Three thousand Cuirassiers and three thousand Dragoons of the Guard, that is to say, the first soldiers in the world, rushed forward at full gallop and collided with the English squares, which burst open, vomited out their grape-shot, and re-formed. But nothing stopped the terrible shock of our soldiers. The English cavalry repulsed, the long swords of the Cuirassiers and Dragoons behind them, repassed through the intervals and re-formed in the rear under the protection of the artillery. Immediately Cuirassiers and Dragoons fell upon the squares, some of which were finally half broken into, but which died without retreating a single step. Then commenced a terrible slaughter, which was interrupted from time to time by the desperate charges of the cavalry, against which our soldiers were obliged to turn, and during which the English squares would breathe and re-form, only to be again broken. Wellington, followed from square to square, shed tears of rage at thus seeing cut to pieces before his eyes, twelve thousand of his best men, but he knew that they would not recoil a step, and calculating the actual time which ought to pass before the destruction would be accomplished, he drew out his watch and said to those who surrounded him:

"This will last two hours more and before an hour night or Blücher will have come."

It lasted three quarters of an hour.

Then from the heights from which he commanded the

whole battle-field, Napoleon saw a deep mass emerge from the Wavre road.

At last Grouchy, whom he had so long awaited, was arriving ; late, it is true, but still in time to complete the victory. At the sight of this reinforcement he sent aides-de-camp everywhere to announce that Grouchy had appeared, and would enter into line. In fact masses in succession deployed and put themselves in order of battle. Our soldiers redoubled their ardor, for they believed that they had only to strike the last blow. Suddenly a formidable artillery thundered in front of these new-comers, and the balls, instead of being directed against the Prussians, tore away whole ranks of our army. Every one around Napoleon looked at each other with stupefaction ; the Emperor struck himself on the forehead ; it was not Grouchy, it was Blücher.

Napoleon judged his position at the first glance. It was terrible. Sixty thousand fresh men, whom he had not expected, were thrown in succession upon his troops, worn out by an eight hours' struggle. The advantage, however, was maintained at the centre, but the right wing was no more. To fight in order to cut the enemy in two, would now be a useless and even a dangerous thing. The Emperor then conceived and ordered one of the most beautiful manœuvres that he had ever imagined in his most hazardous strategic combinations. It was a great change of front, obliquely upon the centre, by the aid of which he would be in front of the two armies. Besides, time was passing, and night, which was coming for the English, was also coming for him.

Then he gave the order to his left, to leave behind it the woods of Goumont and the few English who still

held out under the cover of the embattled walls of the castle ; and to come and take the place of the first and second corps, which had suffered much ; and at the same time to release Kellermann's and Milhaud's cavalry, too much engaged on the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean. He directed Lobau and Duhesme to continue the retreat and to range themselves in line behind Planchenoit ; and General Pelet to establish himself strongly in that village, in order to sustain this movement. The centre was to turn on itself. At the same time an aide-de-camp received orders to go along the line and announce the arrival of Marshal Grouchy.

At this news the enthusiasm revived. Every one in the immense line moved. Ney, who had had five horses killed under him, took his sword in his hand. Napoleon took the head of his reserves and advanced in person by the road. The enemy continued to yield at its centre. Its first line was broken. The Guard went beyond it and carried off an unharnessed battery. But there it fell upon the second line which was composed of a terrible mass. This was the remains of the regiments cut to pieces by the French cavalry two hours before and which had re-formed. These were the brigades of the English Guard, Chassé's Belgian Regiment, and the Brunswick division. No matter. The column deployed as on parade, but suddenly ten pieces in battery blazed forth within pistol-shot and carried away its entire front, whilst twenty other cannon attacked it obliquely and plunged into the masses piled up around La Belle-Alliance which their movement had left unprotected. General Friant was wounded, Generals Michel, Jamin, and Mallet were killed, Majors Augelet, Cardinal, and Agnès fell dead, General Guyot in bringing back his

heavy cavalry to the charge for the eighth time, received two shot wounds, Ney had his hat and clothes riddled with bullets. A moment of hesitation manifested itself throughout the whole line.

At this moment Blücher had arrived at the hamlet of La Haie and had dislodged the two regiments which defended it. These two regiments, which had held out a half hour against ten thousand men, then retreated, but Blücher summoned six thousand English cavalrymen, who had guarded Wellington's left and who had become useless since the left was occupied by the Prussians. These six thousand men, who arrived pell mell with those they pursued, made a horrible hole in the heart of the army. Cambronne then threw himself with the second battalion of the 1st Regiment of Chasseurs between the English cavalry and the fugitives, formed a square and sustained the retreat of the other battalions of the Guard. That battalion attracted to itself all the shock. It was surrounded, pressed, attacked on all sides. It was then that Cambronne called upon to surrender, answered, not in the flowery phrase [1] which has been attributed to him, but a single word, a word of the military jargon it is true, but from which his energy removed nothing of its sublimity, and almost immediately fell from his horse, stricken down by a fragment of a shell which hit him on the head.

At the same time Wellington caused all of his extreme right with which he could part to advance, as by our movement it ceased to be restrained, and retaking the offensive in his turn he sent it forth like a torrent from the heights of the plateau. This cavalry turned the squares of the Guards, which it did not dare to attack,

[1] "The Guard dies but never surrenders" are the words usually attributed to Cambronne.—J. B. L.

made a movement to the right, and returned to break our centre below La Haie-Sainte. Then it was learned that Bulow had gone beyond our extreme right, that General Duhesme was dangerously wounded, that Grouchy, on whom they had counted, had not come after all. The firing and the cannon blazed forth within five hundred toises of our rear. Bulow had outflanked us. The cry of "*Suave qui peut!*" was heard. The rout commenced. Battalions, which still held together, were disorganized by the fugitives. Napoleon, at the moment of being surrounded, threw himself into the Cambronne square with Ney, Soult, Bertrand, Drouot, Corbineau, Flahaut, Gourgaud, and Labédoyère, who found themselves without soldiers. The cavalry multiplied its charges. The English artillery from the crest of the heights swept the entire plain. Ours, which no longer had any men to handle it, remained silent. It was no longer a battle, it was a massacre.

At this moment the clouds cleared up. Blücher and Wellington, who had joined each other at the farm-house of La Belle-Alliance, profited by this relief from Heaven and sent their cavalry in pursuit of our troops. The force which had excited this gigantic corps was broken, the army was dispersed, some few battalions of the Guard alone stood and died.

Napoleon in vain attempted to arrest this disorder. He threw himself in the midst of the ruin, found a regiment of the Guards and two reserve batteries behind Planchenoit, and tried to rally the fugitives. Unfortunately night prevented him from being seen, and in the tumult he could not be heard. Then he dismounted, threw himself into a square, sword in hand. Jérôme followed him, saying,

"You are right, brother. Here should fall all who bear the name of Bonaparte."

But he was taken by his generals and staff officers and forced back by his Grenadiers, who were willing to die, but who did not wish their Emperor to die with them. They put him back on his horse, an officer took the bridle and hurried him away at a gallop. He passed through the midst of the Prussians, who had gone nearly half a league farther than he. Neither balls nor bullets would touch him. At last he arrived at Jemmapes, stopped there a moment, renewed his attempts to rally the fugitives, which the night, the confusion, the general rout, and still more than all the eager pursuit of the Prussians, again prevented. Then convinced, as after Moscow, that all was over a second time, and that it was only at Paris he could rally an army and save France, he continued his route, made a halt at Philippeville, and arrived on the 20th at Laon.

He who writes these lines saw Napoleon but twice in his life a week apart, and then only during the short space of a change of horses. The first time when he was going to Ligny; the second time when he was returning from Waterloo. The first time by sunlight; the second time by the light of a lamp. The first time in the midst of the acclamations of the multitude; the second time in the silence of a populace.

Each time Napoleon was seated in the same carriage, on the same seat, dressed in the same coat. Each time it was the same vague and unoccupied look. Each time it was the same face, calm and impassible, only his head was a little more inclined upon his chest in returning than in going.

Was that weariness caused by the impossibility of getting any sleep or by grief at having lost the world?

On the 21st of June Napoleon had returned to Paris.

On the 22d the Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies proclaimed themselves permanent, and declared traitors to the country whosoever wished to suspend or dissolve them.

The same day Napoleon abdicated in favor of his son.

On the 8th of July, Louis XVIII. re-entered Paris.

On the 14th, Napoleon, after having refused the offer of Captain Baudin, at the present day Vice-Admiral, who proposed to take him to the United States, went on board of the *Bellérophon*, commanded by Captain Maitland, and wrote to the Prince Regent of England :

"Royal Highness : Exposed to the factions which divide my country, and to the enmity of the greatest powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career. I come, like Themistocles, to sit down at the fireside of the British people. I place myself under the protection of the laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.

"NAPOLEON."

On the 16th of July the *Bellérophon* sailed for England.

On the 24th it anchored at Torbay, where Napoleon learned that General Gourgaud, the bearer of his letter, could not communicate with land and had been forced to give up possession of his despatches.

On the evening of the 26th the *Bellérophon* entered the roadstead of Plymouth. There the first rumors of deportation to St. Helena were given out. Napoleon would not believe it.

On the 30th of July a Commissioner informed Napoleon of the resolution relative to his deportation to St. Helena. Napoleon, indignant, took a pen and wrote :

"I here solemnly protest, in the face of Heaven and mankind, against the violence that is done to me, against the violation of my most sacred rights in disposing of my person and liberty by force. I came on board of the *Bellérophon* voluntarily. I am not a prisoner. I am the guest of England. I came at the instigation of the Captain himself, who said that he had orders from the Government to receive me and conduct me to England with my suite if that was agreeable to me. I presented myself in good faith in order to place myself under the protection of the laws of England. As soon as I was placed on board the *Bellérophon* I was entitled to the hospitality of the British people. If the Government, in giving the orders to the Captain of the *Bellérophon* to receive me as well as my suite, only wished to lay a snare, it has forfeited its honor and disgraced its flag.

"If this act be consummated it will be in vain for the British people to hereafter speak of their sincerity, their laws, and their liberties. The British faith will have been lost in the hospitality of the *Bellérophon.*

"I appeal to history. It will say that an enemy, who made war against the English people for a long time, came voluntarily in his misfortune to seek an asylum under their laws. What greater proof could we have given of his esteem and confidence? But how did they respond in England to such a magnanimity? They pretended to hold out a hospitable hand to this enemy, and when he gave himself up in good faith they immolated him!

NAPOLEON."

"On board the *Bellérophon* at sea."

On the 7th of August, notwithstanding this protest, Napoleon was compelled to leave the *Bellérophon* and

go aboard of the *Northumberland.* The ministerial order sent to Napoleon deprived him of his sword. Admiral Keath was ashamed of such an order and did not wish to execute it.

On Monday, August 7, 1815, the *Northumberland* sailed for St. Helena.

On the 16th of October, seventy days after his departure from England and one hundred and ten days after leaving France, Napoleon touched the rock, of which he would make a pedestal.

As for England, it accepted to its fullest extent the shame of its treachery, and reckoning from the 16th of October, 1815, the Kings have had their Christ and the people their Judas.

CHAPTER VII.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

THE Emperor slept the same evening in a kind of tavern, where he was very badly cared for. The next day at six o'clock in the morning he started on horseback, with Grand Marshal Bertrand and Admiral Keith, for Longwood, a house which the latter had secured for his residence as the most suitable on the island. On returning the Emperor stopped at a little pavilion attached to a country-seat belonging to a merchant of the island, named Balcombe. It was his temporary lodging, and he was to live there until Longwood was in a condition to receive him. He had been feeling so badly the evening before that, although this little pavilion was almost entirely unfurnished, he did not wish to return to the town.

In the evening, when Napoleon wished to retire, he found that a window without glass, without shutters, and without curtains, looked upon his bed. M. de Las-Cases and his son barricaded it as best they could, and made their own way to a garret where they slept, each upon a mattress. The valets covered themselves with their cloaks and threw themselves across the doorway.

The next day Napoleon breakfasted without a table-

cloth or napkin on the remains of the dinner of the day before.

This was but the beginning of the misery and privation that awaited him at Longwood.

However, little by little, this condition of affairs was improved. They brought from the *Northumberland* the linen and silverware. The Colonel of the 53d had offered him a tent, which they erected, lengthening the chamber of the Emperor, after which Napoleon, with his accustomed regularity, thought of putting a little order into his days.

At ten o'clock the Emperor sent for M. de Las-Cases to breakfast with him. After the breakfast was finished and after a half hour's conversation, M. de Las-Cases read over what had been dictated the previous evening. When this reading was completed, Napoleon continued to dictate until four o'clock. At four o'clock he dressed himself and went out so that they might put his chamber in order, descended into the garden of which he was very fond and at the end of which a kind of arbor, covered with canvas like a tent, offered him a shelter from the sun. He usually sat down under this arbor, where they had brought for him some chairs and a table. There he dictated to the one of his companions who came from the town for that work until dinner time, which was fixed at seven o'clock. The remainder of the evening they read from Racine or Molière, for they did not have Corneille. Napoleon called this going to comedy or tragedy. Finally, he went to bed as late as he could, for when he retired early he awoke in the middle of the night and could not again get to sleep.

Indeed, which one of the damned of Dante would have wished to exchange his torment for the insomnia of Napoleon !

At the expiration of some days he found himself tired and sick. They had placed three horses at his disposal, and thinking that an airing might do him good he arranged with Generals Gourgaud and Montholon a ride for the next day, but during the day he learned that an English officer had been ordered not to lose sight of him. Immediately he sent the horses back, saying that everything in this life was reduced to a calculation, and that since the bad effects of the sight of his jailer was greater than the good he could possibly obtain from the exercise, it was clearly a gain to remain at his own house.

The Emperor substituted for this diversion night walks which sometimes lasted until two o'clock in the morning.

At length on Sunday the 10th of December, the Admiral made known to Napoleon that his house at Longwood was ready and the same day the Emperor proceeded there on horseback. The object which caused him the liveliest pleasure in his new furniture, was a wooden bath-tub which the Admiral had succeeded in having made from his own drawings by a carpenter of the town, a bath-tub being a piece of furniture, unknown at Longwood. The same day Napoleon availed himself of it.

The next day the attendance upon Napoleon was organized. He divided it into three series, chamber, livery, and cooks, and it was composed of eleven persons.

As for the high offices, almost all were divided as at the island of Elba. Grand Marshal Bertrand kept the command and general surveillance. Montholon was charged with the domestic details. General Gourgaud

had the direction of the stable and Las-Cases superintended the home department.

As for the division of the day it was almost the same as at Briars. At ten o'clock the Emperor breakfasted in his chamber on a round table, whilst the Grand Marshal and his companions ate at a dinner table where they were free to invite private individuals. As he had not fixed an hour for an airing, the heat being very great during the day, the humidity sudden and great in the evening, and the saddle-horses and carriage, which were to be brought from the Cape (of Good Hope) had never arrived, the Emperor worked part of the day either with Las-Cases or with Generals Gourgaud or Montholon. From eight to nine o'clock they quickly dined in the dining-room, which had an odor of paint that was unbearable to the Emperor. Then they passed to the parlor where the dessert was served. There they read Racine, Molière, or Voltaire, regretting more and more Corneille. Finally, at ten o'clock, they sat down to a table of reversis, the Emperor's favorite game, at which they remained ordinarily until one o'clock in the morning.

All this little colony were lodged at Longwood with the exception of Marshal Bertrand and his family, who resided at Hut's Gate, a poor little house situated on the road to the town.

The apartments of the Emperor comprised two rooms, each about fifteen feet in length by twelve in width, and about seven feet high. Pieces of nankeen hung like wall-paper covered all the walls. A poor carpet covered the floor.

In the bedchamber was the little camp-bed where the Emperor slept, and a sofa on which he reposed the

greater part of the day, in the midst of the books with which it was covered. On the side was a little round table on which he breakfasted and dined, and on which in the evening was placed a candlestick with three lights covered over with a large shade.

Between the two windows and opposite to the door was a chest of drawers which contained the Emperor's linen, and on which was a large dressing-case.

The mantel-piece, surmounted by a small glass, was decorated with several pictures. At the right was the portrait of the King of Rome astride a sheep. At the left and as a mate to the first picture was another portrait of the King of Rome sitting on a cushion and trying on a slipper. In the centre of the mantel-piece was a marble bust of the same royal infant. Two candlesticks, two bottles, and two cups of gilded silver belonging to the Emperor's dressing-case completed the adornment of the mantel-piece.

Finally, close to the sofa, and precisely in front of the Emperor when he was lying on it, which was a great part of the day, was the portrait of Marie-Louise holding her son in her arms, painted by Isabey.

Besides, on the left of the mantel-piece, and apart from the portraits, was the large silver watch of the Emperor Frederick the Great, a sort of alarm clock captured at Potsdam, and in front of it was the Emperor's own watch, which had sounded the hours of Marengo and Austerlitz, recovered in gold on two sides and bearing the letter " B."

The second or waiting-room had at first no furniture but rough boards placed on plain trestles supporting a goodly number of straggling books and the different chapters written by each of the generals or secretaries

under the dictation of the Emperor. Then between the two windows was a closet in the form of a bookcase. Opposite to this was a bed similar to the first, upon which the Emperor reposed sometimes during the day and even slept at night, after having left the first in his frequent and long wakeful spells. Finally, in the centre, was a working-table with the places marked which the Emperor usually occupied while he dictated, and Messrs. Montholon, Gourgaud, or Las-Cases while they wrote.

Such was the life and the palace of the man who had by turns lived in the Tuileries, the Kremlin, and the Escurial.

However, notwithstanding the heat of the day, the humidity of the evening and the absence of things very necessary to plain living, the Emperor would have endured these privations with patience if they had not endeavored to surround and treat him not only as a prisoner on the island, but in his own house. They had decided, as we have already said, that when Napoleon rode on horseback an officer should always accompany him. Napoleon had determined not to go out any more. Then his constancy had wearied his jailers and they had revoked this order, provided he would confine himself to certain limits. But within these limits he was surrounded by a circle of sentinels. One day one of these sentinels levelled his gun at the Emperor, but General Gourgaud snatched it away from him at the moment when he was about to fire. This enclosure permitted but little, besides a half-league course, and, as the Emperor did not desire to go beyond it to spare himself the company of his jailer, he lengthened his ride by descending by seldom trodden paths into deep ravines where it was incredible that he was not dashed to pieces ten times.

Notwithstanding this change in his habits the health of the Emperor continued pretty good during the first six months.

But in the following winter, the weather having become continuously bad and the dampness and rain having invaded the pasteboard apartments he occupied, he commenced to experience frequent indispositions which were manifested by torpor and weakness. In addition to which Napoleon was not ignorant that the climate was very unhealthy, and that a person was rarely encountered on the island who had reached fifty years of age.

In the meanwhile a new Governor arrived and was presented to the Emperor by the Admiral. He was a man of about forty-five years, of ordinary stature, slender, thin, with red face and hair, speckled with freckles, with cross eyes looking at you sneakingly, rarely looking at one's face, and covered thickly and very prominently with reddish eyebrows. His name was Sir Hudson Lowe.

From the day of his arrival new vexations commenced, which became more and more intolerable. His first act was to send to the Emperor two pamphlets against him. Then he submitted all the domestics to an inquiry in order to learn if it was without restraint and of their own free will that they lived with the Emperor. These new vexations brought on him one of those attacks to which he had become more and more subject. It lasted five days, during which he did not go out, but continued, nevertheless, to dictate his Italian campaign.

The vexations of the Governor soon increased. He carried the omission of the simplest politeness to the

point of inviting "General Bonaparte" to dine at his house in order to show him to an English lady of distinction, who had touched at the port of St. Helena. Napoleon did not even reply to the invitation. The persecutions redoubled.

From that time forward no one could write without having first exhibited the letter to the Governor and every letter which gave Napoleon the title of Emperor was confiscated.

They sent notice to "General Bonaparte" that the expenses which he was incurring were too great; that the Government had intended to allow him but four persons daily at his table at the most, one bottle of wine each day for each person, and an invitation dinner once a week. If his expenses should be excessive, "General Bonaparte" and the people of his suite must pay them.

The Emperor had his silver plate broken into pieces and sent it to town, but the Governor required that it be sold only to the man whom he introduced. The man whom he introduced gave six thousand francs for the first parcel which had been made up. It was scarcely two thirds of the value of the plate estimated by weight.

The Emperor took a bath every day. They told him that he ought to be content with a bath once a week, water being scarce at Longwood. There were some trees under which he sometimes went while walking and which gave the only shade within the limits assigned for his walks. The Governor had them cut down, and when the Emperor complained of this cruelty he answered that he was ignorant that these trees were agreeable to "General Bonaparte," but as he missed them *others would be planted.*

Then, Napoleon occasionally had impulses of sublime passion. This response produced one of them.

"The worst conduct of the English Ministers," cried he, "is not now to have sent me here but to have placed me in your hands. I complained about the Admiral, but he at least had a heart. You, you dishonor your nation and your name will remain a stain upon it."

Finally, they perceived from the quality of the meat, that they furnished dead animals to the Emperor's table and not those which had been killed. They asked to have live ones but this request was refused.

From that time Napoleon's existence was but a slow and painful agony which lasted nevertheless five years. For five years longer the modern Prometheus remained chained to the rock where Hudson Lowe preyed upon his heart. Finally, on the 20th of March, 1821, glorious anniversary of the re-entry of Napoleon into Paris, Napoleon experienced in the morning a strong oppression in the stomach and a kind of fatiguing suffocation in the chest. Soon an acute pain was felt at the epigastrium in the left hypochondriac and extending on the side of the thorax to the corresponding place on the other shoulder. Notwithstanding the first remedies the fever continued, the abdomen became painful to the touch and the stomach swelled. Towards five o'clock in the afternoon he had a paroxysm accompanied by an icy coldness, especially in the lower extremities, and the invalid complained of cramps. At this moment Madame Bertrand came to make him a visit. Napoleon made an effort to appear less depressed and affected even a little gaiety, but soon his melancholy disposition coming upon him he said:

"We must prepare for the fatal sentence. You, Hor-

tense, and myself are destined to meet our fate upon this miserable rock. I shall go first, you will come afterwards, Hortense will follow. But we shall all three meet again in Heaven."

Then he added these four lines from "Zaire."[1]

> *"Mais à revoir Paris je ne dois plus prétendre :*
> *Vous voyez qu'au tombeau je suis prêt à descendre,*
> *Je vais au roi des rois demander aujourd'hui*
> *Le prix de tous les maux que j'ai soufferts pour lui."*

The following night was one of restlessness, the symptoms becoming more and more grave. An emetic drink caused them momentarily to disappear, but they soon returned. A consultation then took place, almost in spite of the Emperor, between Dr. Antomarchi and Mr. Arnott, surgeon of the 20th Regiment, stationed on the island. These gentlemen recognized the necessity of applying a large blister to the abdominal region, of administering a purgative, and of putting some vinegar upon his forehead every hour. The disease continued, nevertheless, to make rapid progress.

One evening a domestic at Longwood said that he had seen a comet. Napoleon heard it and this omen impressed itself upon him.

"A comet!" cried he. "That was the precursory sign of the death of Cæsar."

On the 11th of April the coldness in the feet became excessive. The Doctor tried fomentations to dissipate it.

Napoleon said to him :

"All that is useless. It is not at that place, it is in

[1] "Zaire." Act ii. Scene 3. By Voltaire. J. B. L.

the stomach, it is in the liver, where the trouble is. You have no remedy for the fever which burns me, no preparations, no medicines, to quench the fire with which I am being devoured."

On the 15th of April he commenced to draw up his will, and that very day entrance into his chamber was forbidden to everybody except Marchand and General Montholon, who remained with him from half-past one to six o'clock in the afternoon.

At six o'clock the Doctor entered. Napoleon showed him his will which he had commenced, and each piece of his dressing-case already bearing the name of the person for whom it was intended.

"You see," said he, "I am making my preparations to go."

The Doctor tried to reassure him. Napoleon stopped him.

"More deception," he added; "I know what it is and I am resigned."

On the 19th he felt very much better, and everybody but Napoleon began again to hope. Every one congratulated him on this change. Napoleon let them speak, and said smilingly:

"Do not be deceived. I am better to-day, but I feel none the less that my end is approaching. When I am dead every one of you will have the sweet consolation of returning to Europe. Some of you will again see your relatives, others your friends. As for myself I shall find my brave companions in Heaven. Yes! Yes!" he added, animating and raising his voice with an inspired accent, "Yes! Kléber, Desaix, Bessières, Duroc, Ney, Murat, Masséna, Berthier, will come to meet me. They will speak to me of that which we have done

together, and I will relate to them the last events of my life. On seeing me again they will all become full of enthusiasm and glory. We will converse about our wars with the Scipios, the Cæsars, and Hannibal, and there will be pleasure in that. Unless," he continued smilingly, "they should be frightened in Heaven[1] to see so many warriors together."

Some days later he sent for his chaplain, Vignali.

"I was born in the Catholic religion," said he to him, "I wish to fulfill the duties which it imposes upon me, and to receive the sacraments which it administers. You will say mass every day in the neighboring chapel; you will expose the blessed sacrament during forty hours. When I am dead you will place your altar at my head in the '*Chambre ardente*.'[2] Then you will continue to celebrate mass. You will perform all the customary rites, and you will not cease until I have been interred."

After the priest came the turn of the Doctor.

"My dear Doctor," said he to him, "after my death, which can not be much farther away, I wish you to open my body, but I require that no English physician shall place his hands upon me. I request that you will take my heart and place it in alcohol, and that you will carry it to my beloved Marie-Louise. You will tell her that I have loved her tenderly and that I have never ceased to love her. You will relate to her all that I have suffered. You will tell her all that you have seen. You will enter into all the details of my death. I beg you above all

[1] "La Haut" is frequently translated "Elysian Fields."
—J. B. L.

[2] A room in which a dead person lies in state, and where candles, etc., are placed around the body.—J. B. L.

to examine my stomach, and make a precise and detailed report, which you will send to my son. Then from Vienna you will return to Rome. You will call on my mother and family. You will report to them that which you have observed relative to my situation. You will tell them that Napoleon, the same one that the world calls the Great, like Charlemagne, and Pompey, died in a most deplorable condition, needing everything, abandoned to himself and to his glory. You will tell them that while expiring he bequeathed to all the reigning families the opprobrium of his last moments."

On the 2d of May the fever reached the highest degree of intensity that it had yet attained. The pulse went up to one hundred pulsations per minute, and the Emperor was delirious. This was the commencement of the death struggle; but this struggle had yet many moments of relaxation. In these short moments of lucidness, Napoleon incessantly returned to the order he had given to Dr. Antomarchi.

"Make with care," said he to him, "the anatomical examination of my body, and above all of my stomach. The physicians of Montpellier told me that the disease of the pylorus would be hereditary in my family. Their report is, I believe, in the hands of Louis. Ask for it, and compare it with what you yourself will have observed, in order that I may at least save my child from this cruel malady."

The night was pretty good, but the next day, in the morning, the delirium returned with new force. However, towards eight o'clock it lost a little of its intensity. Towards three o'clock the invalid recovered consciousness. He took advantage of it and called his executors and charged them in case he should completely lose

consciousness to let no English physician approach him, except Dr. Arnott. Then he added in the fulness of his reason and with all the power of his genius.

"I am going to die. You will return to Europe. I must give you some advice about the line of conduct you are to pursue. You have shared my exile. You will be faithful to my memory. You will do nothing that may injure it. I have sanctioned all good morals and I have infused them into my laws and my acts. There has not been a single one which I have not sanctioned. Unfortunately the circumstances were grave, and I have been obliged to act rigorously, and to procrastinate. Reverses have come. I had not the power to unbend the bow, and France has been deprived of the liberal institutions that I had intended for her. She judges me with indulgence. She takes into consideration my intentions. She cherishes my name and my victories. Imitate her. Be faithful to the opinions you have defended and to the glory we have acquired. Outside of that there is nothing but shame and confusion."

On the morning of the 5th the sickness had reached its height. Life was no longer in the body of the patient; it was only a painful vegetation panting for breath. Respiration became more and more insensible. The eyes, open to their full width, were fixed and lifeless. Some vague words, the last ebullition of his delirious brain, were heard from time to time upon his lips. The last words which were heard were "*Tête*" and "*Armée.*" Then the voice became silent, all intelligence appeared dead, and the Doctor himself believed that life was extinct. However, towards eight o'clock the pulse revived. The deadly spring, which closes the mouth of the dying, seemed to relax and some

great and deep sighs came from his chest. At half-past ten the pulse was annihilated. At a few minutes after eleven o'clock the Emperor had lived.

Twelve hours after the death of his illustrious patient, Dr. Antomarchi proceeded to open the body in the same manner Napoleon had so often requested. Then he detached the heart, which, in accordance with the instructions he had received, he put in alcohol to carry it to Marie-Louise. But at this moment the executors unexpectedly arrived with the refusal of Sir Hudson Lowe to allow, not only the body, but any part of it, to leave St. Helena. It must remain on the island. The body was nailed to the scaffold.

Then they busied themselves in selecting the burial-place of the Emperor, and the preference was given to a spot that Napoleon had seen only once but of which he always spoke with pleasure. Sir Hudson Lowe consented, and the grave was dug at that place.

When the autopsy was completed Dr. Antomarchi reunited the separated parts with stitches, washed the body, and gave it to the *valet-de-chambre* who dressed it in the costume which the Emperor had been in the habit of wearing; that is to say, white cassimere breeches, white silk stockings, long riding boots with little spurs, a white waistcoat, a white cravat covered with a black one buckled behind, the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor, the coat of a Colonel of the Chasseurs of the Guard decorated with the orders of the Legion of Honor and the Iron Crown, and, finally, a three-cornered hat. Dressed thus Napoleon was removed from the room on the 6th of May, at a quarter of six o'clock and laid in state in the little bed-room which they had converted into a "*chapelle ardente.*" The hands were free. He

was laid upon his little camp-bed, his sword at his side, a crucifix upon his chest, and the blue cloak of Marengo thrown over his feet. He remained thus exposed for two days.

On the morning of the 8th the body of the Emperor, which should have reposed under the column, and the heart which should have been sent to Marie-Louise, were placed in a tin box provided with a mattress and a pillow covered with white satin. The hat, not being able for want of space to rest upon the head of the dead man, was placed at his feet. Around him they spread eagles and pieces of money struck off, with a representation of his face, during the course of his reign. They also placed there his knife, fork, and spoon, his short sword, and a plate with his coat-of-arms engraved thereon. This first case was enclosed in a second made of mahogany, then they put this into a third made of lead, which was finally placed in a fourth of mahogany similar to the second, but of much larger dimensions. Then they exhibited the coffin at the same place they had shown the corpse.

At half past twelve the coffin was carried by the soldiers of the garrison into the main path of the garden where the hearse awaited it. They covered it with violet velvet, over which they threw the cloak of Marengo, and the funeral procession started in the following order.

The Abbé Vignali arrayed in sacerdotal vestments with young Henry Bertrand at his side carrying a silver holy-water bowl with its sprinkler.

Drs. Antomarchi and Arnott.

The persons entrusted with the superintendence of the hearse, which was drawn by four horses led by grooms, and escorted by twelve unarmed Grenadiers on each

side. These last were to carry the coffin on their shoulders when the bad condition of the road prevented the hearse from going farther.

Young Napoleon Bertrand and Marchand, both on foot and by the side of the hearse.

Counts Bertrand and Montholon on horseback, immediately behind the hearse.

Part of the suite of the Emperor.

Countess Bertrand with her daughter Hortense, in a carriage drawn by two horses led by domestics who walked by the side of the precipice.

The Emperor's horse led by his groom, Archambaud.

Marine officers on horseback and on foot.

Staff officers on horseback.

General Coffin and Marquis de Monchenu on horseback.

The Rear-Admiral and the Governor on horseback.

The inhabitants of the island.

The troops of the garrison.

The grave was dug nearly a quarter of a mile beyond Hut's Gate. The hearse stopped near the grave and the cannon commenced to fire five rounds per minute.

The body was lowered into the grave while Abbé Vignali repeated the prayers; his feet were turned towards the Orient, which he had conquered, his head towards the Occident, where he had reigned.

Then an enormous stone, which was to have been used in the Emperor's new house, sealed up his last dwelling, and he passed from time into eternity.

Then they brought a silver plate on which was engraved the following inscription:

"Napoleon.
Born at Ajaccio, August 15, 1769.
Died at St. Helena, May 5, 1821."

But, at the moment when they were going to fasten it on the stone, Sir Hudson Lowe advanced and declared in the name of his Government, that the only inscription they could place upon the tablet was

"General Bonaparte."

THE END.

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